BELL's

BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXXI.

CONTAINING

FALSTAFF'S WEDDING, . . . BY KENRICK.
SIR HARRY WILDAIR, ... — FARQUHAR.
CARACTACUS, ... — MASON.
LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, . . — LEE.

LONDON:

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1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM

7 JU 52

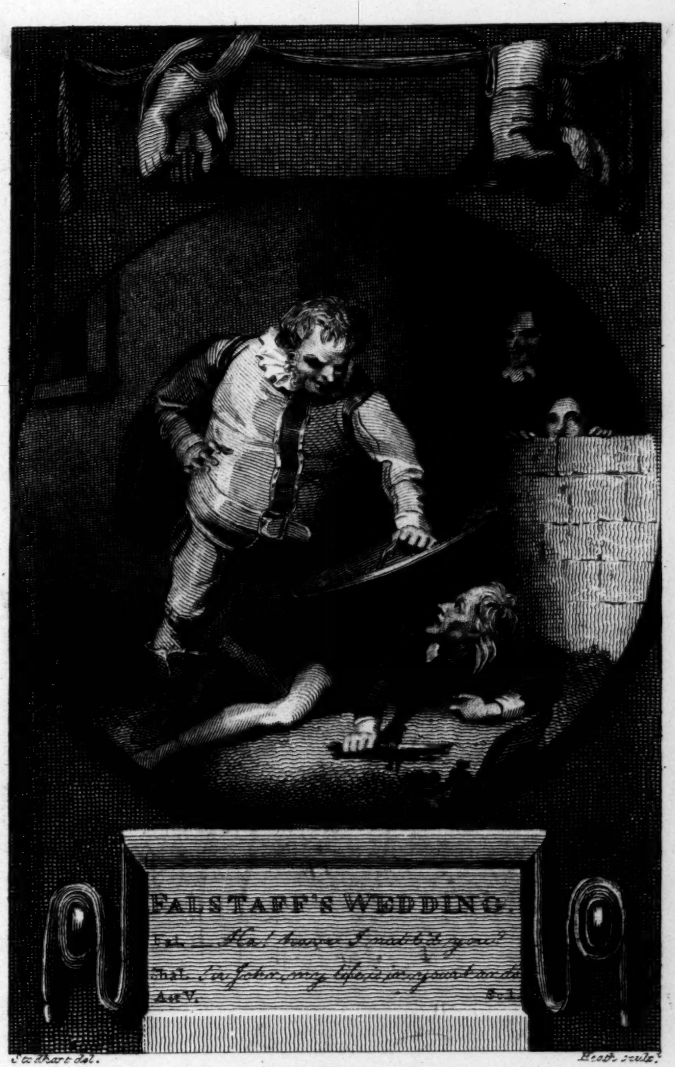
Roberts del. Cranke sculpt.

Mr. HENDERSON as FALSTAFF.

Therefore, Toledo, rest thou in thy scabbard.

— This is my ward —

London Printed for J. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand. Nov. 29. 1795.



Woodhart del. Heath sculp.

London, Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand, October 1796.

7 JU 52

FALSTAFF's WEDDING.

A

COMEDY.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPERE,

BY WILLIAM KENRICK, LL. D.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

In magnis voluisse sat est.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of

GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND,

M DCC XC V.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

ACTING MANAGER.

SIR,

IT is with a fellow-feeling for your reputation, as an admirer of Shakspere, that I understand you are at length persuaded the character of FALSTAFF *is worthy the imitative talents of the* greatest PLAYER; *while you are candid enough to own it has been successfully imitated by the pen of a* MINOR POET.—*I doubt not that your resolution to perform, next season, the part of that facetious Knight in the following Comedy, will redound as much to the credit of the Actor as to the advantage of the*

April 12, 1766.

AUTHOR.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. DODD, in the Character of MERCURY.

[Mercury descends from the Clouds, flying across the Stage: Re-enters, followed by a Servant, carrying a Counsellor's Gown and Wig.]

A-la MERCURE, *equipp'd from top to toe,*
My godship's name and quality you know.
Commission'd from Apollo, I come down
T' attend this bench of justices, the town;
Assembled here, all members of the quorum:
To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, 'tis true;
But what our betters bid us, we must do.
Therefore, t' appear with decency at session,
I've stole, you see, the garb of the profession.

This gown and band belong to serjeant Prig—
And this—our brother Puzzle's learned wig.——
[Putting on the gown, &c.
Dress makes the man, sirs, vestis virum facit——
So—now to business—Hem!—si vestris placet——
May't please your worships—Forgery, which is grown
To such a height as ne'er before was known——
I say, a forgery hath been committed,
By which king Pluto's mirmidons, outwitted,
Certain choice spirits, in theatric shape,
Have suffer'd from Elysium to escape;

Of Shakspere's offspring an ideal train,
Sprung, Pallas like, from an immortal brain!
Their names—I have 'em down—but, to be brief,
Shall only just enumerate the chief.
Imprimis, with Madeira swell'd, and sack,
There's Sir John Falstaff, alias call'd Plump Jack;
Next, Captain Pistol, a notorious bully;
And Miss Doll Tearsheet, fam'd for jilting cully;
The Widow Quickly, vintner, bawd and whore,
With Bardolph, Peto, Nym, and—several more;
Link'd in a gang, each cut-purse with his crony,
All arrant thieves and Dramatis Personæ;
Bent, as suppos'd, to prostitute to shame
Th' aforesaid Shakspere's honour, name, and fame.

I shall not trespass on your worship's time,
T' explain at full the nature of this crime:
But, Poets having an exclusive right
To bring their mental progeny to light.
This right's invaded by the party 'peach'd;
Who, vi et armis, *hath th' old bard o'er reach'd;*
By counterfeiting of his hand, do you see,
Feloniously to set these vagrants free;
With base design t' adopt them for his own,
Though Shakspere's property, and his alone.
Such is the fact.—A critic were an ass,
No doubt, to let such imposition pass;
Nor could a cheat so palpable succeed,
But that the captain of the guard cou'd n't read——
Not he, for laughing, though to 've sav'd his soul;
The scene and circumstances were so droll.

Pistol, with yellow night-cap patch'd with red,
With Mother Quickly was retir'd to bed;

And, waking, swore, by Styx, he would not come,
Sans preparation, pike and beat of drum.

Of aqua-vitæ *having stole a flaggon,*
Bardolph and Nym were playing at snap-dragon;
Sometimes proceeding from hard words to blows,
As by mistake Nym seiz'd on Bardolph's nose.

With Falstaff sat Doll Tearsheet, cheek by joll,
And while she buss'd his chin and scratch'd his poll,
Slipp'd from his thumb his grandsire's copper ring,
For love, not for the value, of the thing:
Then stole his empty purse; but no abuse;
'Twas only done to keep her hand in use:
He swearing, he'd be damn'd as soon as trust his
Round belly more with Hal, or his Chief-justice.

But this is wandering from the point. They're here,
And on your summons ready to appear:
Please to proceed then to examination;
And be attentive to their information.
If, as your judgment cannot be erroneous,
You take this forgery to be felonious,
The author meaning fraud, I need not mention
Your issuing warrants for his apprehension;
And when you've caught and into pieces tore him,
Hang up his mangled carcase in terrorem;
In flagrant crimes the process should be short;
The law is clear—I leave it with the court.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF,	Mr. Love.
Justice SHALLOW,	Mr. Parsons.
Master SLENDER,	Mr. Dodd.
Mr. PLEADWELL,	Mr. Aickin.
Dr. CAIUS,	Mr. Baddely.
FRIAR LAWRENCE,	Mr. Burton.
ANCIENT PISTOL,	Mr. King.
BARDOLPH,	Mr. Moody.
CORPORAL NYM,	Mr. Ackman.
GADSHILL,	Mr. Watkins.
OFFICER,	Mr. Strange.
FRANCIS,	Master Burton.
PETO, and Attendants.	

	Women.
DAME URSULA, afterwards Lady FALSTAFF,	Mrs. Pritchard.
BRIDGET, her Chambermaid,	Mrs. Bennett.
Mrs. QUICKLY,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
DOLL TEARSHEET,	Mrs. Dorman.

FALSTAFF's WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster, on the Day of the Coronation of King Henry *the Fifth.* Sir JOHN FALSTAFF *enters.*

Falstaff.

WHAT a scurvy quarter is this? Not a bush, or a blind Cupid in the neighbourhood! 'sblood, my legs will fail me ere I reach a tavern. Phoo—Phoo—It is some comfort, however, I escap'd with my life. The green-apron'd rascals, crowding after the procession, had well nigh made an end of me.

BARDOLPH *enters.*

Bar. O, Sir John, I 'm glad I have found ye. I was in the fearfullest quandary for you in the world. I hope your honour has got no hurt.

Fal. Not its death's wound, I hope; though Hal, indeed, looked somewhat cold upon me.

Bar. Cold, Sir John! I am a-fear'd we shall be in limbo shortly: for my Lord-chief-justice——

Fal. Hold thy ill-omen'd croaking. If faithful services are thus requited, I will turn cordwainer—yea, cobler, and heel-piece old shoes, ere I have to do with blood-royal again. Ingratitude! I hate it.

Bar. To be sure, Sir John, what you say is right; for, as the song says, ingratitude is worse than the sin of witch-craft. But I hope your honour got no personable harm in the mob: you were carried off the terrace, for all the world, like a dunghill from Mill-bank by a spring-tide.

Fal. Bardolph, away with thy filthy comparisons! I am ill at ease, and more dispos'd to spleen than merriment. I pr'ythee, look out, and see if there be a bawdy-house at hand.

Bar. What here, so near the court, Sir John?

Fal. Where better?—'Sblood, dost think there are no whores at court?—Are there no dames of honour?—Dost think Hal hath banish'd them too? Look out, look out.

Bar. I will, Sir John. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would I were in Eastcheap. Mine hostess hath a most excellent cordial; and I never stood in more need of it than now. The gross indignity Hal hath put upon me, sticks in my throat, and in the end, may go near to choak me. I shall never gulp it down, that's flat: unless, indeed, a full cup of sherris help to clear the way. And then, how I shall stomach it—how I shall digest it, Heaven knows!—At present, both my person and knighthood are in jeopardy; my Lord-chief-justice, to whose care I am commended, holding me not altogether in good liking. But no matter; if I am to be provided for, what avails it who is my caterer? I could wish, nevertheless, old white wine stood higher in his lordship's favour, that I may not be stinted at table, or in my by-drinkings. I like not such splenetic temperaments; such phlegmatic constitutions; grey beards, that never make allowances for the continual waste of radical moisture.—'Sblood, I am as foundered and as sore as a blind horse in a mill.—Bardolph! where a plague art thou gotten to, caterwauling?

Mrs. QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET *enter.*

Quick. O, Sir John Falstaff!

Dol. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. How! mine hostess, and my good vestal Mrs. Tearsheet! save ye, gentlewomen both, good-morrow.

Host. Godild ye, Sir John—well, I vow and protest an I didn't say he would take as civil notice of his old acquaintance: nay, thof he was created by my lord-mayor of London.

Dol. What talk ye of lord-mayors and fusty citizens, gossip Quickly? Sir John is a courtier, and to be sure we must gratulate him now as one of the greatest knights in the nation.——O, sweet Sir John!——

Fal. Truce with your formalities, Mrs. Dorothy. Pray have you seen none of our followers by the way? Pistol, nor Peto?

Quick. No verily, Sir John, not one. We have seen nothing of any of them to-day. They are all gone to the coronation, I warrant; and indeed we should have been there too, had n't it been for that wicked villain, constable Fang, that, by a mistake of the beadle of our ward, would have carried us to Bridewell this morning.

Fal. How!—mine hostess and my fair Dorothy to Bridewell!

Quick. Even to Bridewell, I can assure ye.

Fal. But how; how! dame Quickly, to Bridewell! a decent church-going widow, and a modest maiden, I should say single gentlewoman to a house of correction!—why, what——

Quick. So I said, Sir John. Nuthook, Nuthook, says I, do you know what you do, says I?—Have me to Bridewell, says I—I say to Bridewell, indeed! a ruptable house-keeper,

that has paid scot and lot, and born the burthen of half the parish any time these twenty years.

Fal. That thou hast, hostess; of the male half, I'll be sworn for thee.

Quick. Besides, says I, do you know Sir John Falstaff? says I.—Touch a hair of Mrs. Dorothy's head, says I, and Sir John will make you smart for it, says I, every bone in your skin, says I.

Fal. And what said the rascal to that?

Quick. Said, Sir John! he stood mum-chance, and spoke never a living syllable, but set his vinegar-visag'd catch-poles upon us, who fastened their claws into Mrs. Tear-sheet's best kirtle, and tore it into as many rents and tatters, as there were in the old tapestry hangings I pawn'd to fit your honour out for the last expedition.

Fal. Pshaw!

Dol. Yes, indeed, Sir John, made a mere tatterdemallion of me. But we did so tongue the leather-ear'd vultures——

Fal. That they were glad to lose their gripe to get rid of you, I suppose.

Quick. Nay, Sir John, I was obliged to perduce an angel to convince them we were not of the parties indicted.

Fal. Infidel rogues! would nothing less than the testimony of an angel convince them?

Quick. Ay, I knew how Sir John would take it. O, how soundly will the knave constable be swing'd for this! a jack-in-office rascal! we shall cure the blue-skin'd runnion of his itch for whipping, I warrant ye.

BARDOLPH *re-enters.*

Bard. I have been looking all about, Sir John, but I cannot find one.

Quick. What is it Sir John wants, Mr. Bardolph?

Bar. A bawdy-house, mistress.

Quick. O, Jesu-Maria! Mrs. Dorothy.

Fal. How, sirrah! what call'st thou a bawdy-house! I sent thee to look out for a house of civil entertainment, where I might repose myself after my fatigue. Why, what, you rogue, would you make of me?

Quick. Marry come up, indeed! a bawdy-house, truly! but as to a house of civil entertainment, Sir John, here is one hard by, where the knights and lords, and all the great gentlemen of the court are entertained, both by night and by day, as civilly as at their own homes, and by gentlewomen as kind to them, I warrant ye, as their own ladies themselves. A house of civil entertainment a bawdy-house! why, I keep a house of civility myself, and I would have you to know, Mr. Bardolph——

Bar. Nay, nay, 't is all one; what Sir John pleases.

Quick. Yes, by my truly, and so I think it ought; for if Sir John recommends you to the king——

Dol. Nay, were I Sir John, I 'm sure I would never promote such a clown as Bardolph at court.

Bar. Ah! Doll, Doll, I am afraid our promotion will be at the gallows. If Sir John has any interest with the hangman, he may get me preferr'd, perhaps, to the top of the ladder.

Dol. Why, how now, varlet?

Quick. Do you hear—do you hear, sweet Sir John?

Fal. Ay, hostess, Bardolph is somewhat blunt: but, as for the king——

Quick. Heavens bless him! a sweet young prince he was; and to be sure a gracious king he is. But what of him, Sir John?

Fal. Why, marry, hang him, hostess—Treason must out as well as murder.

Quick. I am amaz'd, Sir John; why, how is this?—what a goodness! when—whe———

Dol. How is this, good Bardolph?

Fal. Why, I will tell you how it is. That same ungrateful, sneaking, pitiful rascal we are speaking of, is turn'd fanatic.

Quick. Fanatic!—the king turn'd fanatic!

Fal. Ay, fanatic, presbyter, bishop, if you will. Let his crown be his mitre, I care not.

Dol. We don't take your meaning, Sir John.

Fal. You must know then, Doll, that after having, in pure love and affection, ridden post day and night fourscore and odd miles, to congratulate him on his accession, and condole with him on his father's death; instead of bidding me welcome to court, he preached me my own funeral sermon.

Quick. A funeral sermon!

Fal. Ay, hostess; for at the end of his discourse he ordered me to be buried alive, at ten miles distance from the court. And, to make this unnatural interment the surer, he has appointed my Lord-chief-justice his undertaker, to see to the disposal of my corpse.

Quick. Buried alive, quoth he! what, what is in all this?

Fal. In plain terms, dame Quickly, your gracious king has banished me the presence; and till he grows a graceless prince again, I am forbidden to approach his person within ten miles, on penalty of being hang'd. Take ye me now?

Quick. O, Jesu! is it possitable?

Dol. Ah, ha! is it so? sits the wind in that quarter?

Quick. Well, as I am an honest woman, who would have thought it? it is a world to see!

Dol. And so, Sir John is in disgrace; still plain Jack Falstaff, and one of us! ha, ha, ha! poor blown Jack!

Quick. A sad disappointment, indeed, Sir John! but in good faith, things fall out so odd, and the world goes so wrong, and the times are so hard; that here, there, why, no longer ago now than yesterday, was I obliged to pay the lord-knows-what-all away for one thing or other; and then my misfortune to-day; an angel to the constables; and besides, this comes the day after to-morrow, when I must make up a sum for the wine-merchant: wherefore if your honour would but discharge your score in Eastcheap; because, as why, your honour knows——

Fal. How's this, dame Quickly?

Quick. Because I say as why, your honour knows, seventy odd pounds is a great deal of money for a poor widow woman to lose.

Fal. What talk you of losing, hostess!

Quick. True, Sir John, as you say, to be sure, I shall not be willing to lose it: for the law is open, and I know which way to get my money.

Fal. I am glad thou dost, hostess: as in that case I need not give myself the trouble to pay thee. The law is open, say'st thou? Ay, like a mouse-trap, on the catch for nibbling clients. Enter thy action, and I will hold thee a gallon of sack, thy departed husband will get out of purgatory ere thou out of the hands of thy lawyer.

Quick. Nay, Sir John, you need not twit me upon that. You need not fling my poor husband's soul in my teeth. He has not been gone so long; though for the matter of that he might have been in Heaven before now, had n't I lent you the money Mr. Dumb should have had to say masses for him. Yes, Sir John, you have put into that great belly of yours what should have got my poor husband out of purgatory, and now you reproach me for it. Had he been still alive you would not have used his disconsolate widow thus. You would n't, Sir John.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn I should not.

Quick. Well then, Sir John, out of charity, if it were nothing else, you ought to re-pay the money. Nay, if you don't, I'll pray night and day that you may be haunted by his ghost. Heaven rest his soul. I would he might never sleep quietly in his grave, till he has made you pay me.

Fal. Go to, thou art a foolish woman: with good words thou may'st be paid.

Quick. No, Sir John, good words won't do. I must have money, Sir John. The priests won't get a soul out of purgatory without money. Besides, Sir John, good words are no payment; I can get no body to take them; good words will not do with me.

Fal. Well, well, I say you may be paid——

Quick. May! Sir John, I must. You have thus shuffled off and on me, a good while; but I must, I must be paid, I must——

Fal. Heigh! heigh! wilt thou raise the neighbourhood upon us? If thou art clamorous, I will have thee duck'd in the Thames, for a bawd. What, a-plague, art thou drunk? On the honour of my knighthood thou shalt be paid. Dost thou doubt mine honour?

Quick. Why, Sir John, to be sure, nobody would scruple to confide in your honour's honour: but then you know, Sir John, (no-body better) what honour is. It will buy neither coals nor candles; nor will my landlord take it for rent, nor the merchant for sack or sherry. But would you give me only half the money, and leave the rest to honour; so that a body might keep open house, Sir John.—That would be doing something.

Fal. Nay, if thou wilt be advised, I will do more for thee. Bardolph! forget not to go (when I send thee) to the cashier, with whom I left a thousand pounds this morning, and tell him to satisfy Mrs. Quickly forthwith.

Quick. A thousand pounds!

Fal. The times are not so bad, hostess (thanks to our friend Shallow) but we may yet have a merry bout in Eastcheap. How says my Doll?

Dol. Nay, you know, sweet Jack, I was always at your pleasure there.

Quick. That I will say for her, and a sweeter-natured better hearted creature never lay by the side of a true man. But, goodness heart! why do we tarry here, when Sir John complained of his being fatigued, and was looking for a house of civil entertainment? I will shew you the way incontinently, Sir John.

Fal. I thank thee, hostess; I am now somewhat recruited, and will endeavour to reach Eastcheap. And yet a cup of sack, by the way, I think, would not be amiss. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Tavern in Eastcheap. PISTOL *and* NYM *enter.*

Pistol. Hang Pistol up with line of hempen string,
Ere he in rabbit-hutch be close immured.——
Seize the stiff cramp upon the fangs of justice.

Nym. Marry-trap, we shewed his myrmidons a light pair of heels though. I wonder what is become of Sir John. They have certainly nailed his fat paunch. We must not venture to the Fleet to see. They'll nab us there; and for the matter of that, I suppose, they'll be running the humour upon us here too. I will incontinently go and shut myself up. The storm may blow over when we are found uninventible.

Pistol. Pistol disdains to skulk. *Nolens* 'tis fate:

But who would *volens* be incarcerate?
Nym, we must eat, and money have we none.

Nym. True, *nolus volus*, as you say, we must eat. I like to starve, like a rat, behind the arras, as little as another man. But what shall we do if Sir John be in limbo?

Pistol. Or *in* or *out*; his follower I no more.
Invention's mother is Necessity,
And Pistol's demon is an imp of wit,
Merc'ry suggests, and Pallas doth approve.
The great Ponjardo del Stiletto's dead,
Professor of the art of self-defence.
His broken foils, his daggers, belts, and blades,
The stock in trade, I'll purchase upon tick;
My face, disguis'd with an usurped beard,
These jutting eye-brows, turn'd from black to red,
Shall skreen from knowledge. Thou shalt too assume
A borrowed excrement, and partner be
In stock and block: since fighting's grown a trade,
Pence are pick'd up by masters of the blade.

Nym. The thought is lucky. Angels will ensue. But must we not transmutify our names?

Pistol. My brain's my godfather, and, at the font,
Me Don Anticho del Pistolo called.

Nym. And pray what did this same godfather call me?

Pistol. Signior Nymwego!

Nym. Good! Signior Nymwego! and you Don Anticho del Pistolo! I will hold them in oblivion. The trick of it pleases. But, here comes Quickly and Doll.

Mrs. QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET *enter.*

Quick. So, gentlemen! you are got home before Sir John, I see.

Pistol. How fares the Knight? Is he in durance vile?

Quick. No, by my truly; he returns forthwith; but in a woful plight. Francis! What, Francis! bring the great chair for Sir John.

Francis. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Dol. [*To* Nym.] Sirrah, Nym, hath Falstaff got money by him?

Nym. Yes, a thousand pounds; he borrowed it of Justice Shallow: but we shall be little the better for that; for the knight will certainly be in limbo.

Dol. May be, *no;* and may be, *yes.* It is no matter.

[Doll *and* Quickly *confer apart.*

Nym. [*To* Pistol, *who stands musing.*] Does the humour hold? Or shall we wait the coming of the knight?

Pistol. And share his fate in base incarceration!
Shall Don Anticho del Pistolo prove
A vile hunt-counter? No—we'll thrive alone.
Hostess, farewell; we may return—or not.

Nym. Bye, Doll. [*Exeunt* Pistol *and* Nym.

Quick. 'T is certainly so; Sir John hath got the money.

Dol. I know not that; but if he has, he'll probably carry it to jail with him. Here comes Bardolph; ask him.

BARDOLPH *enters.*

Quick. Is Sir John at hand, Bardolph?

Bar. He will be here incontinently, hostess: I only stept before, to let you know he was a coming.

Quick. But is it veritably true, Bardolph, that Sir John has got a thousand pounds by him?

Dol. Ay, is that true, Bardolph?

Bar. True, upon honour: he had it of Justice Shallow, of Gloucestershire; and it lies now in Master Jingle-cash, the banker's hands. But Sir John will be here momentably. Is every thing ready?

Quick. In a minute we are all clear. Run, good Doll and receive the knight at the door. Francis! what, Francis!

Fran. [*Without.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Quick. Light up candles in the passage. A bottle of sherris, Francis—quick, you sleeping knave. Always upon a snail's gallop! O that ever woman should be plagued with such creeping varlets!

Dol. O, here is Sir John, himself.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF *enters.*

Quick. Jaded to death, I warrant!—An easy chair, good Bardolph. Please to depose yourself, Sir John.

Fal. Soh! now have I taken up my sitting again in my old quarters. A glass of sherris, Francis!

Dol. And how do you find yourself, my sweet Knight?

Fal. Tolerably thirsty. [*Drinks.*] I can drink; and that is all the bodily functions I am capable of. I am as stiff, every part about me, as a walking taylor, or Don Diego on a sign-post.

Dol. Nay, Sir John, if that be the case, it is not over with you yet. Give me a buss.

Fal. Go, Doll, you are riggish—get you gone you water-wag-tail, you; I am not merrily disposed.

Dol. But, will you give me a new kirtle at Bartholomew-fair?

Fal. I will, Doll.—Nay, I cannot bear you on my knee.

Dol. Why, how came you so terribly mauled, my leman?

Fal. Did not I tell ye?

Quick. No indeed, Sir John, your honour spoke of fatigue; but did not descend to particles.

Fal. Well then, I will tell ye now. Give me first a glass of sherris. [*Drinks.*] You must know that, after the king

(hang him for a sheep-stealing cur) gave me that rebuff I told you of, he stalked majestically away, and left me to the mercy of the multitude: when, as I stood parlying with mine antient; mine arms a-kimbo thus; a knot of elbowing carls bore me down before them with the impetuosity of a torrent. Lo! there was I, jamm'd fast in the midst of a vile groupe of mechanics, as if we had grown together in a body corporate: and in this jeopardy was I carried along, sometimes bolster'd up on all sides, at the confluence of several turnings, like a May-pole; and at others, wire-drawn between two stone walls, as if they meant to make chitterlings of me: now, this fair round belly taking the form of a Christmas pye, and by and by pressed as flat as a pancake. It is a miracle I did not burst in the midst of them. Had it not been for the sufficiency of my buff doublet, I should have certainly burst.

Dol. If you had, Sir John, you would have went off with a report like a bladder.

Fal. A bladder, ye jade, a demi-culverin at least. I should have died an hero: my exit would have made some noise in the world.

Quick. Heaven forbid, Sir John, you should ever die a virulent death, I say.

Dol. I hope, indeed, sweet knight, you will never be pressed to death. That must be an odd end, and yet methinks I could bear much.

Fal. I'll be sworn thou could'st, Doll: but thou art a woman, and made to bear.

Quick. Yes, in good sooth, poor woman is made to bear every thing. She must suffer all a man's ill humours; let them lie never so heavy upon her: and, by my truly, some men are nothing else. But, to be sure, Sir John, you was most inhumanly used. Would nobody take pity upon you?

Fal. Pity! the most remorseless rascals! they made no more of me than if I had been a lump of dough they were kneading to make dumplings of: and to expostulate with the villains, would have been preaching to the winds.

Dol. Why did not you exert your courage, Sir John? draw upon them?

Fal. Draw, say'st thou? I could not come at my rapier to be master of a kingdom. And as for good words, in return for the few I gave them, they let fly their jests so thick at me, and peppered me so plaguily with small wit that I was dumb-founded.

Dol. I thought you could never have been overmatch'd that way, Sir John.

Fal. Yet so it was, Doll. They were holiday-wits, and came loaden with choke-pears: but, indeed, I was overpowered by numbers. Two to one, Doll, you know—They pelted me from all quarters. Will you hear? I will give you a spice of their sarcasms; a sample of the jibing pellets they threw at me. As I was thus stemming the tide, and crying out for the Lord's sake, a dried eel's-skin of a fishmonger asked me how I could complain of the crowd: 'Is 'a porpoise ill at ease (said he) amidst a glut of sprats and 'herrings?' I had not time to answer the smelt, before a barber-surgeon, the very model of the skeleton in his glass-case, offered to tap me for the dropsy; and to make us all elbow-room by letting out a puncheon of canary at my girdle. 'Right (cries a third, at the word canary) I'll be 'hanged if any thing be in the doublet of that fat rogue 'but a hog's-skin of Spanish wine;' and incontinently they roared out on all sides, 'Tap him, there——tap him, master 'surgeon.'——'Sblood, I was forced to draw in my horns, and be silent; lest the villains, being thirsty, should force the shaver to operation. The knave, indeed, was five wea-

vers off, and so could not well come at me; I might otherwise have been drank up alive.

Dol. And pray how cam'st thou off at last, Sir John?

Fal. By mere providence; for after the barbarous rascals had squeezed the breath out of my body, they buffeted me because I could not roar out, 'God save the King.' At length, I know not how, they threw me down in the cloisters, where, falling cross-ways, and the way being narrow, I fairly blocked up the passage: upon which, for they could not straddle over me, they took another way (a plague go with them!) for fear of losing the show. And thus was I left to take in wind, and gather myself up at leisure.

Dol. And did the mangy villains so play upon thy sackbut? a parcel of sapless twigs! dry elms, fit only for fuel: I would I had the burning of them.

Fal. Would thou fire them, Doll? Ha! art thou touchwood still, Doll?

Dol. Nay, Sir John, not so.

Quick. No, I'll be sworn, Sir John, to my carnal knowledge, if there be truth or faith in medicine. But, Sir John, what would your honour please to have for supper?

Fal. Another glass of sherris—fill me out, Bardolph. I cannot eat. I have lost my appetite by the way. Put an egg into a quart of mulled sack, and give it me when I am a-bed. I will to sleep.

Dol. Would you have your bed prepared, strait, Sir John?

Fal. Aye, on the instant, good Doll. Hostess! go thou and see to the brewage of my sack.

[*Exeunt* Doll. *and Mrs.* Quickly.

PISTOL *and* NYM *enter.*

Pistol. Sir Knight, I bring thee news: loud fame reports my lord chief justice hath recalled his warrants.

Fal. I would he were choaked with his warrants, ere he had issued them. But I thank thee for the tidings. The serjeants will not disturb my rest, at least to-night. But what comes here?

Pistol. From ducking-pond escaped in dripping plight,
The crooked-finger'd cut-purse, Peto hight.

PETO *enters, leaning upon* GADSHILL.

Fal. What's the matter, Peto?

Gad. Matter! Sir Knight, and master of mine!—Matter, i'faith, enough. The mob at Westminster had like to have murdered poor Peto here.

Fal. And how so?

Gad. Why, Sir John, as he was getting upon a cobler's bulk, to see what was become of your honour, a raw-boned swaggering serjeant coming by, whipt hold of him by the leg, and threw him on the people's heads; where they shouldered him about from post to pillar, as they would have done a hedge-hog, or a dead rabbit that had been thrown among them. I'faith, I thought they would have killed him.

Fal. How! was that Peto? I saw the bustle at a distance, but took it for a huge boar-cat the porters and 'prentices had got, to make sport withal. By the Lord, Peto, I have a fellow-feeling for thy sufferings.

Pistol. And I. But say, is merit thus repaid?
Shall fortune play the jilt with men of mould?
Go, Peto, lay thy head in Parco's lap.

Fal. Good Peto, let me advise thee to go to bed,
And lay thy head on a pillow. Bardolph, see to him.
Pistol and Nym, good night.

Pistol and Nym. Good night, Sir John.

Fal. Francis!
Light me to bed—let Doll bring up the sack,
See to the jorden, and tuck up my back. [*Exit.*

Pistol. Signior Nymwego! Hear'st thou, lad of craft?

Nym. Yea, marry, Don Anticho del Pistolo—runs the humour well?

Pistol. Well, Nym; and thou and I, o'er cup and cann,
Will go, and schemes of operation plan. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. *Justice* SHALLOW *and Master* SLENDER *enter.*

Slender.

I WONDER now, coz, when you know what a desperate kind of a horrible man Sir John is, you should——

Shal. Tut, tut.—I fear him not; there's ne'er a Sir John Falstaff in the nation shall over-reach me.

Slen. But what's done can't be helped, coz; he over-reached you now, as I take it, when you lent him the money.

Shal. Well, cousin of mine; then it is my turn now to over-reach him, and get it again.

Slen. That, indeed, Cousin Shallow, to be sure would be quite right; tit for tat, as we say in the country; but then he is such a bloody-minded caitiff; you know he broke my head once for nothing at all: and if he should get an inkling that you are going to law with him, O Lord, O Lord, I shall never sleep in quiet again.

Shal. Poh, you chit, if he breaks the peace, I shall know what to do with him, I warrant ye.

Slen. Ay, there indeed, cousin, ecod, I did not think of that. If I am in fear of my life, I can answer taking him up with a warrant, and binding him over to his good behaviour. Suppose therefore, coz, we swear the peace against him first, and lay him fast by the heels before we enter the

action.—And yet I don't know, if I might advise ye, I would wash my hands of him.

Shal. Talk not to me. I tell thee I will spend half my estate, ere the rascally knight shall carry it off so. I had rather the inns of court should share the money among them, than that the gorbellied knave should feast his enormous guts at any free-cost of mine.—I will to my counsel imme diately; and if the law will not avail me, my sword shall do me justice,

Slen. You know best, Cousin Shallow, to be sure; but—

Shal. But me no buts, I say, but come along?
Your cousin Shallow puts up no such wrong.

An Officer *of the King's Houshold and a* Friar *enter.*

Offi. There, good friar, thou hast it: it would little conduce to raise the king's wisdom in the general estimation of the world, to have it thought in the power of such unworthy men as Falstaff and his fellows, to lead him implicitly into all those extravagances under which the character of his youth suffered; and yet so it would go near to be suspected, if his highness should now act towards them with an ill-timed severity. My Lord-chief-justice hath therefore retracted his hasty orders for their imprisonment.

Friar. Son, well observed; and I commend his lordship's prudence, in treating their vices as infirmities; and will readily undertake to commune with them on the grievous enormity of their dissolute lives.

Offi. His lordship would have you apply first to Sir John Falstaff, the ring-leader of this vicious troop. If you can dispose him to good, the rest may follow.

Friar. I will attend these reprobates, and use the means.

Offi. His lordship requires that you would bring Falstaff over to retire to a monastery, if possible; that being con-

cealed from the eyes of the world, he may not daily remind it of what is past. Farewell, good father; I will see thee again at the Priory. [*Exit* Officer.

Friar. [*Solus.*] I will go; but I fear my mission will prove as fruitless as that of many other apostles sent among infidels. As there is no danger of martyrdom, however, I am content.—Persuade Sir John Falstaff to turn monk! could I work miracles, indeed, and, like St. Thomas, turn an Ethiop white, something might be said for it: but, as it is, I despair of converting an old debauchee from two such prevailing heresies as the whore and the bottle. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tavern in Eastcheap. FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH *enter.*

Fal. Two sound naps, of eight hours a-piece, have something recruited me. Bardolph, my morning's whet. Is it prepared?

Bar. 'T is here, Sir John. [*Gives* Falstaff *a tankard.*

Fal. Here's to our better fortune. [*Drinks.*

Bar. Ah, Sir John, I am afeard our fortune hath been at its highest flood. We have seen our best days.

Fal. So the world goes, Bardolph. Up and down? But is it not hard now? I that have——but that's nothing. I hate boasting. It is, however, well known what pains I have taken to make a man of that Hal. Nay, you yourself are privy to many the good offices I have done him. Before the younker knew me, he could not drink sack; made conscience of going to church on holidays; and blushed like a scarlet cloak at entering a bawdy-house. I instructed him in all the manly exercises. I was content to win his money, to teach him gaming: to get drunk myself to try to make

him so. Nay, setting rotten limbs and dignity aside, have I not even pimped for the bashful rogue? Such a prince of Wales! by my troth, I was ashamed of him. Had it not been for me, the milk-sop might have been crowned before he had lost his maidenhead.

Bar. And that would have been a pity, Sir John, to be sure.

Fal. It was I first taught him to way-lay the true-man; for I knew him when he durst not cry *stand* to a turkey-cock; nay, a gander, of the ordinary size of a green-goose, had it met him on a common, would have made him run for it. I went farther yet; and not only emboldened his actions, but taught him the manly arts of conversation. In the stile military, for instance, or swearing.——

Bar. Sir John, I believe, there you forget yourself; the prince wanted no assistance of you in that; for when he was a little crack, he would swear ye like a man six foot high.

Fal. Right, Bardolph, you are right. I remember me; swearing indeed he knew; for though but a king's son, he would, as thou say'st, rap out an oath like an emperor. But then for the quintessence of elocution, the hyperbole, vulgarly called lying; there I am a master. Yet what a deal of pains it hath cost me to teach Hal to lie; and all thrown away upon him. He would never do it roundly. He had no genius that way.

Bar. You know, Sir John, the prince never could away with lying. He used to say 't was beneath a gentleman and a soldier.

Fal. Well, well, he will never shine in the recital of his own exploits as Xenophon, Cæsar, and I have done.

Bar. Why, Sir John, to be sure, you have done something.

Fal. Something! the services I have done him and his fa-

ther are out of number. Methinks my behaviour, in the ever-memorable action at Shrewsbury, should make him blush at his ingratitude. Who killed Hotspur? Did not I give him his death's wound in the thigh? Was it not I who took prisoner that fiery dragon, Coleville? and that even alive! And am I thus requited? Is this the guerdon of my great atchievements? Hang valour, I'll hack my sword no more. Thus has it ever been the fate of merit to be rewarded. Alcibiades and Bellisarius for that!

Bar. Ay, Sir John, they were tall fellows: they were sadly used indeed: I have heard of them. But that was in king John's time, I think.

Fal. They were the Falstaffs of antiquity, Bardolph.

Bar. Like enough, Sir John: they were before my time, to be sure; though Pistol told me, t'other day, that General Bellisarius was his god-father.

Fal. Pistol is an ignorant braggard; an ass: I have injured my dignity by associating with rascals, not worthy to wait at my heels. What tell'st thou me of Pistol?

Bar. Nay, Sir John, I meant no harm. I do think you deserve to be made a lord of, indeed.

Fal. I expected nothing less, I can assure ye. And then, for my well-known œconomy, to have had the sole management of the exchequer at least.

Bar. And instead of that to be banished———

Fal. I know not if I heard the word banish. I was forbidden, indeed, to come near the king's person by ten miles; but I was not at that distance when those injunctions were laid upon me. Query, now (it might pose a casuist, let me tell ye) whether I am thereby enjoined to march right out, ten miles an end; whether the negative *not come*, amounts to the positive, *go*.——I will not understand it so; and if that be my Lord-chief-justice's construction, by the Lord, I

will put him to the trouble of carrying me: I will be laid up with the gout ere I budge a foot.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, the king did say, banish.

Fal. Admit it; unless he means to reside for ever in a place, and be in his own proper person as immoveable as a church, I hold my life on a damned precarious tenure. He must give me timely notice of his motions, that I may regulate mine accordingly; otherwise, if he be travelling my way, we may happen to encounter, and I get myself hanged through inadvertency. I do not think it safe, therefore, to stir out of town, without more explicit orders. Give me another draught.

Bar. The tankard is out, Sir John. Shall I replenish?

Fal. No. I'll toward St. Paul's: a gentle perambulation this morning may refresh me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Justice SHALLOW, Master SLENDER, *and a* Lawyer, *enter.*

Shal. Well, Master Pleadwell, are you still of that opinion. If so, my money's gone?

Law. Indeed, I am still of that opinion, Justice Shallow.

Shal. What! how! that my money's gone?

Law. Nay, I know not that. I say, I am of opinion you should have taken a bond, or obligation, at the time of lending it, friend Shallow. A thousand pounds on the bare word of a courtier; and that courtier, Sir John Falstaff! ne'er an alderman in the city of London would have lent a thousand pence on such security.

Slen. Oh, that ever a country 'squire should have less wit than a city alderman!

Law. A thousand pounds, Mr. Shallow, is——

Shal. A thousand pounds. I know it is, Master Pleadwell, I know it well. But pray now, is there no method in the law to recover it? He cannot have spent it yet: cannot we compel him to restitution? Arrest him—arrest him, Mr. Pleadwell.

Law. But should he deny the debt, how will you prove it? and who knows, on such an emergency, what Sir John Falstaff will not do?

Shal. Nay he will lie; that's the truth on't.

Slen. Ay, coz, and that most consumedly too.

Shal. I can prove his receipt of the money.

Law. But the conditions, Justice Shallow. What have you to shew that he is engaged to return it? and when?

Shal. Nothing: I was weak enough to lend it him on his bare word.

Slen. Nay, cousin Shallow, not so neither. I'll be sworn he borrowed it upon his oath. He swore upon the honour of a true knight, to give him a thousand pounds again; and besides that, the comings-in of a better thing, in his majesty's court at London.

Law. Ah, Master Slender, these knights have just honour enough to swear by; but, for any thing further, I am apprehensive we shall find him one of these honourable knights, whose word is as good as their oath. But see, if I mistake not, yonder he comes; this encounter may perhaps save us the trouble of attending him at home. Let us speak him fair, and persuade him, if possible, to sign an obligation for the money. If we can do that, we may trounce him. Let me alone with him.

Slen. O would you could, Mr. Pleadwell! what would I give methinks to see him well trounced! if it was only for giving me once a bloody coxcomb.

FALSTAFF *enters.*

Fal. How, Master Shallow! consulting with his lawyer! are you thereabouts, friend Shallow? would you hamper me with an action? [*Aside.*] I will pass them by. [*Going.*

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, a word with you, if you please.

Fal. O my good friends, Robert Shallow, Esq. and Master Slender! How fare ye gentlemen both?

Law. Sir John, Mr. Shallow here has——

Fal. Ha! what mine old acquaintance, Master Wheedlepoint! how is it with your health, Master Wheedlepoint?

Law. Pleadwell is my name, Sir John.

Fal. Right. I cry you mercy—Roundabout Pleadwell, I think. My memory is not so retentive as———

Law. No offence, Sir John, that is not the case.

Fal. Marry but it is, Mr. Pleadwell; a treacherous memory is my great defect: and a misnomer in law thou knowest——

Law. Would be matter of consequence, Sir John. But that is not our business at present. Mr. Shallow here hath put a case——

Fal. Ay, Master Shallow should know something of the law too. Was not he at Clement's Inn when thou wert first entered there? That must be many years ago, Mr. Pleadwell. Let me see—How many years ago must that be, Master Shallow? Why, you carry your age well, Mr. Pleadwell.

Shal. Pretty well, pretty well, Sir John, but that——

Fal. Nay marry, I say, very well, Master Shallow.—And pray what is become of young Puzzlecause, and Dick Silvertongue, your fellow-students there? they were called to the bar, I suppose. That Dick was a prate-a-pace

rogue? and a devil among the bona robas. He and Master Shallow here were two with the wenches. Ha, Master Shallow!

Shal. No matter, Sir John, at present we would confer on other business.

Fal. Nay, gentlemen, if ye are on business, I crave your pardon, and leave ye. I am not used to be impertinent.

Law. You are not going, Sir John; it is with you our business lies.

Fal. Business with me!

Shal. Yes, about the thousand pounds, Sir John.

Fal. What mean you, Master Shallow?

Shal. That you borrowed of me, Sir John.

Slen. Yes, Sir John, the thousand pounds you borrowed of my Cousin Shallow, Sir John.

Fal. Take me with ye, gentlemen, both; let me understand ye. You presented me, indeed, with a thousand pounds to promote your interest at court, Master Shallow; and may depend on it, if I can serve you——

Shal. Fiddle, faddle, Sir John, I expect my money again: your interest at court is not worth a farthing.

Fal. I cannot help that; the more is my misfortune, Mr. Shallow; you see my heart is good.

Law. If so, Sir John, you will not refuse to give Mr. Shallow something to shew for his money, under your hand.

Fal. How dost thou know that, Mr. Pleadwell? I must consult my counsel in this case.

Law. There is no need, Sir John; I will draw up a little instrument, to which thou wilt set thy hand immediately.

Fal. Not while I have a head, Master Pleadwell; I like not running hand over head in these matters. By latter Lammas, or St. Falstaff's day, I may perhaps bethink me.

Law. I now of no saint of thy family in the Calendar, Sir John.

Fal. Well, well, there may be saints of a worse. Our merit hath not stood in the way of promotion; that's all: and yet there are as many whoremasters there as lawyers, I believe. But I cannot tarry now to hold farther question with thee; fatigued as I am, and earnest to reach my lodgings yonder.

Law. If thou wilt there sign the instrument, Sir John, we will attend you thither.

Fal. Wilt thou? it is a notorious bawdy-house.

Law. No matter, Sir John.

Fal. No matter sayst thou? Is it then no matter for one of the grave sages of the law to be seen in a public bawdy-house? Lord, Lord, what will this world come to! My conscience, however, is more tender: I should be sorry to give such occasion of scandal.

Law. Please you, Sir John, to be serious. Let us rightly understand each other.

Fal. With all my heart, good Master Pleadwell; then, to be plain with you, I find you do not know me. You talk to me of restitution and conditions; did'st thou ever know Sir John Falstaff make restitution on any conditions? And dost thou think me so unpractised a courtier as to return the perquisites of my calling, because I am turned out; or to restore the purchase of my good will, because I am not likely to get in. What take ye me for a younker? a geck? Go to—you cannot play upon me. Master Shallow, rest you content; your money is in good hands; and, if I do not spend it like a gentleman, never trust me with a thousand pound again.

Shal. Oh! that I ever did trust such a caitiff!

Law. But pray, were these the conditions, Mr. Shallow? Was you to be repaid by a place at court?

Slen. To be sure. Why what do you think, Mr. Pleadwell, Cousin Shallow was fool enough to lend a thousand pounds for nothing? Why, I, myself, was to be made a great man too; and that into the bargain.

Shal. Cousin Slender, speak in your turn, I pray you.

Law. Were these terms specified?

Fal. Not indeed on parchment, *signatum & sigillatum*, Mr. Pleadwell. A courtier's promise is not, indeed, very good in law. But I can tell ye the places I should have procured for these noble 'squires: and by'r lady, thou wilt say they would have been well occupied. Having a little pique or so at my Lord-chief-justice, and Mr. Shallow, here, thinking himself qualified, I promised him my interest for his worship's removal from the quorum to his lordship's place on the bench. Was it not so, Mr. Shallow?

Shal. Don't belye me, Sir John, don't cheat me of my money, and laugh at me too. Robert Shallow, Esquire, will not put up with that.

Fal. Then for Master Slender here, I proposed, for his address and elocution, to have got him appointed orator to the house of parliament; or otherwise, in consideration of his figure and magnanimity, to have made him a staff-officer, or captain of horse, at the least.

Slen. Nay, Sir John, you did not tell me what; but I expected some notable place, I 'll assure ye: for I look upon myself, plain 'squire as I stand here, to be somebody.

Shal. Coz, coz, you are an ass, coz.

Slen. Why, why, I didn't lend him the money; I.

Law. Justice Shallow, this is a very simple affair. I am sorry it is not in my power to serve you in it. Sir John, if you had either honour or honesty, you would restore the money; but, as you make pretensions to neither, I leave you.

[*Exit* Lawyer.

Fal. Well, my masters, you hear the counsel learned in the law. Will you to dinner with me? You shall see I am no niggard. If you will lodge with me in Eastcheap, you shall see the thousand pounds fairly spent in sack: you shall share with me to the utmost farthing. But for dry restitution, I have not been accustomed to it for many years. You would not have me a changeling at this time of day, I hope, Master Shallow.

Shal. Changeling! no, Sir John, thou art no changeling; but, depend on it, I will not put up this wrong. Robert Shallow, Esquire, will neither eat nor drink with thee. If the law will not help me, I will take other methods. I will have my money; depend on't, I will have my money.

[*Exit* Shallow.

Slen. Ay, ay, we shall find means to get the money; never fear.

[*Exit* Slender.

Fal. Nay, I fear it not—at least before I shall have found means to spend it: and then, get it who may; it concerns not me. We shall see, however, whose business will be done first. Mine will go merrily forward. Ah! shallow Master Shallow! But who could have thought the snipe would have went to counsel, to get himself laughed at?—Then to see how demurely Sir Slyboots angled for me, as if I had been a gudgeon! How cunningly the rascally barrador would have hooked me on his instrument! But I was even with the methodical knave. My friend Shallow will never bring it to bear an action at law; and if he should, I am on the right side of the hedge. Indeed, were I to go to law for a mint of money, I would choose to have it all in my possession. There is nothing like it. Possession is the very life's blood of a bad cause: on the strength of which is mine, I will home to dinner.

SCENE IV.

A Fencing-School. PISTOL *and* NYM *enter, disguised.*

Pistol. Is this not better than the service mean
Of Cappadocian or Assyrian knight?
That last young quarreller, how much gave he?

Nym. Two marks for entrance and an angel fee.

Pistol. 'Tis well, keep 'count; and lend attention mute.
Dame Ursula, the night's neglected flame,
Grown rich, is fond of finery and name;
To her hath Don Pistolo made his suit
By love-epistle. Nym—What sayst thou to't?

Nym. What, rival Sir John! 'Tis true he does not go there now, or he'd make a bloody business of it. You must know I've courted her niece and chambermaid Bridget ever since the last wind-fall.

Pistol. And hast thou sped?

Nym. Very scurvily, ancient. The jade runs her humours upon me.

Pistol. Nym, I a letter for thee will indite,
In the true stile of a Castilian knight.
Woman is taken by mere words and whim;
Nymwego shall command what's held from Nym.
But see new swaggerers coming—keep your state.

Justice SHALLOW *and* Master SLENDER *enter.*

Shal. Ay, this is my old school: here have I had my sa! and my ha!—Odso, your servant, gentles, pray is Signior Stiletto to be spoken with?

Pistol. The valiant wight translated is to heaven.

Shal. Faith and troth, I'm sorry for that; heartily sorry indeed.

Pistol. Ha! sorry! sayst thou, Paphlagonian vile?
Wouldst thou in Tartarus that he should howl?
Ha!—Ha! [*Draws and makes a lunge at* Shallow, *who retires.*

Shal. Not I.——Not I.——Pray moderate your passion. Gad's mercy on me what a furious lunge!—Sir, understand me. Signior Stiletto was my honoured master; I had a friendship for him.

Pistol. I then embrace thee with a soldier's arm.
Stiletto was the glory of the sword,
The Ajax, Hector, Agamemnon, he!

Shal. And, if I may ask without offence, pray, sir, what is the name and quality of your worship?

Pistol. I his successor am, and men me call
Anticho del Pistolo.

Shal. A name of sound, and smacking loud of valour; it sorts well with your figure and profession.

Slen. Ecod I think so; his name and looks I'm sure make me tremble. I would I were safely out of the house, la!

Pistol. Need'st thou my service?

Shal. To say the truth, sir, though I am not of a quarrelsome disposition, I have an affair of honour upon my hands; and, having long laid by my rapier, I came to take a lesson or two of Signior Stiletto; the better to withstand the force of my adversary. Now, since my old master is dead, I would be obliged to the skill of his successor.

Pistol. What is thy name and quality?

Shal. My name is Shallow, sir.

Slen. Of Gloucestershire, esquire; justice of the peace, and of the quorum.

Pistol. A name of note, and smacking much of folly.
[*Aside.*

It suiteth well thy figure and thy purpose.
Nymwego, hand the foils. There, grasp it well;
Bear thy point thus against thy rival's sword,
And had he twenty lives, he falls, Sa——Sa.

[*They skirmish, and* Shallow *is disarmed.*

Shal. Enough, enough; for once, brave sir, enough.
I see, indeed, your worship is a master.
Another time I'll try my skill again.

Pistol. Enough's a feast. Farewell, till next we meet.

[*Exit* Pistol.

Nym. And will not my young 'squire here enter into the humour of it? Come, sir, lay hold.

Slen. Cod so, not I. I quarrel with nobody but my man. And I can break his head at any time for six-pence. So I have no occasion, sir, I thank ye—Come, coz, let's go.

Shal. Sir, there's my thanks; [*Gives money to* Nym.] you 'll see me soon again.

Slen. Yes, yes, my cousin will come again; but I've no occasion, I thank ye. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Slender.

Nym. [*Solus.*] These two 'squires are precious subjects to play humours on.—I have it too: they've land and beeves; and marry-trap, I will lay a trap for marrying them. Our hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, when bedizen'd, may pass on those Gloucestershire oafs for London dames of rank. Nay, they resemble the wealthy widow of Watling-street, and buxom Beatrice of Bucklersbury, her forward niece. This were a trick of price: I'll fashion it, by working up these noodles into a conceit of their being beloved by the widow and madam Beatrice. I will about it strait. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Tavern in Eastcheap. FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH *enter.*

Falstaff.

BARDOLPH! How is it with Peto to-day?

Bar. Why, he 's in a bad way, Sir John.

Fal. That all!—When was he otherwise? Who ever knew Peto or thee in a good way?

Bar. And yet, Sir John, we are your followers, you know.

Fal. Well said, Bardolph. I see thy wit is improv'd. I lead you the way, it is true; but you follow me, like spaniels, with damnable circumvolutions. But, whom have we here?

Bar. It is the doctor, Sir John, that has been up to see Peto.

Fal. O, doctor Caius Mithridate, the apothecary! a precious limb of Galen!—At Windsor he was a physician, and starved by prescribing poisons; but now he is turned apothecary, and thrives by administering them.

Doctor CAIUS *enters.*

Fal. So, master doctor, thou art a man of merit I see.—Thou art sought after.——Pray, how many patients may'st thou have dispatch'd to-day?

Caius. Pas beaucoup, Sir John—not great many. I pay visits betimes en bon matin, á monsieur de Peto.——But I must go now á l'instant, á la cour.

Fal. Nay, rest you a moment, Dr. Caius, I would commune with you a little on the score of old acquaintance.—

Pray, master doctor, how came you to leave Windsor? You were, I thought, in some repute there.

Caius. How came I to leave Windsor! By gar dat Windsor did leave me.——Repute! Morbleu, I was in de best reputation du monde. In dree year, dare vas no less dan dree honderd patients of quality under my hands. They did never complain of mal-treatment: and yet I did stay dere till I had no patients left.

Fal. Dead men tell no tales, doctor, 't is certain.

Caius. Eh, bien! my patients did die, sure enough; but dere was deir sons, deir daughters, deir cousin-germans; dey was alive, and commend my treatment of de defunct et non obstant, they would never call me in demselves.

Fal. That 's much.—But did all your patients die, say you? Not one survive to trumpet the fame of their doctor?

Caius. Yes, by gar, dere vas one Bourgeois, fort riche et fort mal, he bring me more disgrace than all dose dat vas dead. I did exert all my skill for two, dree year, and he would not be cured.

Fal. Then why did you not let him go after the rest?

Caius. By gar he would not go. Il a été fort enteté, cet homme là. I have give him opiates, de narcotiques, stronger, by gar, dan Lethe itself. But he would not be composed; he would live to disgrace me. So he turn me off; and grow well himself, bientôt, presently, without any medicine in the world.

Fal. A base Plebeian tyke!

Caius. By gar, he was one base fellow, let me tell you dat. De quality no put such affront upon practitioner renommé, un homme comme moi.

Fal. Right, master Caius; it is a damned thing when people will not die secundem artem—but live in spite of the doctor. But to the present concern—How is it with Peto?

Caius. Oh! j'espere qu'il seroit beintôt gueri; he is in very fair way, Sir John.

Fal. Bardolph tells me here he is in a bad one; fair and good, I have heard often; but fair and bad, seldom. But what are his complaints, master doctor? I know something of physic.

Caius. Vy, Sir John, de cutis of de occiput est laceré: there be gross tumours all over de corps, de body. De patient has a delire, a vertigo; and besides, de symptomes febriles, de pouls indicat phlebotomy.

Fal. Phlebotomy!—What, bleeding?

Caius. A leetel, Sir John—ve vill take avay but sixteen ounces, for un petit revulsion.

Fal. Sixteen ounces! Hast thou a design upon his life? What, a plague, wouldst thou kill him? He doth not weigh four pounds avoirdupoise, flesh, bones, and all; and thou wouldst take him away by quarterns, in a slop-bason.

Caius. Vat is dat, Sir John? Vill you instruct me in de patologie, de therapeutice, de indications et contra-indications? Monsieur Peto must be bled.

Fal. Bleed sick apes and hypp'd monkies. If Peto be not hang'd, he shall die a natural death. Thinkest thou I 'll have his veins drained to fill a row of porringers in a barber's shop window! use bits of red cloth and be damn'd: ye shall have the blood of no follower of mine.——Sixteen ounces! I tell thee, not Galen, Hippocrates, nor Esculapius himself, were they alive, should thus operate upon him. Phlebotomy! I will phlebotomize ye all with my rapier, by the Lord, if you offer to draw a lancet on him.

Caius. En bien donc, Sir John; be not in one passion; ve vill take little less; but by gar de patient vill die if he no be bled. And let me tell you, Sir John, you vould do vell to lose little blood. En verité vous êtes trop phletorique.

Fal. Me! I thank thee. But, in the blood is the life of the creature, and I will not consent to part with mine.

Caius. Il seroit mieux aussi: It would be better, Sir John, you mix little more vater in your wine.

Fal. More water! I mix none.

Caius. Vorse and vorse! By gar, Sir John, if you no shange your regime, you shall die. Your fat vill eat you up.

Fal. I shall eat up many a fat capon first, master doctor. But wouldst thou persuade me, with thy contra-indications, that water is better than wine?

Caius. Pour quelques temperamens et dans certains cas; for some constitutions, and in some cases, Sir John.

Fal. For thine, perhaps; but mine thanks thee for thy water. Wine is good enough for me.

Caius. Ah! que vous êtes mal avisé. Eh bien, Sir John, you will no take my advice, I leave you. Bon jour—good day to you, Sir John.——[*Aside.*] Eh! mon dieu! si gras! si gros, by gar, he cannot live long; he vill overlay his own belly, and burst, if he be not bled. [*Exit Dr.* Caius.

Fal. Good day to you, master doctor apothecary. And yet I know not whether I ought to wish that neither; for a good day to him must be a bad one to somebody. A man of any conscience, or humanity, knows not how to salute fellows of such an occupation: for who would wish the rest of mankind lame and blind, sick and sorry, to find them employment, forsooth?——Poor Peto! I would not lose him, methinks; for though he be a worthless knave, he is an old acquaintance; and I never could find in my heart to part with my old acquaintance merely because they were good for nothing. King Hal is another sort of a man to what I am, to abandon his old friends in his prosperity thus. Poor Peto!

Bar. Ecod, Sir John, it happened lucky for me, I can tell ye, that I came off so well as I did yesterday.

Fal. Ay, by'r lady, thou playd'st fair to get off in a whole skin, and leave thy friend and master in extremity.

Bar. Nay, 'pon honour, Sir John, I did my utmost to keep up with you: but 't was unpossible; and indeed it was very fortunable that I was not myself trod to death by the populous.

Fal. Thou! tell me the moon is a Suffolk cheese, or a Windsor pear. Thou! have I not seen thee clear the ring without a staff at a bear-baiting? Thou might'st make thy way through a legion, nay, the millions of a croisade: why, who would come within a fathom of that firebrand, thy nose? It is a flaming, two-edged sword. Wouldst thou make me believe the villains would come near thee, to burn their holiday clothes? Thou wouldst have set them a-blazing like stubble, and have consumed the whole procession of heralds, like men of straw. A plague upon them, it was by their avoiding thee, I suppose, that I had like to have died a martyr to corpulency.

Bar. Sir John, you are always plaguing me about my face; what would you have me do with it?

Fal. Do with it! If there were water enough in the Thames, I would have thee quench it. But water, I fear, can do nothing for thee; since I remember, when we rode last from Canterbury, with the rain beating full in our faces, thou cam'st into the Borough with thy nose and cheeks glowing red-hot, although they had been hissing all the way like a taylor's goose. God forgive me—but when thou runn'st behind the hedge, in fear of the officer; I could not help comparing him and thee to Moses and the burning-bush. But thou wilt in time be consumed: thy fire must out.

Bar. I would it were out, so be I might hear no more on't. In troth, Sir John, if I must always be your butt, I shall seek another service, I assure you.

Fal. Nay, nay, good Bardolph, that must not be. I speak not in disparagement, Heaven knows; for I mean to cherish thee against the lack of fuel, or the visitation of a Dutch winter.

Bar. 'Sblood, Sir John, I'll bear it no longer. [*Going.*

Fal. Hold, Bardolph, where art thou going? thou glow-worm in magnature with thy tail upwards; thou pumpion-headed rascal, stay, or———

Bar. Give me good words, then, Sir John—Why pump-kin-head, pray now?

Fal. Hast thou never seen a scoop'd pumpion set over a candle's end, on a gate-post, to frighten ale wives from gossiping by owl-light? That is a type of thee——that is thy emblem: thy head being hollow, full of light, and easily broken; as thou shalt experience, if thou offer'st to fly thy colours till disbanded by authority. I shall need thee, I tell thee, to keep me warm, under the coldness of the king's displeasure.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, burnt sack and ginger will do you more good: for whatsomever light I may give, I am sure, set aside choler, I am as cold as e'er a while-liver'd younker in town.

Fal. Cold, say'st thou! thy face would condemn thee for an incendiary before any bench of judicature in the king-dom! thou wouldst carry apparent combustibles into court with thee. Tell me not of cold. Thou wouldst certainly have been hanged long ago, had not the sheriff been afraid thou wouldst have fir'd the hangman or the gibbet.

Bar. Why, Sir John, I have been your attendant off and on these twenty years, come Candlemas; and I don't find I have had any such effect on you.

Fal. The cause, you rogue, the cause; am not I obliged to keep a pipe of Canary constantly discharging on me?—Are not the tapsters perpetually employed? the sack-buckets for ever a going, to keep me from blazing? And yet at times my skin is shrivelled up like an April pippin. Mark me but walk an hundred paces, with thee glowing at my heels, if I do not broil and drip like a roasting ox.

Bar. Ah, you are pleased to be hard upon me, Sir John, but I am sure my face never hurt a hair of your head.

Fal. No! look at 'em—Hath it not turn'd them all grey? Twenty years ago, before they were bleach'd by thy fire, my locks were of a nut brown.

Bar. Why, you grow old, Sir John.

Fal. Old! what call you old? I am a little more than threescore, and Mathusalem lived to near a thousand. Why may not I be a patriarch, and beget sons and daughters these hundred years, myself?

Bar. Then you must get a wife, Sir John, for your common fields, you know, never bear clover.

Fal. Marry! what to be made a cuckold of, I warrant ye?

Bar. Why, Sir John, if you should marry you would not like to be singular, I suppose.

Fal. Nay, for the matter of that all 's one: But who will have me? Your dames of breeding are too fine and finicking for me to bear with them.

Bar. Ay, or for them to bear you either, Sir John.

Fal. Nay, whoever has me, she must be no tenderling; she must be none of your gingerbread lasses, that will crumble to pieces in the touzling. She must be none of your wishy-washy, panada gentry, neither; your curd and whey gentlefolks, that cannot support the embraces of a soldier; I must have a kicksy-wicksy of more substantial stuff.

Bar. Why, Sir John, what say you to Madam Ursula,

your old sweetheart? You have courted her, to my knowledge, these twenty years last past. I suppose you know her great aunt is dead, and has left her four hundred marks a year.

Fal. No, by the Lord, I heard nothing on't. She sent me a letter, indeed, into Gloucestershire: but I was over a bottle, and would not interrupt the glass to read it. I knew it was hers by the superscription, which, by the way, however, was as unintelligible as the hand-writing on the wall. It had never reached me had not the bearer been a decypherer. Go, Bardolph, and fetch it; you will find it, among other trumpery, in my cloak-bag.

[*Exit* Bardolph.

Fal. Four hundred marks a year, quoth he! It were not an unreasonable competence, were not sherries comparatively so dear. But if the female incumbrance on it should turn out a shrew, the Lord have mercy on me! I shall be paid off for the sins of my youth. Let me bethink me. Four hundred marks a year! I have, it is true, small hopes from Hal; and shall grow old some time or other. These aches in my limbs forebode it. I cannot hold out for ever, that's certain. Were it not good, therefore, to make a virtue of necessity, and take up while I am in case to reap the credit of reformation? Could I reconcile it to my interest, I believe my inclination would follow.

BARDOLPH *re-enters.*

Bar. There, Sir John, is the letter.

Fal. Come on: let us see if we are masters of so much Arabic as to find out her meaning. [*Reads.*] Hum——hum——hum——! Why, dame Ursula, thou hast a memory. I could have credited thee for subtlety, on account of that old friend to woman, the serpent: but how thou couldst re-

member, for fifteen years together, what money I owed thee —that, indeed I, cannot account for. I have myself forgot it long since. She tells me here I have borrowed five hundred pounds of her at times, as tokens of my love. By the Lord, and as I am a soldier, I will love her still, and she shall command semblable proofs of it. [*Reads on.*] Hum——hum——Repayment of the money, or the performance of my engagements!——How! am I then to be married on compulsion? That will go most damnably against the grain.—But hold, if I marry, her money will be mine: if not, she may cease to lend when she pleases: and the fortune of that man is always at the turning of the tide, who depends on the caprice of a woman.

Bar. Why, marry her then, Sir John. I dare say she has heard nothing of your disgrace at court—so that she won't stand upon terms.

Fal. Marry, Bardolph, and I am half resolved to do so. Yea, by the Lord, and I will too. She has, besides, two thousand pounds in money; I will courageously make the attack, and mount the breach of matrimony. If I fall into the hands of the Philistines—why, good night. It is but going into purgatory a few years before my time. Bardolph, get me pen and ink, in the Cupid. Thou shalt be one of love's messengers. I will write to her in trope and figure: metaphor and hyperbole carry all before them with the women. Let her resist lies and nonsense if she can. [*Exeunt.*

NYM, DOLL, *and* Mrs. QUICKLY *enter.*

Dol. But do you think, Nym, they won't discover us?

Nym. Not if you mind the trick of it, and don't betray yourselves. The old 'squire is as rampant as a goat, and conceited as an ape. And as for the young one, he has but

four senses out of the five. Let not your breath smell of aquavitæ, nor your lips smack of bawdry. Array yourselves antique, look modest, and speak supernaculum. Do this, and they'll never suspect you.

Quick. O, let me alone for speaking supernaculum; I have a set of the courtliest phrases in my huswif'ry book! I'll con them by heart.

Nym. Well, go prosper: Pistol will be here presently.

Quick. Fear not—we'll lose no time: Come, Doll, we shall be made women, if this plot succeeds. [*Exeunt.*

Dame URSULA *and* BRIDGET *enters.*

Urs. And do you think, Bridget, Sir John will be at last as good as his word, then?—How sits my coif to-day?—I would thou hadst bought me one of those new-fashioned farthingales.

Brid. O, madam, you are mighty fine as it is, truly: and, I am sure, Sir John can do nothing less than admire you.

Urs. Thinkest thou so, Bridget? Why, to be certain, a peach-colour'd satin does become my complexion hugely. But I think the roses are faded in my cheeks. Well, no matter: he might have gathered them twenty years ago, had not he been a rover. I hope, however, he has sold his wild oats now, and that I shall yet have the satisfaction to be called my Lady Falstaff.

Brid. To be sure, madam: and though Sir John is but a knight at present, he will be very assuredly, now the young king is crown'd, be made a great lord, and may be a duke. Indeed, madam, I cannot think of less.

Urs. And then shall I be a dutchess, Bridget. Dame Ursula a dutchess!

Brid. Ay, madam, that will be a day to see—if I am so happy as to be in your grace's favour.

Urs. For certain, Bridget, thou shalt. Well, this love is a strange thing! there is Sir John has deceiv'd me a thousand times, and yet, I know not how, he always persuaded me he was sincere.

Brid. A sure sign you loved him, madam.

Urs. And yet to be sure, before I received his letter, I thought I never should hear from him again, and had almost come to a resolution to cast him entirely off.

Brid. In good sooth, madam, that is very prudent; to cast off a lover when we find he will leave us.

Urs. I think so, and not a little imprudent to do it before, for one of my years at least.

Brid. Why, madam, you are not so old.

Urs. Indeed, but I am—old enough to know I ought not to part with one lover till I am sure of another.

Brid. To be sure, madam, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; but the sport of hampering the rogues, who are at liberty, is so vastly pretty.

Urs. Ay, if we were sure of catching them at last; but, Bridget, Bridget, how often do they escape through our fingers, and give us the slip! Besides, it is for younger lasses than I to go bird-catching——I cannot throw salt on the tail of a sparrow now.

Brid. Nay, say not so, madam; you forget your new lover, Don Anticho del Pistolo.

Urs. Hang him, fustian-pated rogue, whoever he be, to pester me with his epistles.—To write letters for his comrade to thee too! well, as I live, I will expose this pair of bombards to Sir John. I will shew him their letters.

Brid. Madam, the knight is coming.

Urs. Bless us, Bridget, and so he is. Introduce him and leave us.

FALSTAFF *enters.*

Fal. Well, my fair princess, see thy wandering knight.

Urs. Welcome to London, Sir John; thou art indeed a wanderer.

Fal. A true knight-errant for thy sake.

Urs. For my sake, Sir John.

Fal. Ay, for thine, my Helen. Have I not encountered tremendous giants and fiery dragons, in the rebels of Northumberland and Wales?—And then for magicians and enchanted castles: Owen Glendower and his Welch devils we put to the rout; and many a strong hold between here and West Chester have I visited, releasing fair damsels and distressed 'squires from captivity. I brought two of the latter up to town; I would they were safely immured in the country again.

Urs. And all these exploits for me, Sir John.

Fal. As I am a true knight, to lay my laurels at thy feet.

Urs. Do you then still love me in sincerity, Sir John?

Fal. Do I love thee?—Am I a soldier?—Have I courage?——Love thee!—I will be thy Troilus, and thou shalt be my Cressida.

Urs. You have long told me so, indeed.

Fal. And can I lie?—Thou shalt be sole possessor of my person and wealth. Thou shalt share in the honours done me at the court of the new king. Thou shalt——But what shalt thou not do?—We will be married incontinently.

Urs. O, Sir John, you know your own power, and our sex's weakness: but indeed for decency I cannot so speedily consent—Besides, Sir John, I am not yet put into possession of my estate and monies.

Fal. Nay then, as thou sayst, love, for decency's sake,

we must bear with a short delay: but I will no longer be kept out of possession than thou art.

Urs. You shall not, Sir John; and in the mean time our lawyers shall confer on the terms of our marriage.

Fal. I hate lawyers. Let a priest suffice. Am not I a man of honour?

To do thee less than justice were a sin,
Give me thy lips, we'll settle all within.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Justice SHALLOW *and* Mrs. QUICKLY *enter, dressed in tawdry Clothes.*

Quick.

NAY, forsooth, Mr. Shallow, I am too young a widow; much too young to think of a second husband.

Shal. Not so, fair mistress. If to wed be good, the sooner married still the better speed. My assiduities will make you soon forget your former spouse.

Quick. Your acidities, indeed, are very great, Mr. Shallow. But you are too pressing: I cannot so soon forget poor Quickly.——*What the goujeres have I said.*

Shal. Quickly!—I thought your husband's name was—

Quick. Yes, yes, and so it was; but I called him always Quickly, because he was ever so slow. He died, poor man, of a slow melancholy. Always asleep! night and day asleep.

Shal. Hah! addicted to somnolency.

Quick. Ay, so the doctors said. He died of a solemnity, and a solemn end, I warrant ye, he made of it.

Shal. He was too fat and corpulent, perhaps; I am leaner.

Quick. Yes, Sir, he grew fat and burstened, by sotting

with his guests, instead of minding the main chance, and scoring double.

Shal. Say you? mistress!——

Quick. Blisters on my nimble tongue. I say, Mr. Shallow, he was rich, and keeping open house, had store of guests, that made a world of trouble.

Shal. Open house, and leave so much behind him: that is rare!—he traded greatly?

Quick. Greatly, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. And bore arms.

Quick. Two pumpions on a cucumber bed.

Shal. They will quarter.——I'll settle on thee fairly, widow.

Quick. Will you, Mr. Shallow?

Shal. Ecod, I will. Ay, twice as much for such another smile. Odds heart, that look shot through me like an arrow. Nay, I will kiss thee, fackins will I———

[*They struggle;* Shallow *kisses her, and she breaks from him in affected anger.*

Odds bobs! a dainty widow!

Quick. You're rude, sir; I must leave you. [*Exit.*

Shal. Hah! gone! then Shallow shall not stay behind,
But will pursue and force her to be kind. [*Exit.*

Mr. SLENDER *and* DOLL TEARSHEET *enter.*

Slen. [*Sings.*] Slender and tender,
And no mere pretender.

Ha! said I well, Mrs. Beatrice?

Dol. Ay, and sung well too, sir.

Slen. Nay, I have a sweet breath to sing with: that's the truth of it. And yet I warrant you did not know I could sing so well, when you first fell in love with me.

Dol. Oh fye, Mr. Slender. You make me blush. Young

maidens should not be told so, though it were true. But, pray, where learnt you now that I was in love with you? Who told you this?

Slen. Marry, that did my uncle Shallow's fencing master, the Don with the hard name. I should otherwise have blushed more by half than you. Hang me if you had caught me at falling in love first. But one good turn deserves another, as we say in the country.

Dol. To be sure, Mr. Slender hath parts.

Slen. Marry, would I might be hanged else. Why, do you know that I have had maidens in love with me twice and once before now.

Dol. In the country belike.

Slen. Yea, verily, there was Mrs. Anne Page of Windsor, would have given, I warrant ye, more than I wot of, to be married to me.

Dol. And you would not have her.

Slen. Yes, I would have had her then; but I know not how, they cozened me, and married me to a great lubberly boy.

Dol. To a boy!

Slen. Yes, la! but, for that trick, if ever I marry any body again, I'll take care they do n't wear doe-skin breeches under their petticoats; that I will.

Dol. Ha! ha! ha!

Slen. Nay, it was no such laughing matter that I know of.

Dol. Ha! ha! ha!

Slen. Ecod, if you laugh so at me, handsome as you are, I'll go and tell my uncle? so I will. [*Exit.*

Dol. Go thy way, with God's blessing, for a fool; were it not for thy wealth, Doll Tearsheet would not follow thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tavern in Eastcheap. FALSTAFF *enters, laughing.*

Fal. Don Anticho del Pistolo! what a bombast rogue it is! I knew his hand writing the moment I saw it. But I have put a spoke into the wheel of his contrivance. Dame Ursula and her maid have given these rascals encouragement. If they bite, the scoundrels will be hooked.

FRANCIS *enters.*

Fra. Sir John, here is the hobbling friar that has been so often to ask for you. Shall I say you are at home?

Fal. Ay, let him in.—What can the gouty precisian want with me?

A Friar *enters.*

Friar. Peace be with you. Sir John, God save ye.

Fal. Thank thee, good father. What is your reverence's will.

Friar. I think thou dost not know me, Sir John. It is indeed many years since our personal intimacy: your way of life and mine——

Fal. Were something different, father, to be sure: and though I may have seen you before, it is so long since I have been at shrift, that I must crave your pardon if I have totally forgot you. And yet your reverence may be my ghostly father, for ought I know.

Friar. Fie, fie, Sir John, a man of your age and gravity.

Fal. Hoh! if your business be to chide me, I shut mine ears.

Friar. If you will not admit your wound to be probed, how can you expect to be cured, Sir John?

Fal. Cured! 'sblood, I took thee for a priest, and I find thou art a surgeon.

Friar. A spiritual one, Sir John; and such as your disorder requires.

Fal. Dost thou know my case then? A spiritual surgeon, sayest thou? I am not given over by the surgeons bodily yet. Who call in the divine till they have sent out the doctor?

Friar. I know your case well, Sir John. It is perhaps less your body than your mind that is affected.

Fal. Nay, like enough. I have indeed been damnably dispirited ever since the king's coronation. A confounded melancholy hangs upon me like a quotidian ague.

Friar. It is that melancholy, and the cause of it, Sir John, I would remove.

Fal. And how would'st thou remove it? By providing me with a charge of horse, and restoring me to the king's favour. I know no other way.

Friar. By inducing thee to repent, and be restored to the favour of the King of kings, which thou hast forfeited by a dissolute and abandoned life. Dost thou not think thou art in a state of reprobation?

Fal. Pray, friar, by what authority dost thou take upon thee to catechise me? Dost thou come out of mere charity, or art thou employed by thy superiors?

Friar. Suppose the former, Sir John.

Fal. Suppose the former, father friar, why then the devil is so strong in me, that I should be tempted to throw thee headlong down stairs for thy charitable impertinence.

Friar. Thy ill manners, Sir John, would be inexcusable, were it not to be supposed the consequence of an habitual antipathy to every thing that is good. But I will not lay claim to greater merit than is my due. I am come by order of my Lord-chief-justice, who is so much your friend as to interest himself in your reformation.

Fal. My Lord-chief-justice! that's another matter. I cry thee mercy, reverend father. I find thou'rt not the man I took thee for. Your reverence does me honour; and I profess I am much indebted to his lordship's kind love and regard to my soul's health.

Friar. You'll hear me then, Sir John.

Fal. Yea, Heaven forbid I should not—what I said was meant against those officious zealots who are so forward to pry into mens consciences that will not bear the looking into.

Friar. Sir John, we know your failings; and shall not put you to the trouble of auricular confession at present.

Fal. There, friar, thou winn'st my heart. Come, sit thee down. Wilt drink a glass of sack?

Friar. I never do, Sir John.

Fal. I cry thee mercy, then. Here is to your reverence's health; and now I'll tell thee what——I do protest I sit me now upon the stool of repentance, and have been honestly deliberating, some time past, to change my course of life. I am heartily tired of it. Indeed I am, good father.

Friar. I am glad to find thee in such promising dispositions, and think thou couldst not do better than to betake thyself, agreeable to his lordship's intentions, to some monastery, where thou wilt be secluded from temptations, and have all spiritual assistance to encourage thee to mortify the desires of the flesh.

Fal. Hold thee there, good father. Let me understand thee. What! would his lordship make a monk of me? I must there beg his pardon. A monk; and to mortify the flesh! For Heavens sake, good father, consider what a mortification indeed that must be to me, who have six times the quantity of any other man. If I must be included within the pale of the church, why not make a canon of me (not indeed a minor canon) but a prebendary, or a bishop, now.

Something might be said for either of these. But for a monk! I know not any thing I am less fit for; unless indeed his lordship had meant to make a running footman of me.

Friar. Nay, Sir John, his lordship will not use compulsion in this. He will not so far lay a restraint on your inclinations.

Fal. O, if I ever find myself that way inclined, his lordship may depend on it I shall be as ready as ever to follow my inclinations. But the lesson of lean and sallow abstinence is very long and hard, good father; I am not gotten half-way through the first chapter yet.

Friar. Some steps, however, Sir John, you must take toward a more reputable way of life; and that speedily too: otherwise you will be stript of the honours of knighthood; and the king's sentence of banishment will be strictly put in execution against you.

Fal. As to the matter of knighthood; once a knight and always a knight, you know. The king may make as many knights as he pleases; but he will not so easily unmake them again. My title will not depend on the king's courtesy, but on that of my followers. I am, notwithstanding, very desirous to give his lordship satisfaction: and do assure thee, on the honour of a soldier, of the sincerity of my repentance.

Friar. And yet this may be only a transitory fit of penitence, owing to your late disappointment. What reason canst thou give me to hope this state of mind will continue?

Fal. Why, father, what I am shortly going to do is an act that has confined many a man to a state of repentance, which has continued to the last hour of his life.

Friar. This, Sir John, is saying something. Pray, what are you going to do?

Fal. I have taken a resolution, father, to——What dost thou think now it is I have resolved upon?

Friar. Some commendable act of penance, no doubt.

Fal. Nay, it may be well called so, I believe. I am determined, good father, to marry.

Friar. Call you that an act of penance, Sir John? Is marriage a state of mortification?

Fal. I wish I may not find it so.

Friar. Well, Sir John, marriage is a holy state; and in some degree I approve your resolution; but, in the estimation of the church, it is also an holy act, and ought not to be entered into unadvisedly. Your repentance should precede your receiving the benefit of that sacrament.

Fal. O, doubt not but I shall repent me sufficiently afterwards.

Friar. Ah! Sir John, Sir John, I fear me you are no true penitent: but, however, it may be lawful to salve what cannot be effectually cured. I did not expect to make a convert at the first interview. If thou takest any measures that tend towards reformation, thou shalt have my prayers and best assistance therein. Another time I will hold farther conversation with thee.

Fal. In the mean time, good father, let me stand fair in your report to my Lord-chief-justice and his Majesty.

Friar. Thou shalt stand fairer than I fear thou deservest. Farewell. [*Exit* Friar.

Fal. Fare thee well, good father friar. What an hypocritical puritan? Would not drink sack! Not with the ungodly, I suppose. But I am damnably mistaken, if he be not indebted for that rosy countenance and the gout, to the penetrating qualities of old sherris.

BARDOLPH *enters.*

Fal. Well, Bardolph, what news dost thou bring?

Bar. Marry Sir John, I have just seen a sight that you would have chuckled at.

Fal. And what is that?

Bar. Why, Mother Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, attired like dames of fashion, and courted by Justice Shallow and Master Slender. For my own part, I'm out of the plot; but I find the contrivance is deep: the 'squires are caught. Pistol and Nym are somehow at the bottom of it. That's all I can learn.

Fal. Bardolph, those knaves would leave me, and set up for themselves. The 'squires are mine; a lawful prey, and shall not be fed upon without our leave. Learn more, and I will bethink me how to counteract the villanous machinations of these runagates. But, now, attend me forth. [*Exe.*

URSULA *and* BRIDGET *enter.*

Urs. Now, Bridget, mark me well. That errant knave,
Our Spanish suitor, will anon be here.
Sir John requests that I do greet him kindly,
And give him flattering earnest of success.

Brid. Doubt not my cunning: I've been taught ere while to set an egg upon its little end.

Urs. A grannum's secret, Bridget; but no more——
What creature's that, who with enormous strides
Measures the pavement yonder?

Brid. 'T is the Don—I will be ready, madam, when you please, to scare him hence. [*Exit* Bridget.

Urs. Nay, he shall have some sour as well as sweet;
Keen as he is, all honey is not meet.

PISTOL *enters.*

Pistol. Fair dame, I kiss your hands, your gentle brief,
Borne by the winged Mercury, came to hand;
And sends your slave to meet his amorous doom.

Urs. I fear, sir, I have trespassed on the bounds
Of maiden modesty, to write so freely.
What will the world say of this strange demeanour?

Pistol. Breathes he the vital air will dare to cast
Reflections base on Ursula's fair name?

Urs. Indeed, Signior Anticho, I have a woman's timidity, and am apprehensive my behaviour in this particular will seem too light. Affections of so speedy growth are blamed, as weeds too rank to thrive in true love's garden.

Pistol. No general rule's without exception, lady.
The object of your choice—Pistolo's fame
Will silence all that hear and know his name.

Urs. In that indeed I place my confidence: and yet a stranger, till his worth's approved, however noble in his native soil, is open to suspicion. Not that your valour, birth, or virtuous fame I mean to question; but to please my phantasy, and justify my conduct to the world, I would know more of your high rank and pedigree. What is the blazonry of its distinction?

Pistol. Pistolo wears his coat upon his sword.
Behold this blade.—The very steel is dy'd [*Draws.*
With blood of Infidels, Jews, Turks, and Moors.

Urs. It hath a scurvy coat upon 't, indeed.

Pistol. True, lady, this no burnish'd Finsbury blade,
Ta'en by young cutlers from their stock in trade,
And in Moorfields on holidays display'd.——
A soldier's weapon this, that bravely fell
In Palestine on Saracens pell-mell.

The gift of that renown'd and peerless paragon
Rhodomontado hight, the king of Arragon.

Urs. And hath Pistolo's valour then been shown
In Palestine? That merit's great, I own.

Pistol. There by this sword so many foes were slain,
That it was called the flaming sword of Spain.

[*Putting up his sword.*

Urs. Indeed! 'T were much a warrior to withstand,
Who comes victorious from the Holy Land.

BRIDGET *enters, in a hurry.*

Brid. Good gracious! madam! Sir John Falstaff.——

Pistol. Ha! who? who? what's that? Falstaff didst thou say?

Urs. No matter, sir, you shall not hence away.
It is a quondam sweetheart; whom, for thee,
I shall dismiss with frowns, as thou shalt see.

Brid. Heavens, madam, I would not for the world Sir John should come in while the cavalier is here. We should have bloody doings I warrant. Did not the knight, when he was here last, complain of your indifference, and vow vengeance on your new lover?

Pistol. [*Aside.*] By Styx, he'll know and foil me.

Urs. Poh! poh! this gentleman fears him not, nor twenty such. Don Pistolo's sword hath been flesh'd among the Moors.

Brid. Moors! lack-a-day! what talk you of Moors? What are simple Moors to such a paramour as he. You know, madam, he is desparation at the loss of your ladyship's affection.

Pistol. Thou, mistress Abigal, art in the right——
Prior pretensions if the Knight doth boast,

Why happy man be's dole, say I,
Il primo venuto il primo servito.

Urs. How's this, signior? Shall not a woman of my age and fashion make my own choice? And çan your honour thus desert your fortune.

Pistol. Desert my fortune! ha! why—what—O, no—

Urs. Nay, nay, I claim protection from your sword
Against this rude intruder.

Pistol. Furies!——[*Pauses.*] Oh! I have it.——
Enough—thou sayst—my sword thou shalt command
'Gainst Pagan recreant or Christian knight,
Come forth, Toledo—[*Draws.*] Ha! what's this I see?
O, blunder vile, unfortunate mistake!
My varlet hath equipp'd me with a foil,
A blunt and batter'd foil, sans point and temper:
It would not parry ev'n a bulrush; this!

[*Throws away his sword, which* Bridget *picks up.*

Urs. Bridget, let's see———

[*Takes the sword, and clapping the point to the ground, bends it double.*

Alas! 'tis so, its plain,
Ha, ha, ha, the flaming sword of Spain!
'The gift of that renown'd and peerless paragon
'Rhodomontado hight, the king of Arragon!'

[*Holding it up in derision.*

[*Turning to* Pistol.]
Nay, do not take my humour thus amiss,
I'm light of heart; but nothing meant t'offend.——
As with this paultry foil thou can'st not fight,
Myself will with't encounter this same knight.
Bridget will safe conduct thee to the gate.
Go, and good tidings speedily await. [*Exit* Ursula.

Pistol [*Looking after her.*] The gibbet be my portion, if I trow,

Whether she means to jilt me now, or no;
But fata trahunt——Abigal, lead on,
If Falstaff's near, 'tis time that I were gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Justice SHALLOW *and* Master SLENDER *enter.*

Shal. Take me—take me this letter, I say, to Sir John Falstaff. That is his suttling-house. I will maul his cloak-bag of chitterlings with my rapier, as I may.

Slen. And will you fight him, cousin? Well, hang me if I carry the challenge. I never could abide the thoughts of cold iron. Even a key put down my back for a bloody nose, ugh—ugh—ugh, would always set me a shuddering.

Shal. Don't tell me—if the law will not get me my money, I'll be revenged of him. The tun-bellied knave shall not make such a fool of me. I will have his blood or my money.

Slen. His blood! O lud! O lud! Why, Cousin Shallow, you are enough to——

Shal. Carry me this letter, I say, to Sir John Falstaff. What is it to you? If I am killed, you are my heir, and come in for my land and beaves. So, do as I bid you.

Slen. Ecod, that's true. I did not think of that: if my cousin's killed, I come in for his estate. [*Aside.*] Ay, I'll carry him the challenge. Hey! here he comes, with his bottle-nos'd man, that picked my pocket at Windsor.

FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH *enter.*

Shal. Sir John! Sir John Falstaff!

Bar. Sir John, Justice Shallow calls ye.

Fal. What would the blade of spear-mint have with me? I have done with him.

Shal. But I have not yet done with you, Sir John? I would first have my thousand pounds of you again.

Fal. You would, Master Shallow! like enough! You must take me then in the humour. I am at present ill-disposed to your suit.

Shal. Tut, Sir John. I have said I will not tamely put up this wrong. If I do, I shall be flouted and jib'd to death: I shall be pursued by the mockery of a whole hundred.

Fal. Not unlikely. But, believe me, the more you bustle in this business, the more you will expose yourself. The more you stir——you know the proverb, Master Shallow; it is a little homely, so let that pass. Yet, let me advise thee; rest content.

Shal. Content! I am not content. I cannot be content. Nay, I will not be content. Give me back the money, or I will have satisfaction of thee.

Fal. Satisfaction, say'st thou? Why, thou wilt not dare me to the combat.

Shal. Such provocation would make a coward fight, Sir John.

Fal. If it make thee fight, I'll be sworn it would: for I have seen thee tremble at the shaking of a wheat-ear.

Shal. To be bamboozled! cheated! laught at! I will not put it up. By Heavens, I will not put it up.

Fal. Well said, Master Shallow. Now I see there's mettle in thee. But surely thou would'st not be the first to break the peace! thou, whose office it is to punish the breach of it.

Shal. Sir John, there are times and reasons for all things. If you will neither give me my money nor gentleman's satisfaction, I will have thee tossed in a blanket for a paltroon as thou art.

Fal. They must be stout carls, Matter Shallow, that toss me in a blanket.

Shal. Well, well, we shall see—I 'll parley with you no longer. Cousin Slender, don't stand shill I, shall I, but give him the note.

Slen. Ay, ay, if coz is killed, I shall have his estate; and so there 's the challenge. [*Exeunt* Shal. *and* Slen.

Fal. A challenge!—By the Lord, and it is a challenge. I am called upon here to meet him on Tower-hill incontinently at single rapier. Hoo! what a turluru! In the name of common-sense is the fool turned madman? What means the simple tony by this? To get his money again? Does he think by running me through the pericardium to become my heir at law? The fearful stag is at bay, and become desperate. But let me see—what 's to be done here? I am in person too much of a knight to engage with so little a 'squire. I have it. Bardolph, I being your master and a knight, thou art by the laws of chivalry no less than a 'squire. Now, as I take it, this quarrel is properly thine: thou must meet Justice Shallow at single rapier.

Bar. I, Sir John. He has no quarrel against me. The challenge is given to your honour.

Fal. True; but I tell thee my honour disdains to encounter a pitiful 'squire: thou must take my sword and fight him.

Bar. I shall only disgrace your arms, Sir John.

Fal. Go to, you will do well. He knows nothing of the sword; and should he challenge thee at pistols, put a charge into each barrel, and present thy nose at him; he will never stand thy fire.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, I must be excused. I never could fight in my life, unless there was something to be got by it; a booty on the highway or so.

Fal. Why, 'tis for a thousand pounds, you rogue.

Bar. And where's the money?

Fal. At my cashier's.

Bar. Well then, Sir John, why should we fight for it?

Fal. Bardolph, thou art a coward; but no matter. I have a thought: I will meet him myself. Go, fetch the buckler I fought with at Shrewsbury. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tower-Hill. PISTOL *and* Justice SHALLOW *enter, stript for the Combat.*

Pistol.

DREAD nought, brave 'squire, the knight's a coward rank.

Shal. I am glad to hear that, and yet I would I had had a lesson or two more before I had encountered him.

Pistol. Bear thy point thus—sa, sa, friend Shallow, sa.
Do thus, I say, and trust Pistolo's art.
I to the buxom widow will relate
This deed of prowess.

Shal. I will essay; but some one comes this way; let us retire, and try that pass again. [*Exeunt.*

Doctor CAIUS *and* Man *enter.*

Caius. Jack Rugby, follow me, Jack Rugby: I 'ave hear dere is to be duel fought hereabouts, by and by. If de parties be not killed outright dey may vant assistance. Ve must vatch de opportunity, Jack Rugby.

Rug. To prevent the gentlemen fighting, sir——

Caius. To prevent their fighting! vat 'ave we to do wid dat? No, you fool, Jack: to take care of the vounded; dat is my business.

Rug. But how if the other should run away?

Caius. By gar, let him run: he be no patient for me.——Come dis way.

FALSTAFF *enters.*

Fal. Aha—aha—What a vile mist there is abroad to-day! I cannot see a sword's length before me. This must be the spot. But where is the adversary? I would not have him, methinks, lost in the fog.——Master Shallow! Master Shallow!

SHALLOW *re-enters.*

Shal. Ay, ay, Sir John, here am I.

Fal. Saints and good angels guard us! What is this?

Shal. Come, Sir John, draw, draw.

Fal. It calls me by my name too! *Jesu Maria!* It is no *deceptio visus.* In the name of Heaven and Earth, what art thou? Ouphe, fairy, ghost, hobgoblin, or demon? *Exorciso te.*——*Pater noster*———

Shal. Come, Sir John, don't think to put me from my purpose: you know me very well. You know Justice Shallow to his cost.

Fal. How! can this thing be Robert Shallow of Gloucestershire, esquire, justice of the peace and of the quorum? I took it for some strolling ghost escap'd out of purgatory, by all that 's terrible.

Shal. Sir John, this mockery shall not suffice you.

Fal. Nay, it is true, as I am a sinner.

Shal. Will you fight me, Sir John, or will you not?

Fal. Fight thee! When thou seest the princely eagle descend to encounter the tom-tit. What! shall the lofty elephant wield his proboscis against a mite? Shall Sir John Falstaff draw his martial sword against such a pig-widgeon as thou?

Shal. What then did you come here for, Sir John?—If you would not be treated as a coward, lay down your target and draw.

Fal. Lay down my target, sayst thou? Who would be fool then? Look ye, Master Shallow (since shallow thou wilt be) if I fight it must be on equal terms. It is but equitable that my body should be secur'd, when I engage with an unsubstantial form; a thing that has none. Dost thou think me such a goose-cap as to lay open this fair round belly to the point of thy rapier, when thou presentest not a mark for me. It were as good as pricking at a lottery, ten thousand blanks to a prize, to make a thrust at thee. It were indeed more than a miracle to hit what, rhetorically speaking, is impalpable. But come, if thou must fight with me, thou shalt not say I deal unfairly by thee. To draw my sword would be needless—for hit thee I never shall—that's flat. Therefore, Toledo, rest thou in thy scabbard. This is my ward. [*Stands on his defence with his target.*]—Carry thy point as thou wilt: if thou canst not come into me before thou art weary, the money is mine; if thou dost, and woundest me, I will then—keep it to pay the surgeon. So, come on.

Shal. Sir John, you are a cowardly knave, and I will kill you if I can.

[*They fight.* Shallow *thrusts at Sir* John, *who receives his point always on his target.*

Fal. Well said, Master Shallow.—Bravo!—To't again.——Sa—sa.

[Shallow *breaks his sword, and* Falstaff *closes with him, and seizes him by the collar; on which* Shallow *falls down on his knees, and* Falstaff *claps the target on his head.*]

Fal. Ha! have I nabb'd you? You should have appointed sticklers, Mr. Shallow. What if I cut thy throat now?

[*Taking off the target.*

Shal. Sir John, my life is in your hands: but you know you have wrong'd me.

Fal. Well then, thy wrongs be forgotten; and, on that condition, I give thee back thy forfeited life.

Shal. And I hope also you won't bear malice, Sir John, against me for the future.

Fal. By the Lord, not I. I do admire thy magnanimity and valour. Why, thou art the very mirror of prowess, and pink of 'squire-errantry. John of Gaunt was a fool to thee. Were I a king, thou should'st, for this day's work, be made a knight with all the honours of chivalry. Nay, by our lady, I will take majesty upon me, and knight thee myself. Rise up, Sir Robert Shallow, knight of the most horrible order of combatants and murderers of the fifth button. And now, Sir Robert, if thou dost not think the title I've bestow'd on thee worth the thousand pounds I owe thee, I will, for the first time, make restitution. Thou shalt be repaid out of my wife's portion. For thou must know I am this night to be married, and have broke into the round sum to make handsome preparations for my nuptials.

Shal. I give thee joy, Sir John; and, as I find there is still so much honour in thee, I will open my heart, and confess to thee, that both my nephew Slender and I are going to be married too.

Fal. Ay! to whom, Master Shallow—to whom?

Shal. I to the wealthy widow of Watling-street, and my nephew Slender to buxom Beatrice, her niece, of Bucklersbury.

Fal. Master Shallow, you are deceived, Master Shallow.

I will be a friend to thee. The widow and her niece are impostors.

Shal. Impostors!

Fal. Whores, whores, Master Shallow!

Shal. How! the widow of Watling-street, and Mrs. Beatrice of Bucklersbury———

Fal. Go to, I mean thy widow——Give me thy hand; I will tell thee more as we pass along. [*Exeunt.*

Doctor CAIUS *and his* Man *enter.*

Caius. Dey shake hands!——Eh, morbleu! dey be one brace of cowards. Dat fat knight never once draw his rapier. By gar, did we not get more by de maladie de France, dan by de English courage, we should not get salt to our pottage, pardie. But, by gar, I vill charge them both for my attendance; and if they no pay me, I will expose their no courage.—Come along, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

PISTOL *enters.*

Pistol. The train takes fire, and all will soon be flames;
The 'squires are gull'd; and Doll and Quickly take
For dames of wealth. The corporal plotted well.

NYM *enters, who gives* Pistol *a Letter.*

Nym. A letter from Madam Ursula; see if there 's humour in it.

Pistol. Ha! prize or blank! I 'll open it, and read
Our fortune in the lottery book of fate.
[Pistol *reads to himself.*
By Jove's bright welkin 't is a golden prize.
Nought could withstand the flash of Pistol's prime.
She writes us here she scorns the wassel knight,
Who keeps to-day high revels at the globe:

Where, if we meet, we may in masquerade
Be sped; I to the mistress, you the maid.

Nym. Marry-trap, the humour is good; but how shall we know them?

Pistol. In purple garb, like nymphs, they 'll be array'd;
And in feign'd voices speak: the word is *soh!*
Let us about our own disguises strait:
Cunning outwits, and courage conquers fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Ball-Room. FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER *enter in Dominos. Their Masks in their hands.*

Shal. Marry, Sir John, thou hast a pithy pericranium; this is a notable contrivance. I have appointed the parties as you directed to be dressed in purple, and to meet us among the revellers here at the globe.

Fal. Thou hast done well, Master Shallow; and I see you and your nephew are clothed in the same disguises as Nym and Pistol.——You shall see sport, Master Shallow. ——But see, the maskers come this way. I must go meet the bride. [*Exit* Falstaff.

[Shallow *and* Slender *put on their masks.*

A number of Maskers *enter; among the rest* PISTOL, NYM, Mrs. QUICKLY, *and* DOLL. *After them* FALSTAFF *re-enters, leading in* URSULA, *followed by* BRIDGET.

Fal. Gentles, you 're welcome. You see I come unmasked among you. It were superfluous for him to hide his face who could not be concealed for his belly. Could I mask that indeed, I might pass in disguise. But come, begin the dance: I hope there will be yet concealment enough in this

revelry to defeat the rogueries contrived in darkness, and bring them to light.

Pistol. [*To* Nym.] Nym, who are those in purple vestments clad?

Nym. The two in green?

Pistol. In robes of Tyrian dye.

Nym. By their garb they should be the parties; let us accost them. The priest is ready without. We will be speedy; and, when sped, return unmask'd, to tantalize the knight. [*They go up to* Quickly *and* Doll, *and take them out.*

A DANCE.

PISTOL *and* NYM *re-enter, unmask'd.*

Fal. Pistol, how now? Wherefore hast doff'd thy mask? Art thou the master of this feast, or am I thine?

Pistol. That is as fortune bids, and time shall show;
Some mount aloft, while others truckle low.
Sir Knight, no more your ancient and base tyke,
Pistol was born to wield the potent pike.

Fal. Pistol, thou art always in the clouds. Art thou drunk—or hast thou got a commission?

Pistol. Gold honour buys, and Ursula hath store.

Fal. How, rascal! dost thou mean to rob my wife?

Nym. Thy wife! marry that were a good jest. I see the humour runs well.

Pistol. Not thine, but mine; proud Basilisco Knight?
Without, just married, waits thy quondam flame.

Fal. To thee?

Pistol. To me.

Fal. Nym, what sayest thou?

Nym. Marry, Sir John, that's the short of it: and I myself was just now married to Mrs. Bridget, her woman.

Fal. [*Turning to* Ursula.] Say, my fair queen of Sheba, is this true? unmask: nay, gentles, all unmask, that we may see what faces are put on.

Urs. You, Sir John, can answer for me.

Brid. And you for me, madam. Marry a corporal indeed! the fellows are drunk.

[Pistol *and* Nym *look at each other with confusion and astonishment; during which time Mrs.* Quickly *and* Doll Tearsheet *enter unmasked, and, passing by* Pistol *and* Nym, *(who start back with fresh astonishment) go up to Justice* Shallow and *Master* Slender.

Fal. How now, you bare-faced strumpets! what do you mean? This is no brothel: play no gambols here.

Quick. Marry, come up, Sir John; you will not hinder my going to my husband. Mr. Shallow will protect me, my dear Mr. Shallow.

Dol. No, nor me neither, were he twenty Sir John Falstaffs. Sweet Mr. Slender.

Shal. Goody Quickly, loose your hold, I pray you; I know you, Mrs. Quickly.

Slen. Ay, and I know you too, Mrs. Dorothy.

Dol. O ho! do you so? What, Sir John hath blown us, hath he? But no matter; he cannot unmarry us.

Quick. No, truly, that he can't.

Fal. Nor would I: for since whores and rogues have consorted, I have never seen four better matched.

Quick. I to wise Justice Shallow.

Dol. And I to foolish Mr. Slender.

Shal. Not so, hostess; keep your distance, I pray you.

Slen. No, no, keep off; Dol, keep off.

Quick. Plain Doll! do you hear that, Mrs. Slender?

Dol. And hostess, truly! do you take that, Mrs. Shallow?

Fal. Away—ye termagant jades: or I will demolish your

frippery.—There are your cuckolds. Pistol, Nym, why stand ye there like mutes? Are you fascinated at the success of your mummery? Or are you ruminating on the comforts of cuckoldom by anticipation.—Take hence your crooked ribs.

[Pistol *and* Nym *go and take* Quickly *and* Doll *by the hand.*

Quick. What, has there been a trick, then, played on us in these disguises? Was I married to you, Pistol?

Pistol. Dame Quickly, thou art mine. The fates have crossed us.

Fal. Nay, I'll be sworn they have joined you.

Dol. And was I married to you, Nym?

Nym. Even so, Doll. I am heartily sorry for it; but luck hath turned tail upon us, that's the trick on't.

Dol. A very scurvy trick, indeed; but I had so many husbands before, that one more or less breaks no squares with Doll. Come, Mrs. Quickly, be of good chear: Pistol is better than nobody: he will protect thee by outswaggering the swaggerers.

Pistol. Contented I, since so the fates decree,
Soldier no more, a victualler I'll be;
The martial sword exchange for carving knife,
And cut out viands for the means of life.
No more in anger fight, but joyous dine,
And 'stead of drawing blood, draw sparkling wine;
Nay, should Sir John himself my service lack,
At the boar's head he'll find a glass of sack.

Fal. But wilt thou put no lime in it, Pistol?

Pistol. No, by Falernian Bacchus, for my knight.

Fal. Then will I be thy guest. Nay, by'r lady, thou shalt for once, be mine too. I will not break off the thread of our quondam familiarity with so little grace as Majesty hath done. I do invite you all, therefore, to supper with me.

And if you cannot laugh over the success of your own contrivances, be merry on the consummation of my nuptials.

Come, spouse, though long indeed hath been our courting,
We're not quite past the days of love and sporting;
'Tis true, a younger bridegroom had you sped,
He might have been less prone to sleep in bed;
Yet ev'n in autumn, some spring flowers may grow,
As there are lilies in September blow:
Youth's wild oats sown, 'tis ne'er too late to mend;
The worst once past, the better is the end.

EPILOGUE.

Written for Mrs. PRITCHARD.---Spoken by Mrs. HOPKINS,
Who enters, reading a Card.

THE muse of Shakspere's compliments!—A card
T' excuse this evening's enterprizing Bard!
Great his presumption, to confess the truth:
But, as he pleads the passion of his youth,
Together with the magick of her charms,
Attracting him resistless to her arms;
Though somewhat by surprize, she owns, she suffer'd,
Yet, as no actual violence was offer'd,
She's willing, if the audience should agree,
For this one time to set th' offender free.
We women soon forgive, if not forget,
The crimes our beauties make the men commit,
Especially when once we're past our prime,
And Shakspere's muse, like me,'s the worse for time.
For, though she charm with fancy ever young,
Though heav'nly music dwell upon her tongue,
Lost many an artless smile and dimple sleek,
Which sat alluring on her virgin cheek;
Beauties, that faded on the gazer's eye,
And no cold-cream of comment can supply.

As for what Merc'ry in the Prologue told ye;
Pray, let not that from clemency withhold ye.
That Hermes was of old a lying blade,
And practis'd in imposture, as his trade;
The patron he, or classic lore deceives,
Of cheats, forestallers, higglers, hucksters, thieves.

Besides,—to tell you a stage-trick of ours——
But you'll not spread the secret out of doors,——
The man was no more Mercury, than I am
Queen Hecuba, the wife of Trojan Priam.
A messenger from Phœbus! He a god!
I can assure you all, 't was Mr. Dodd;
His dropping from the clouds, was all a sham;
And his pretended errand but a flam.
We've heathen gods of paste-board, made to fly
On hempen cords across the painted sky;
Those canvas clouds, that dangle there above,
Inveloping the throne itself of Jove!

His tale fictitious too, though told so glib;
For take it on my word, 't was all a fib.
Old Falstaff in Elysium!—To my thinking,
So great his natural tendency to sinking,
That to the shades if he had once descended,
To bring him back, not Atlas had pretended.
Dramatic sprites (at least they tell me so)
Dwell not with saints above, nor devils below:
But, form'd th' imagination to engage,
During their short-liv'd passage o'er the stage,
As mere ideal characters exist,
And stand as cyphers, mark'd on Nature's list;
To genius giv'n a delegated power
To form these transient beings of an hour;
Which, from this mimic world whene'er they go,
Are free to range in fancy's pimlico;
A limbo large and broad; which in the schools
Is call'd by some the Paradise of Fools.
Feræ naturæ THERE, *their preservation*
Is purchas'd by no game association:
The poaching plagiary alone denied
A privilege, granted to each bard beside;

Who, though a cottager, to try his skill,
May shoot, or course, or hunt them down at will;
In his own paddock may the strays receive,
And scorn to ask a lordly owner's leave.

Not that but here, *the Author of the play,*
By me begs leave submissively to say,
'None more than he reveres great Shakspere's name,
'Or glows with zeal to vindicate his fame.'

THE END.

7 III 52

7 JU 52

Graham del. Wilkin sc.

MISS MANSELL as ANGELICA.

Ang. Alive! alive! and never lived
so much as in this moment.

London, Printed for S. Cawthern, British Library, Strand, Sept. 17. 1798.

Craig del. Scott sc.

London. Printed for G. Cawthorn. British Library. Strand. Septem. 17. 1796.

7 JU 52

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

BEING THE SEQUEL OF THE

TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY.

BY GEORGE FARQUHAR, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

MDCCXCVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF ALBEMARLE, &c.

KNIGHT OF THE

MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

MY pen is both a novice in poetry, and a stranger at court, and can no more raise itself to the style of panegyric, than it can stoop to the art of flattery; but if in the plain and simple habit of truth it may presume to mix with that crowd of followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's favour, please to behold a stranger, with this difference, that he pays more homage to your worth, than adoration to your greatness.

This distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and metaphysical to the world, who know your Lordship's merit and place to be inseparable, that they can only differ as the cause from the effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond dispute, as that your royal master, who has made the noble choice, is the most wise and most discerning prince in the universe.

To present the world with a lively draught of your Lordship's perfections, I should enumerate the judgment, conduct, piety, and courage, of our great and gracious king, who can only place his favours on those shining qualifications, for which his Majesty is so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the business of a voluminous history, and your Lordship's character must attend the fame of your great master in the memoirs of futurity, as your faithful service has hitherto accompanied the noble actions of his life.

The greatest princes, in all ages, have had their friends and favourites with them to communicate and debate their

thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their judgment; or sometimes to ease their cares by imparting them. The great Augustus, we read, in his project of settling the unwieldy Roman conquests on a fixed basis of government, had the design laid, not in his council, but his closet; there we find him with his two friends, Mecaenas and Agrippa, his favourite friends, persons of sound judgment and unquestionable fidelity; there the great question is freely and reasonably debated, without the noise of faction, and constraint of formality; and there was laid that prodigious scheme of government, that soon recovered their bleeding country, healed the wounds of the civil war, blessed the empire with a lasting peace, and styled its monarch pater patriæ.

The parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our Caesar too, no less renowned than the forementioned Augustus; he first asserted our liberties at home against popery and thraldom, headed our armies abroad with bravery and success, gave peace to Europe, and security to our religion. And you, my Lord, are his Mecaenas, the private counsellor to those great transactions which have made England so formidable to its enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular wisdom and circumspection of your Lordship's conduct, that you so firmly retain the favour of your master without the envy of the subject; your moderation, and even deportment between both, has secured to your Lordship the ear of the king and the heart of the people; the nation has voted you their good angel in all suits and petitions to their prince, and their success fills the three kingdoms with daily praises of your Lordship's goodness, and his Majesty's grace and clemency.

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good actions of your Lordship's high and

happy station, the encouragement of arts and literature may not be solely excluded from the influence of your favour. The polite Mecaenas, whom I presumed to make a parallel to your Lordship in the favour of his prince, had his Virgil and his Horace, and his time was mostly divided between the emperor and the poet; he so managed his stake of royal favour, that as Augustus made him great, so the Muses fixed him immortal; and Maro's excellency, my Lord, will appear the less wonder, when we consider that his pen was so cherished with bounty, and inspired with gratitude.

But I can lay no claim to the merits of so great a person for my access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without art void of rhetoric, that I am a true lover of my king, and pay an unfeigned veneration to all those who are his trusty servants, and faithful ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all due submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

Most obedient humble servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

DEC. 1701.

PROLOGUE.

OUR authors have, in most their late essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other plays;
Made great harangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for humour, and go down for wit.
Athenian rules must form an English piece,
And Drury-lane comply with ancient Greece.
Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the pit.
Our youthful author swears he cares not a pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin:
He leaves to learned pens such labour'd lays:
You are the rules by which he writes his plays.
From musty books let others take their view,
He hates dull reading, but he studies you.
First, from your beaus his lesson is formality;
And in your footmen there——most nice morality;
To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
Because they judge—and lodge,—three stories high.
From the front-boxes he has pick'd his style,
And learns, without a blush, to make them smile!
A lesson only taught us by the fair:
A waggish action———but a modest air.
Among his friends here in the pit, he reads
Some rules that every modish writer needs.
He learns from every Covent-Garden critic's face,
The modern forms of action, time, and place,
The action he's asham'd to name——d'ye see,
The time is seven, the place is number three,

The masks he only reads by passant *looks,*
He dares not venture far into their books.
Thus then the pit and boxes are his schools,
Your air, your humour, his dramatic rules,
Let critics censure then, and hiss like snakes,
He gains his ends, if his light fancy takes
St. James's beaus, and Covent-Garden rakes.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir Harry Wildair, - - - -	Mrs. Greville.
Colonel Standard, - - - -	Mr. Bensley.
Fireball, a Sea Captain, - - -	
Mons. Marquis, a sharping Refugee,	
Beau Banter,	
Beau Clincher, turned Politician,	Mr. King.
Dicky, Servant to Wildair, - -	Mr. Waldron.
Shark, Servant to Fireball,	
Ghost,	
Lord Bellamy.	

Women.

Angelica, - - - - - - -	Miss Hopkins,
Parly, - - - - - - -	Mrs. Love.
Lady Lurewell, - - - - -	Mrs. Baddeley.

Servants and Attendants.

Scene, *St. James's.*

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. STANDARD *and* FIREBALL *enter, meeting.*

Standard.

HA! brother Fireball! Welcome ashore——What, heart whole? limbs firm, and frigate safe?

Fire. All, all, as my fortune and friends could wish.

Stand. And what news from the Baltic?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young boys i'th' north, that have got globes and sceptres to play with—They fell to loggerheads about their play-things; the English came in like Robin Goodfellow, cried boh! and made them quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my success—You have heard, I suppose, that I've married a fine lady with a great fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my first news upon my landing, that Colonel Standard had married the fine Lady Lurewell——A fine lady indeed! a very fine lady!——But, faith, brother, I had rather turn skipper to an Indian canoe, than manage the vessel you're master of.

Stand. Why so, sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every wind that blows:

she's all sail and no ballast——Shall I tell you the character I have heard of a fine lady? A fine lady can laugh at the death of her husband, and cry for the loss of her lap-dog. A fine lady is angry without a cause, and pleased without a reason. A fine lady has the vapours all the morning, and the cholic all the afternoon. The pride of a fine lady is above the merit of an understanding head; yet her vanity will stoop to the adoration of a peruke. And, in fine, a fine lady goes to church for fashion's sake, and to the basset-table with devotion; and her passion for gaming exceeds her vanity of being thought virtuous, or the desire of acting the contrary.——We seamen speak plain, brother.

Stand. You seamen are like your element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then give me thy hand, honest Frank, and let the world talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The world talk, say you? What does the world talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all; they only say what's usual upon such occasions—That your wife's the greatest coquet about the court, and your worship the greatest cuckold about the city, that's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a coquet, and you a cuckold.

Stand. She's an angel in herself, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an Eve in herself, and a devil to you.

Stand. She's all truth, and the world a liar.

Fire. Why, then——'Egad, brother, it shall be so—— I'll back again to White's, and whoever dares mutter scandal of my brother and sister, I'll dash his ratafia in his face, and call him a liar. [*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir: the world is too strong for us. Were scandal and detraction to be thoroughly revenged, we must murder all the beaux, and poison half the ladies. Those

that have nothing else to say, must tell stories; fools over Burgundy, and ladies over tea, must have something that's sharp to relish their liquor; malice is the piquant sauce of such conversation, and without it their entertainment would prove mighty insipid. Now, brother, why should we pretend to quarrel with all mankind?

Fire. Because all mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst reason in the world. Would you pretend to devour a lion, because a lion would devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I could.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you could! But since you have neither teeth nor paws for such an encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! but I say, that whoever abuses my brother's wife, though at the back of the king's chair, he's a villain.

Stand. No, no, brother, that's a contradiction; there's no such thing as villany at court.——Indeed, if the practice of courts were found in a single person, he might be stiled villain with a vengeance; but number and power authorises every thing, and turns the villain upon their accusers. In short, sir, every man's morals, like his religion now-a-days, pleads liberty of conscience; every man's conscience is his convenience, and we know no convenience but preferment——As for instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an officer for his courage, when that's the condition of his pay? And who can be so ill-natured as to blame a courtier for espousing that which is the very tenure of his livelihood?

Fire. A very good argument in a very damnable cause. But, sir, my business is not with the court, but with you; I desire you, sir, to open your eyes; at least, be pleased to lend an ear to what I heard just now at the Chocolate-house.

Stand. Brother———

Fire. Well, sir———

Stand. Did the scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why should you think it should please me? Be not more uncharitable to your friends than to yourself, sweet sir. If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concerned.

Fire. But would you not be glad to know your enemies?

Stand. Pshaw! if they abused me they are my friends, my intimate friends, my table company, and my bottle companions.

Fire. Why, then, brother, the devil take all your acquaintance. You were so rally'd, so torn!—there was a hundred ranks of sneering white teeth drawn upon your misfortunes at once, which so mangled your wife's reputation, that she can never patch up her honour while she lives.

Stand. And their teeth were very white, you say?

Fire. Very white! Blood, sir, I say they mangled your wife's reputation!

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my wife's reputation with nothing but their teeth, her honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a syllable. Listening after slander is laying nets for serpents, which, when you have caught, will sting you to death. Let them spit their venom among themselves, and it hurts nobody.

Fire. Lord, lord, how cuckoldom and contentment go together! Fie, fie, sir! consider you have been a soldier, dignified by a noble post; distinguished by brave actions, an honour to your nation, and a terror to your enemies.——Hell! that a man who has stormed Namur should become the

jest of a coffee-table. The whole house was clearly taken up with the two important questions, whether the Colonel was a cuckold, or Kid a pirate?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering coxcomb) the Colonel has made his fortune with a witness; he has secured himself a good estate in this life, and a reversion in the world to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's obliged to your Lordship's bounty for the latter part of the settlement. There are others (says a third) that have played with my Lady Lurewell at piquet, besides my Lord; I have capotted her myself two or three times in an evening.

Stand. Oh, matrimonial patience, assist me!

Fire. Matrimonial patience! matrimonial pestilence! Shake off these drouzy chains, that fetter your resentments. If your wife has wronged you, pack her off, and let her person be as public as her character: if she be honest, revenge her quarrel——I can stay no longer——This is my hour of attendance at the Navy-office; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean time revenge! think on't. [*Exit.*

Stand. How easy is it to give advice, and how difficult to observe it!—If your wife has wronged ye, pack her off—Aye, but how? The gospel drives the matrimonial nail, and the law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again would tear the work to pieces—That her intentions have wronged me, here's a young bawd can witness.

PARLY *enters, running across the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. Parly! Whither so fast?

Par. Oh, lord! my master!——Sir, I was running to Mademoiselle Furbelo, the French milliner, for a new burgundy for my lady's head.

Stand. No, child, you're employed about an old fa-

shioned garniture for your master's head, if I mistake not your errand.

Par. Oh, sir, there's the prettiest fashion lately come over! so airy, so French, and all that!—The pinners are double ruffled with twelve plaits of a side, and open all from the face; the hair is frizzled up all round the head, and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the favourites hang loose upon the temples, with a languishing lock in the middle. Then the caul is extremely wide, and over all is a coronet raised very high, and all the lappets behind—I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, child; I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, sir; my lady stays for me.

Stand. One question, first. What wages does my wife give you?

Par. Ten pounds a year, sir, which, God knows, is little enough, considering how I slave from place to place upon her occasions. But then, sir, my perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred pounds a year by her old clothes.

Stand. Two hundred pounds a year of her old clothes! What then must her new one's cost?——But what do you get by visiting gallants, and piquet?

Par. About a hundred pounds more.

Stand. A hundred pounds more!—Now who can expect to find a lady's woman honest, when she gets so much by being a jade?—What religion are you of, Mrs. Parly?

Par. Religion, sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your father?

Par. A mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Was you ever christened?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My parents were Anabaptists; they died before I was dipp'd; I then forsook their religion, and have got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the honour to know the worth of your extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the respect due to your quality.

Par. Sir, your humble servant.

Stand. Have you any principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your maidenhead?—[*She puts on her mask, and nods.*]——Do you love money?

Par. Yaw, Mynheer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return: never to come near my house again. Begone, monster! fly——Hell and furies! never christened! her father a mountebank!

Par. Lord, sir, you need not be so furious!——Never christened! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. Turn me off! Sir, you sha'n't. Meddle with your fellows; 'tis my lady's business to order her women.

Stand. Here's a young whore for you now! A sweet companion for my wife! Where there's such a hellish confident, there must be damnable secrets——Begone, I say—My wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she sha'n't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you jade, why?

Par. Because I'm the mistress, not she.

Stand. You the mistress!

Par. Yes, I know all her secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What secrets do you know?

Par. Humph—Tell a wife's secrets to her husband!—— Very pretty, faith!—Sure, sir, you don't think me such a Jew: though I was never christened, I have more religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for affection or interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian lie, or a Pagan truth?

Stand. Come, truth for once.

Par. Why, then, interest, interest! I have a great soul, which nothing can gain, but a great bribe.

Stand. Well, though thou art a devil, thou art a very honest one—Give me thy hand, wench. Should not interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others.

Par. Honest to you! Marry, for what? You gave me indeed two pitiful pieces the day you were married, but not a stiver since. One gallant give me ten guineas, another a watch, another a pair of pendants, a fourth a diamond ring; and my noble master gives me——his linen to mend.—— Faugh!——I'll tell you a secret, sir: stinginess to servants makes more cuckolds, than ill-nature to wives.

Stand. And am I a cuckold, Parly?

Par. No, faith, not yet: though in a very fair way of having the dignity conferred upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, girl, you shall be my pensioner; you shall have a glorious revenue; for every guinea that you get for keeping a secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: you shall find a husband once in your life out-do all your gallants in generosity. Take their money, child, take all their bribes: give them hopes, make them assignations; serve your lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means,

she will be kept chaste, you will grow rich, and I shall preserve my honour.

Par. But what security shall I have for performance of articles?

Stand. Ready payment, child.

Par. Then give me earnest.

Stand. Five guineas. [*Giving her money.*

Par. Are they right? No Gray's-inn pieces amongst them.——All right as my leg—Now, sir, I'll give you an earnest of my service. Who d'ye think is come to town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old friend, Sir Harry Wildair.

Stand. Impossible!

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a year. He appeared in the ring last night with such splendour and equipage, that he eclipsed the beaux, dazzled the ladies, and made your wife dream all night of six Flanders mares, seven French liveries, a wig like a cloak, and a hat like a shittlecock.

Stand. What are a woman's promises and oaths?

Par. Wind, wind, sir.

Stand. When I married her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding conduct, and for the future vowed herself a perfect pattern of conjugal fidelity.

Par. She might as safely swear, sir, that this day se'nnight, at four o'clock, the wind will blow fair for Flanders. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our inclinations a whole week. Besides, sir, my lady has got the knack of coquetting it; and when once a woman has got that in her head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An oracle, child. But now I must make the best of a bad bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some hopes, that by constant disappointment and crosses in her designs, I may at last tire her into good behaviour.

Par. Well, sir, the condition of the articles being duly performed, I stand to the obligation; and will tell you farther, that by and by Sir Harry Wildair is to come to our house to cards, and that there is a design laid to cheat him of his money.

Stand. What company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old set at the basset table; my Lady Lovecards, and the usual company. They have made up a bank of fifteen hundred *louis d'ors* among them; the whole design lies upon Sir Harry's purse, and the French marquis, you know, constantly *tailles*.

Stand. Ay, the French marquis; that's one of your benefactors, Parly;—the persecution of Basset in Paris, furnished us with that *refugee*, but the character of such a fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real sufferers for their religion.—But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes.——There's more earnest for you: be rich and faithful. [*Exit.*

Par. [*Sola.*] I am now not only woman to the Lady Lurewell, but steward to her husband, in my double capacity of knowing her secrets, and commanding his purse.—A very pretty office in a family: for every guinea that I get for keeping a secret, he'll give me two for revealing it. My comings-in, at this time, will be worth a master in chancery's place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my fortune.

DICKY *enters, meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a man much fitter for your purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. Dicky?

Dick. The very same in longitude and latitude! not a bit diminished, not a hair's breadth increased.——Dear Mrs. Parly, give me a buss, for I'm almost starved.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why I ha'n't tasted a bit this year and a half, woman. I have been wandering about all over the world, following my master, and come home to dear London but two days ago. Now the devil take me, if I had not rather kiss an English pair of pattens, than the finest lady in France.

Par. Then you're over-joyed to see London again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a consumption, till the sweet smoke of Cheapside, and the dear perfume of Fleet-ditch, made me a man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir Harry Wildair?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable fellow, and well qualified for a livery, he took a fancy to my figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old master?

Dick. Oh, hang him, he was a blockhead, and I turned him off, I turned him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the loss of your mistress, Sir Harry's lady? They say, she was a very good woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest woman that ever the sun shined upon. I could almost weep when I think of her.

[*Wiping his eyes.*

Par. How did she die, pray? I could never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a buss then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your wages when your work's done.

Dick. Well then——Courage!—Now for a doleful tale ——You know that my master took a freak to go see

that foolish Jubilee that made such a noise among us here; and no sooner said than done; away he went; he took his fine French servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor English puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.——Well so far so good——But scarce was my master's back turned, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that she plucked up her spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a place called Montpelier in France; a goodly place truly. But Sir Harry was gone to Rome; there was our labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor lady, with the tiresomeness of travelling, fell sick ——and died.

Par. Poor woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the story.—Those cursed barbarous devils, the French, would not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, she was a heretic woman, and they would not let her corps be put in their holy ground.——Oh! damn their holy ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan, as I am, than such a Christian as one of these?—But how did you dispose the body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable gentlewoman that used to visit my lady in her sickness; she contrived the matter so, that she had her buried in her own private chapel. This lady and myself carried her out upon our own shoulders, through a back-door at the hour of midnight, and laid her in a grave that I dug for her with my own hands; and if we had been catched by the priests, we had gone to the gallows without the benefit of clergy.

Par. Oh, the devil take them. But what did they mean by a heretic woman?

Dick. I don't know; some sort of Canibal, I believe. I know there are some Canibal women here in England, that come to the play-houses in masques; but let them have a care how they go to France; (for they are all heretics, I believe.) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir Harry bear the news?

Dick. Why, you must know, that my lady, after she was buried, sent me———

Par. How! after she was buried!

Dick. Pshaw! Why lord, mistress, you know what I mean; I went to Sir Harry all the way to Rome; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a monastery, among a hundred and fifty nuns, playing at hot-cockles. He was surprized to see honest Dicky, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad story, he roared out a whole volley of English oaths upon the spot, and swore that he would set fire on the Pope's palace for the injury done to his wife.—He then flew away to his chamber, locked himself up for three days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he called for his best linen, fine wig, gilt coach; and, laughing very heartily, swore again he would be revenged, and bid them drive to the nunnery; and he was revenged to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, in a matter of five days he got six nuns with child, and left them to provide for their heretic bastards.—A plague on them, they hate a dead heretic, but they love a piping-hot warm heretic with all their hearts.—So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this

rate through all the catholic countries that we passed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. Parly, I fancy he has some designs of revenge too upon your lady.

Par. Who could have thought that a man of his light airy temper would have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: where's the buss you promised me, you jade?

Par. Follow me, you rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Lady's Apartment. Two Chambermaids *enter.*

First Chambermaid.

ARE all things set in order? The toilette fixed, the bottles and combs put in form, and the chocolate ready?

2d *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for, right or wrong, we shall be sure of our lecture; I wish for my part that my time were out.

1st *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expired; and she's worse this morning than ever.——Here she comes.

LUREWELL *enters.*

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you, indeed! But how, how in the name of negligence could you two contrive to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on one side, and a rumple on t'other, the pillows awry, and the quilt askew. I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the sheets all night long.——Oh!——my bones ake this morning, as if I had lain all night upon a pair of Dutch stairs——Go,

bring chocolate.———And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an hour or two at least.———Well! These English animals are so unpolished! I wish the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us.

The Maids *enter with Chocolate.*

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for their chocolate.——And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, madam.

Lure. Only an hour and a half by the slowest clock in Christendom———And such salvers and dishes too! The lard be merciful to me! what have I committed to be plagued with such animals?——Where are my new japan salvers?——Broke, o'my conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, madam, but your husband———

Lure. How? Husband, impudence! I'll teach you manners. [*Gives her a box on the ear.*] Husband! Is that your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the Colonel a name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Colonel. He used them this morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

Lure. How! the Colonel use my things! How dare the Colonel use any thing of mine?———But his campaign education must be pardoned———And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty levee of disbanded officers?——Faugh! The very thoughts of them fellows with their eager looks, iron swords, tied-up wigs, and tucked-in cravats, make me sick as death.——Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the chocolate, and starts back.*] Heaven protect me from such a sight! Lord, girl! When did you wash your hands last? And have you been pawing me all this morning with them dirty fists of yours? [*Runs to the glass.*]—I must

dress all over again——Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.———Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my taylor; and, d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my company be come to cards yet.

The Taylor *enters.*

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like them.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, madam. But what fault does your ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the fault lies; but in short, I don't like them; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like them.

Rem. Are they too wide, madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but——lard bless me; can't you tell where the fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, madam, I can't tell.—But your ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, madam! there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the quality: your fine waists are clear out, madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my stays to the fashionable size?

Rem. I made them to fit you, madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my monkey—What d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me——I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality air.——Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now,

the ladies in the apartments, the birth-night, were most of them two yards about.—Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your ladyship for the future. [*Exit.*

A Servant *enters.*

Serv. Madam, my master desires———

Lure. Hold, hold, fellow; for Gad's sake hold: if thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door pray, and speak. [*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*

Serv. My master, madam, desires———

Lure. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud, that he tears my head to pieces.—Here, aukwardness, go take the booby's message, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the door, whispers and returns.*

Cham. My master desires to know how your ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil.——'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to model their husbands to good breeding.

STANDARD *enters.*

Stand. Good-morrow, dearest angel. How have you rested last night?

Lure. Lard, lard, Colonel! What a room have you made me here with your dirty feet! Bless me, sir! Will you never be reclaimed from your slovenly campaign airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly thing in nature to make a sliding bow in a

lady's chamber with dirty shoes; it writes rudeness upon the boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of reception this, truly!——I'm very sorry, madam, that the offences of my feet should create an aversion to my company: but for the future I shall honour your ladyship's apartment as the sepulchre at Jerusalem, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at Jerusalem! Your compliment, sir, is very far fetched: but your feet indeed have a very travelling air.

Stand. Come, come, my dear, no serious disputes upon trifles, since you know I never contend with you in matters of consequence. You are still mistress of your fortune, and marriage has only made you more absolute in your pleasure, by adding one faithful servant to your desires.——Come, clear your brow of that uneasy chagrin, and let that pleasing air take place that first ensnared my heart. I have invited some gentlemen to dinner, whose friendships deserve a welcome look. Let their entertainment shew how blessed you have made me by a plentiful fortune, and the love of so agreeable a creature.

Lure. Your friends, I suppose, are all men of quality?

Stand. Madam, they are officers, and men of honour.

Lure. Officers, and men of honour! That is, they will daub the stairs with their feet, stain all the rooms with their wine, talk bawdy to my woman, rail at the parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of throats, and break all my china.

Stand. Admitting that I keep such company, 'tis unkind in you, madam, to talk so severely of my friends.——But, my brother, my dear, is just come from his voyage, and will be here to pay his respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at leisure to entertain a person of his Wapping education, I can assure you.

PARLY *enters, and whispers her.*

Sir, I have some business with my woman; you may entertain your sea-monster by yourself; you may command a dish of pork and pease, with a bowl of punch, I suppose; and so, sir, much good may do you—Come, Parly.

[*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and furies!

FIREBALL *enters.*

Fire. With all my heart——Where's your wife, brother?——Ho' now, man, what's the matter?——Is dinner ready?

Stand. No——I don't know——Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you:——for you must know that my wife is very much out of order; taken dangerously ill of a sudden——So that——

Fire. Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a marriage qualm; breeding children or breeding mischief. Where is she, man? Pr'ythee let me see her; I long to see this fine lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my word she's very ill, and can't see any body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any body! What, she's not in labour sure! I tell you, I will see her. Where is she?

[*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, brother; she's gone abroad to take the air.

Fire. What the devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see nobody within, yet gone abroad to see all the world!——Ah, you have made your fortunes with a vengeance!—Then, brother, you shall dine with me at Locket's; I hate these family dinners, where a man's obliged

to, Oh, lard, madam; no apology, dear sir.——'Tis very good indeed, madam.——For yourself, dear madam.——Where between the rubbed floor under foot, the china in one corner, and the glasses in another, a man can't make two strides without hazard of his life. Commend me to a boy and a bell; coming, coming, sir. Much noise, no attendance, and a dirty room, where I may eat like a horse, drink like a fish, and swear like a devil. Hang your family dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, BANTER *enters; who seeing them seems to retire.*

Stand. Who's that? Come in, sir. Your business, pray, sir?

Ban. Perhaps, sir, it may not be so proper to inform you: for you appear to be as great a stranger here as myself.

Fire. Come, come away, brother, he has some business with your wife.

Ban. His wife! Gad so! A pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, a likely fellow, and a handsome fellow; I find nothing like a monster about him: I would fain see his forehead though——Sir, your humble servant.

Stand. Yours, sir.——But why d'ye stare so in my face?

Ban. I was told, sir, that the Lady Lurewell's husband had something very remarkable over his eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, brother. [*In his ear.*

Stand. Your information, sir, was right; I have a cross cut over my left eye that's very remarkable.——But, pray, sir, by what marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignified and distinguished by the name and title of Beau Banter; I'm younger brother to Sir Harry

Wildair; and I hope to inherit his estate with his humour; for his wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no child.

Stand. Oh, sir! I'm your very humble servant; you're not unlike your brother in the face; but methinks, sir, you don't become his humour altogether so well; for what's nature in him looks like affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, lard, sir! 'tis rather nature in me, what is acquired by him; he's beholden to his education for his air. Now where d'ye think my humour was established?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. and *Fire.* At Oxford!

Ban. Ay: there have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven years: yet in defiance to legs of mutton, small beer, crabbed books, and sour-faced doctors, I can dance a minuet, court a mistress, play at piquet, or make a *paroli*, with any Wildair in Christendom. In short, sir, in spite of the university, I'm a pretty gentleman.——Colonel, where's your wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] In spite of the university, I'm a pretty gentleman——Then, Colonel, where is your wife?——Hark ye, young Plato, whether would you have your nose slit, or your ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, sir, which would you choose, to be run through the body, or shot through the head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my servants shall attend ye, if you have no equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, sir!

Stand. Hold, brother, hold; he's a boy.

Ban. Look ye, sir, I keep half a dozen footmen, that have no business upon earth but to answer impertinent questions. Now, sir, if your fighting stomach can digest these six

brawny fellows for a breakfast, their master, perhaps, may do you the favour to run you through the body for a dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I received just now six months pay, and by this light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair blow at your skull.

Ban. Down with your money, sir.

Stand. No, no, brother; if you are so free of your pay, get into the next room; there you'll find some company at cards, I suppose; you may find opportunity for your revenge; my house protects him now.

Fire. Well, sir, the time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, sir, you'll excuse the freedom of this gentleman; his education has been among the boisterous elements, the winds and waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him nor his wind and waves neither; I'm privileged to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian; and obliged to fight no man, being a beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the freedom of your condition.—— But pray, sir, have you seen your brother since he came last over?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my brother these seven years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a month ago he was pleased to honour me with a letter from Paris, importing his design of being in London very soon, with a desire of meeting me here. Upon this I changed my cap and gown for a long wig and sword, came up to London to attend on him, and went to his house; but that was all in sable for the death of his wife; there I was told that he designed to change his habitation, because he would avoid all remembrances that might disturb his quiet. You are the first person that has told me of his ar-

rival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, sir, this was the business that occasioned me the honour of this visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an affair of greater consequence. You must know, sir, that though I have read ten thousand lies in the university, yet I have learned to speak the truth myself; and, to deal plainly with you, the honour of this visit, as you were pleased to term it, was designed to the Lady Lurewell.

Stand. My wife, sir!

Ban. My Lady Lurewell, I say, sir.

Stand. But I say, my wife, sir.———What!

Ban. Why, look ye, sir; you may have the honour of being called the Lady Lurewell's husband; but you will never find in any author, either ancient or modern, that she's called Mr. Standard's wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young fellow; she liked you, she married you; and though the priest made you both one flesh, yet there's no small distinction in your blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a woman of quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young fellow I ever met with in my life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a master of arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

A Servant *enters, and whispers* Banter.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman in the coach below, says, he'll begone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot.—Colonel, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.—An impudent young dog. [*Exit another way.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another Apartment in the same House.

LUREWELL, Ladies, *Mons.* MARQUIS, *and* FIREBALL, *enter, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their cards, and flinging them about the room.*

Lure. Ruined! Undone! Destroyed!

1st La. Oh, fortune! fortune! fortune!

2d La. What will my husband say?

Mons. Oh, *malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and fire, I have lost six months pay.

Mons. A hundred and ten pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten pistoles.——Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why would you hazard the bank upon one card?

Mons. Because me had lose by de card tree times before. —Look dere, madame, de very next card had been out. Oh, Morbleu! *qui sa?*

Lure. I relied altogether on your setting the cards; you used to *taillee* with success.

Mons. Morbleu, madame, me never lose before: but dat Monsieur Sir Arry, dat Chevalier Wildair, is the devil—— Vere is de Chevalier.

Lure. Counting our money within yonder.——Go, go, begone; and bethink yourself of some revenge.——Here he comes.

WILDAIR *enters.*

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *louis d'ors!*—Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, gentlemen, any body may dance to this tune;—Tall dall de rall. I dance to the tune of fifteen hundred pounds, the most elevated piece of music that

ever I had in my life; they are the prettiest castagnets in the world. [*Chinks the money.*] Here, waiters, there's cards and candles for you. [*Gives the servants money.*] Mrs. Parly ——here's hoods and scarfs for you: [*Gives her money.*] and here's fine coaches, splendid equipage, lovely women, and victorious Burgundy for me.—Oh, ye charming angels! the loser's sorrow, and the gainer's joy: get you into my pocket.—Now, gentlemen and ladies, I am your humble servant——You'll excuse me, I hope, the small devotion here that I pay to my good fortune—Ho'now! Mute!—Why, ladies, I know that losers have leave to speak; but I don't find that they're privileged to be dumb.—Monsieur! Ladies! Captain! [*Claps the Captain on the shoulder.*

Fire. Death and hell! Why d'ye strike me, sir? [*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, sir.——Your ear, Captain.—— The king of Spain is dead.

Fire. The king of Spain dead.

Wild. Dead as Julius Cæsar; I had a letter on't just now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, sir, pray strike me again, if you please.—See here, sir, you have left me but one solitary guinea in the world. [*Puts it in his mouth.*] Down it goes i'faith.——Allons for the Thatched-house and the Mediterranean.——Tall dall de rall. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha!——Bravely resolved, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! I was afraid of a quarrel. I'm so much concerned.

Wild. At the loss of your money, madam. But why, why should the fair be afflicted? Your eyes, your eyes, ladies, much brighter than the sun, have equal power with him, and can transform to gold whate'er they please. The lawyer's tongue, the soldier's sword, the courtier's flattery, and the merchant's trade, are slaves that dig the golden mines for you. Your eyes untie the miser's knotted purse. [*To*

one lady.] Melt into coin the magistrate's massy chain.—— Youth mints for you hereditary lands. [*To another.*]—And gamesters only win when they can lose to you. [*To* Lurewell.]—This luck is the most rhetorical thing in nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forswear cards as long as I live.

1*st La.* And I. [*Exit.*

2*d La.* And I. [*Crying, and exit.*

Wild. What, forswear cards! Why, madam, you'll ruin our trade.——I'll maintain, that the money at court circulates more by the basset-bank, than the wealth of the merchants by the bank of the city. Cards! the great ministers of fortune's power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless favours, and make a knave more powerful than a king.—— What adoration do these powers receive [*Lifting up a card.*] from the bright hands and fingers of the fair, always lift up to pay devotion here! And the pleasing fears, the anxious hopes, and dubious joy that entertain our mind! The capot at piquet, the paroli at basset;—and then ombre! who can resist the charms of mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; and then the *sept le va, quinze la va, & trente le va.*

Wild. Right, right, madam.

Lure. Then the nine of diamonds at comet, three fives at cribbage, and pam in lanteraloo, Sir Harry!

Wild. Ay, madam, these are charms indeed.—Then the pleasure of picking our husband's pocket over-night, to play at basset next day! Then the advantage a fine gentleman may make of a lady's necessity, by gaining a favour for fifty pistoles, which a hundred years courtship could never have produced.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir Harry, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, madam, it is nothing but the game; and I have played it so in France a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three words, that rather than forego my cards, I'll forswear my visits, fashions, my monkey, friends, and relations.

Wild. There spoke the spirit of true-born English women of quality, with a true French education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir Harry, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my husband a large fortune, he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, madam! there's no occasion for that: see here, madam!

Lure. What, the singing birds! Sir Harry, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, madam, these are but a few.——But I could wish, *de tout mon cœur*, for *quelque commodité*, where I might be handomely plundered of them.

Lure. *Ah, Chevalier! tousjours obligeant, engageant, & tout sa*——

Wild. *Allons, allons, Madame, tout a votre service.*

[*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir Harry, not at this time o'day; you shall hear from me in the evening.

Wild. Then, madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a French pocket-book, with some remarks of my own upon the new way of making love. Please to peruse it, and give me your opinion in the evening.

[*Exit.*

Lure. [*Opening the book.*] A French pocket-book, with remarks upon the new way of making love! Then Sir Harry is turning author, I find.—What's here?—Hi, hi, hi! A bank bill for a hundred pounds.—The new way of making love!—*Pardie c'est fort gallant*——One of the prettiest remarks that ever I saw in my life! Well now, that Wildair's a charming fellow;——Hi, hi, hi!—He has such an air, and such a turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a

hundred home-bred blockheads would come,—Madam, I'll give you a hundred guineas if you'll let me—Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest proceedings.——Here's a hundred pounds now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent action with an air of modesty with all my heart.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. LUREWELL *and Monsieur* MARQUIS *enter.*

Lurewell.

WELL, monsieur, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill fortune?

Mons. Madame, I have taught dat fortune be one blind bitch. Why should fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon grace? Ave I not de personage? Ave I not de understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better than I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play basset better dan I? Den why should fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Because fortune is blind.

Mons. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too.—Vell den, fortune give de Anglis man de riches, but nature gave de France man de politique to correct de unequal distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, monsieur?

Mons. Ecoutez, madame. Sir Arry Wildair his vife be dead.

Lure. And what advantage can you make of that?

Mons. Begar, madame—Hi, hi, hi!—De Anglis man's dead vife sall cuckold her usband!

Lure. How, how, sir, a dead woman cuckold her husband!

Mons. Mark! madame: we France-men make de distinction between de design and de term of de treaty.—She cannot touch his head, but she can cuckold his pocket of ten tousan livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourself, sir.

Mons. I ave Sir Arry Wildair his vife in my pocket.

Lure. How! Sir Harry's wife in your pocket!

Mons. Hold, madame, dere is an autre distinction between de design and de term of de treaty.

Lure. Pray, sir, no more of your distinctions, but speak plain.

Mons. Wen de France-man's politique is in his head, dere is nothing but distinction upon his tongue.—See here, madame! I ave de picture of Sir Harry's vife in my pocket.

Lure. Is it possible?

Mons. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn. Pray, monsieur, how did you purchase it?

Mons. As me did purchase de picture, so me did gain de substance, de dear, dear substance, by de bon mien, de France air, chatant, charmant, de polique à la tête, and dançant à la pie.

Lure. Lard bless me! How cunningly some women can play the rogue! Ah, have I found it out! Now, as I hope for mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any woman more virtuous than myself.——Here was such a work with my Lady Wildair's piety! my Lady Wildair's conduct! and my Lady Wildair's fidelity, forsooth! Now, dear monsieur, you have infallibly told me the best news that I ever heard in my life. Well, and she was but one of us! heh!

Mons. Oh, madame! me no tell tale, me no scandalize de dead; de picture be dumb, de picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, sir, no more distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I would have given the world for such a story of her while she was living. She was charirable, forsooth! and she was devout, forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th'teeth with my Lady Wildair's reputation: and why don't you mark her behaviour, and her discretion? She goes to church twice a-day.—Ah, I hate these congregation-women. There's such a fuss, and such a clatter about their devotion, that it makes more noise than all the bells in the parish.——Well, but what advantage can you make now of the picture?

Mons. De advantage of ten tousan livres, pardie.—*Attendez vous*, madame, dis lady she die at Montpelier in France —I have de broder in dat city dat write me one account dat she die in dat city, and dat she send me dis picture as a legacy, wid a tousan baisemains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur, le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was devotion! here was discretion! here was fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha!—Well but how will this procure the money?

Mons. Now, Madame, for de France politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the French politic?

Mons. Never to tell a secret to a woman.—Madame, *je suis votre serviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have it [*Follows.*

STANDARD *and* FIREBALL *enter.*

Fire. Hah! Look! look! look you there, brother! See how they coquette it: Oh, there's a look! there's a simper; there's a squeeze for you! ay, now the Marquis is at it.

Mon cœur, ma foy, pardie, allons: Don't you see how the French rogue has the head, and the feet, and the hands, and the tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in disorder.*] Where's my reason? Where's my philosophy? Where's my religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your forehead, sir. ——Blood! I say revenge.

Stand. But how, dear brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now.—Italian him, Spaniard him, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why cuckoldom's a hydra that bears a thousand heads; and though I should cut this one off, the monster still would sprout. Must I murder all the fops in the nation; and to save my head from horns, expose my neck to the halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear cravats.

Stand. Burn perukes.

Fire. Shoot their coach-horses.

Stand. A noble plot. But now 'tis laid, how shall we put it in execution? For not one of these fellows stirs about without his guard-du-corps. Then they're stout as heroes; for I can assure you, that a beau with six footmen shall fight you any gentleman in Christendom.

A Servant *enters.*

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. Clincher below, who begs the honour to kiss your hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, sir; this is a simple inoffensive fellow, that will rather make us diversion.

Fire. Diversion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for diversion.

Stand. No, no; pr'ythee be quiet; I gave him a surfeit of intriguing some months ago before I was married.—— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your acquaintance, brother.

Fire. My acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A fellow of a strange weather-cock head, very hard, but as light as the wind; constantly full of the times, and never fails to pick up some humour or other out of the public revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the travelling maggot in his head, and was going to the Jubilee upon all occasions; but lately, since the new revolution in Europe, another spirit has possessed him, and he runs stark mad after news and politics.

CLINCHER *enters.*

Clin. News, news, Colonel, great—Eh! what's this fellow? Methinks he has a kind of suspicious air——Your ear, Colonel.—The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the public news. [*Whispering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha!——And why d'ye whisper it for a secret?

Clin. Odso? Faith that's true——But that fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My brother, Fireball, just come home from the Baltick.

Clin. Odso! Noble captain, I'm your most humble and obedient servant, from the poop to the forecastle. Nay, a

kiss o' t' other side, pray.—Now, dear Captain, tell us the news.——Odso! I'm so pleased I have met you! Well, the news, dear Captain.—You sailed a brave squadron of men of war to the Baltick.—Well, and what then? Eh!

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith?—Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right sea Captain——But what did you do? How did you fight? What storms did you meet? And what whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent storm off the coast of Jutland?

Clin. Jutland! Ay, that's part of Portugal.—Well, and so,—you entered the sound;—and you mauled Copenhagen, 'faith.—And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty king of Sweden!—What sort of man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. T'all and slender! Much about my pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not so gross, not altogether so low.

Clin. No! I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed——

[*Here* PARLY *enters, and stands at the door*; CLINCHER *beckons her with his hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And so you bombarded Copenhagen.—[Mrs. Parly.]—Whiz, slap went the bombs. [Mrs. Parly.] And so—Well, not altogether so gross, you say—[Here's a letter, you jade.] Very tall, you say? Is the king very tall?—[Here's a guinea, you jade.]—[*She takes the letter, and the Colonel observes him.*]—Hem, hem! Colonel, I'm mightily troubled with the phthisic of late.—Hem, hem! a strange stoppage of my breast here. Hem! but now it is off again.—Well, but Captain, you tell us no news at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the world knows, and still you are a stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty, sea Captain. Odso! and I wonder, Captain, that your understanding did not split your ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, sir?

Clin. Because, sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's wit for you, sir———

PARLY *enters, and gives the* Colonel *a letter.*

Odso! A letter! Then there's news.—What, is it the foreign post? What news, dear Colonel? What news? Hark ye, Mrs. Parly.

[*He talks with* Parly, *while the Colonel reads the letter.*

Stand. The son of a whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at* Clincher.

[*Reads.*]

"Dear Madam,

"I was afraid to break open the seal of your letter, lest I should violate the work of your fair hands."—Oh, fulsome fop! "I therefore with the warmth of my kisses thawed it asunder." Ay, here's such a turn of stile as takes a fine lady! "I have no news, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some packets upon that affair to send my correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all business, and hasten to wait on you at the hour appointed, with the wings of a flying-post.

Yours,

TOBY CLINCHER."

Very well, Mr. Toby.——Hark'e, brother, this fellow's a rogue.

Fire. A damn'd rogue.

Stand. See here! a letter to my wife!

Fire. 'Sdeath, let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more advantage. Take him with you to Locket's, and invent some way or other to fuddle him.——Here, Mr. Clincher, I have prevailed on my brother here to give you a particular account of the whole voyage to the Sound by his own journal, if you please to honour him with your company at Locket's.

Clin. His own journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, sir.

Clin. Now for news——[*Reads.*] "Thursday, Aug. the 17th, from the 6th at noon to this day noon, winds variable, courses per traverse, true course protracted, with all impediments allowed, is north forty-five degrees, west sixty miles, difference of latitude forty-two miles, departure west forty miles, latitude per judgment fifty-four degrees thirteen minutes, meridian distance current from the bearing of the land, and the latitude is eighty-eight miles."——Odso! great news, faith.——Let me see——"At noon broke our main-top-sail-yard, being rotten in the slings; two whales southward."——Odso! a whale! great news, faith. Come, come along, Captain. But d'ye hear? with this proviso, gentlemen, that I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine lady in the wind, and I shall have the longitude and latitude of a fine lady, and the——

Fire. A fine lady! Ah, the rogue! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine lady, Colonel, a very fine lady!——Come, no ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, how go the rest of our affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, sir; here's more mischief still, more branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young rogue, Sir Harry Wil-

dair's brother, has commenced his suit, and feed counsel already.—Look here, sir, two pieces, for which, by article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard case now, that a man must give four guineas for the good news of his dishonour. Some men throw away their money in debauching other men's wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: but this is making a man's fortune!——Well, child, there's your pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true account how the business goes on.

Par. But suppose the business be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her pride will preserve her against the first assaults. Besides, I sha'nt stay. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Par.

SCENE II.

Changes to another Room in the same House. WILDAIR *and* LUREWELL *enter.*

Lure. Well now, Sir Harry, this book you gave me! As I hope to breathe, I think 'tis the best penned piece I have seen a great while, I don't know any of our authors have wrote in so florid and genteel a stile.

Wild. Upon the subject, madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, madam, I am an author rich in expressions; the needy poets of the age may fill their works with rhapsodies of flames and darts, and barren sighs and tears, their speaking looks and amorous vows, that might, in Chaucer's time, perhaps, have passed for love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble passion, and by the true, persuasive eloquence, turned in the moving stile of *louis d'ors*, can raise the ravished female to a rapture.——In short, madam, I'll match Cowley in soft-

ness, o'ertop Milton in sublime, banter Cicero in eloquence, and Dr. Swan in quibbling, by the help of that most ingenious society, called the Bank of England.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old thing called love; they say 'tis clear out in France.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, nobody wears it: and here too, honesty went out with the flashed doublets, and love with the close-bodied gowns. Love! 'tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable picture of Patient Grizzel at the head of an old ballad———Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha!—The best emblem in the world.——Come, Sir Harry, faith we'll run it down.——Love!——Ay, methinks I see the mournful Melpomene with her handkerchief at her eye, her heart full of fire, her eyes full of water, her head full of madness, and her mouth full of nonsense.——O, hang it!

Wild. Ay, madam. Then the doleful ditties, piteous plaints, the daggers, the poisons!

Lure. Oh, the vapours.

Wild. Then a man must kneel, and a man must swear—There is a repose I see, in the next room. [*Aside.*

Lure. Unnatural stuff.

Wild. Oh, madam, the most unnatural thing in the world; as fulsome as a sack posset, [*Pulling her towards the door.*] ungenteel as a wedding-ring, and as impudent as the naked statue was in the park. [*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; I hate love that's impudent. These poets dress it up so in their tragedies, that no modest woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, madam; I hate your rude whining and sighing; it puts a lady out of countenance. [*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly so it does.——Hang their impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at love, madam. [*Pulls her in.*

BANTER *enters.*

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a stranger too! Had it been my husband now——Pshaw!——Very familiar, sir.

Banter *takes up* Wildair's *hat, that was dropped in the room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropped your hat.

Lure. Discovered too by a stranger!—What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*]——Madam, you have got the most confounded pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the superscriptions of your letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! Don't you know that the Colonel can't write French? Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of Roan or Paris?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your choice of a secretary; he understands the intrigues of most courts in Europe, they say.

WILDAIR *enters with a letter.*

Wild. Here, madam, I presume, 'tis right.——This gentleman a relation of yours, madam?——Dem him. [*Aside.*

Ban. Brother, your humble servant.

Wild. Brother! By what relation, sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same father, born of the same mother, brother kindred, and brother beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the fellow strings his genealogy! ——Look ye, sir, you may be brother to Tom Thumb for aught I know; but if you are my brother——I could have wished you in your mother's womb an hour or two longer. *Aside.*

Ban. Sir, I received your letter at Oxford, with your commands to meet you in London; and if you can remember your own hand, there it is. [*Gives a letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the letter.*] Oh! Pray, sir, let me consider you a little.——By Jupiter, a pretty boy, a very pretty boy; a handsome face, good shape, [*Walks about and views him.*] well dressed——The rogue has got a leg too. ——Come, kiss me, child.——Ay, he kisses like one of the family, the right velvet lip.—Canst thou dance, child?

Ban. Ouy, monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day; French too; why sure, sir, you could never be bred at Oxford!

Ban. No, madam, my clothes were made in London—— Brother, I have some affairs of consequence to communicate, which require a little privacy.

Lure. Oh, sir! I beg your pardon, I'll leave you. Sir Harry, you'll stay supper?

Wild. Assurement, madam.

Ban. Yes, madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both!——Sir, I'll send you back to your mutton-commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better mutton-commons by messing with you, brother——Come, Sir Harry; if you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the devil's in this young fellow.—Why, sirrah, hast thou any thoughts of being my heir? Why, you dog, you ought to pimp for me; you should keep a pack of wenches o'purpose to hunt down matrimony. Don't you know, sir, that lawful wedlock in me is certain poverty to you? Look ye, sirrah, come along; and for my disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new mistress to-night, I'll marry to-morrow, and won't leave you a groat.——Go, pimp, like a dutiful brother. [*Pushes him out, and exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Tavern. FIREBALL *enters, hauling in* CLINCHER.

Fireball.

COME, sir; not drink the king's health!

Clin. Pray, now, good captain, excuse me. Look here, sir: [*Pulling out his watch.*] critical minute, the critical minute, faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, sir?

Clin. The lady's critical minute, sir—Sir, your humble servant. [*Going.*

Fire. Well, the death of the Spanish king will———

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! what's that of the Spanish king? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don Carlos is dead.

Clin. Dead!——Nay, then—[*Sits down.*] Here, pen and ink, boy; pen and ink presently; I must write to my correspondent in Wales straight——Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in disorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, sir?

Clin. Politics, politics, stark mad with politics.

Fire. 'Sdeath, sir, what have such fools as you to do with politics?

Clin. What, the succession!—Not mind the succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already: 'tis settled upon a prince of France.

Clin. What, settled already? The best news that ever came into England. Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a health to the succession.

Fire. Burn the succession, sir. I won't drink it—What, drink confusion to our trade, religion, and liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means—As for trade, d'ye see, I'm a gentleman, and hate it mortally. These tradesmen are the most impudent fellows we have, and spoil all our good manners. What have we to do with trade?

Fire. A trim politician, truly!—And what do you think of our religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi!—Religion!—And what has a gentleman to do with religion, pray? And to hear a sea captain talk of religion! that's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no regard to our liberties, sir?

Clin. Pshaw! liberties! that's a jest. We beaus shall have liberty to whore and drink in any government, and that's all we care for.

STANDARD *enters.*

Dear Colonel, the rarest news!

Stand. Damn your news, sir: why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil question, truly!

Stand. Here, boy, bring in the brandy——Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of politics that I don't so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] expect your throat cut.

Clin. Ay, this comes o'th' succession; fire and sword already.

Stand. Come, sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burned alive?

Stand. Drink, sir, I say——Brother, manage him; I must be gone. [*Aside to* Fireball, *and exit.*

Fire. Ay, drink, sir.

Clin. Eh! What the devil, attacked both by sea and land! ——Look ye, gentlemen, if I must be poisoned, pray let me choose my own dose. Were I a lord now, I should have the privilege of the block; and as I'm a gentleman, pray, stifle me with claret at least! don't let me die like a bawd, with brandy.

Fire. Brandy, you dog! abuse brandy! Flat treason against the navy royal!—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the fleet——Here, Shark!

SHARK *enters.*

Get three or four of the ship's crew, and press this fellow aboard the Belzebub.

Shark. Ay, master. [*Exit.*

Clin. What, aboard the Belzebub!——Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll choose to go to the devil this way. Here, sir, your good health—and my own confusion, I'm afraid.—— [*Drinks it off.*] Oh, fire! fire! flames! brimstone! and tobacco! [*Beats his stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it, then—Take the glass, sir.

Clin. What, another broadside! Nay, then, I'm sunk downright. Dear, Captain, give me quarter; consider the present juncture of affairs; you'll spoil my head, ruin my politics; faith you will.

Fire. Here, Shark!

Clin. Well, well, I will drink—The devil take Shark for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz! buz—Don't you hear it?—Put your ear to my breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot iron ——Eh! Bless me, how the ship rolls!—I can't stand upon my legs, faith——Dear Captain, give me a kiss——Ay, burn the succession——Look ye, Captain, I shall be sea-sick presently. [*Falls into* Fireball's *arms.*

SHARK *and another enter with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Shark. Ay, ay, sir——Avast, avast——Here, boy,—— No Nantz left———— [*Tops the glass.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politics, politics, brandy, politics! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Lurewell's *Apartments.* LUREWELL *and* PARLY *enter.*

Lure. Did you ever see such an impudent young rogue as that Banter? He followed his brother up and down from place to place so very close, that we could not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon Sir Harry will dispose of him now, madam, where he may be secured. But I wonder, madam, why Clincher comes not according to his letter; it is near the hour.

Lure. I wish, Parly, that no harm may befal me to-day; for I had a most frightful dream last night; I dreamt of a mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, madam, you should be so much afraid of that little creature that can do you no harm.

Lure. Look ye, girl, we women of quality have each of us some darling fright——I now hate a mouse; my Lady Lovecards abhors a cat; Mrs. Fiddlefan can't bear a squirrel; the Countess of Piquet abominates a frog, and my Lady Swimair hates a man.

MARQUIS *enters, running.*

Mar. Madam, madam, madam! Pardie voyez——— L'argent, l'argent! [*Shews a bag of money.*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it!———Well, but how, how, dear monsieur?

Mar. Ah, madame! begar, Monsieur Sir Arry be one pigeoneau—Voyez, madame! me did tell him dat my broder in Montpelier did furnise his lady wid ten tousan livres for de expence of her travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de picture for de certificate and de credential to receive de money from her husband—Mark ye!

Lure. The best plot in the world—You told him, that your brother lent her the money in France, when her bills, I suppose, were delayed—You put in that, I presume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, madame.

Lure. And that upon her death-bed she gave your brother the picture, as a certificate to Sir Harry, that she had received the money; which picture your brother sent over to you, with commission to receive the debt.

Mar. Assurement—Dere was de politique, de France politique!——See, madame, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Anglise lady cuckle her husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, begar. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, pardie, c'est bon!

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir Harry say?

Mar. Oh! begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his wife, he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousan livres, he would repay it; he knew de picture, he say, and order me de money from his stewar——Oh, Notre Dame! Monsieur Sir Arry be one dupe.

Lure. Well, but, monsieur, I long to know one thing.—

Was the conquest you made of his lady so easy? What assaults did you make, and what resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, madame; dere was tree deux yeux, one serenade, and two capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in nature so sweet to a longing woman as a malicious story—Well, monsieur, 'tis about a thousand pounds; we go snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? Why snacke, madame? Me vill give you de present of fifty louis d'ors; dat is ver' good snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? Very well.

Mar. Ver' well! yes, begar, 'tis ver' well—Consider, madame, me be de poor refugee; me 'ave nothing but de religious charite, and de France politique, de fruit of my own address; dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an object of charity, with a thousand pounds in his fist!—Emh—[*Knocking below.*] Oh, monsieur, that's my husband! I know his knock. He must not see you. Get into the closet till by and by; [*Hurries him in*] and if I don't be revenged upon your France politique, then I have no English politique—Hang the money! I would not for twice a thousand pounds forbear abusing this virtuous woman to her husband.

PARLY *enters.*

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, madam.

Lure. As I could wish. Chairs!

WILDAIR *enters.*

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parly, in the first place, I sacrifice a louis d'or to thee for good luck.

Par. A guinea, sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no child ; French money is always most successful in bribes, and very much in fashion, child.

DICKY *enters, and runs to* Sir HARRY.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own nightcaps ?

Wild. Sirrah ?

Dick. Sir, sir ! shall I order your chair to the back-door by five o'clock in the morning ?

Wild. The devil's in the fellow ! Get you gone—[Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear madam, I have secured my brother, you have disposed of the Colonel, and we'll rail at love till we han't a word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry. Please to sit a little, sir. You must know I'm in a strange humour of asking you some questions. How did you like your lady, pray, sir ?

Wild. Like her ! Ha, ha, ha !———So very well, faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every woman I meet.

Lure. And did matrimony please you extremely ?

Wild. So very much, that if polygamy were allowed, I would have a new wife every day.

Lure. Oh, Sir Harry, this is raillery ! But your serious thoughts upon the matter, pray.

Wild. Why, then, madam, to give you my true sentiments of wedlock : I had a lady that I married by chance, she was virtuous by chance, and I loved her by great chance. Nature gave her beauty, education, and air, and fortune threw a young fellow of five-and-twenty in her lap. I courted her all day, loved her all night ; she was my mistress one day, and my wife another : I found in one the variety of a thousand, and the very confinement of marriage gave me the pleasure of change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous———

Wild. Look ye, madam, you know she was beautiful.—

She had good-nature about her mouth, the smile of beauty in her cheeks, sparkling wit in her forehead, and sprightly love in her eyes.

Lure. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the woman was well enough. But you don't answer my question, sir.

Wild. So, madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my estate gave a lustre to my love, and a swing to our enjoyment, round like the ring that made us one, our golden pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden pleasures! golden fiddlesticks!—What d'ye tell me of your canting stuff? Was she virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, madam, I powder'd to please her, she dressed to engage me; we toyed away the morning in amorous nonsense, lolled away the evening in the Park or the playhouse, and all the night———Hem!

Lure. Look ye, sir, answer my question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, madam, there was never such a pattern of unity. Her wants were still prevented by my supplies; my own heart whispered me her desires, because she herself was there; no contention ever rose, but the dear strife of who should most oblige; no noise about authority; for neither would stoop to command, because both thought it glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff, stuff, stuff!—I won't believe a word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Then, madam, we never felt the yoke of matrimony, because our inclinations made us one; a power superior to the forms of wedlock. The marriage torch had lost its weaker light in the bright flame of mutual love that joined our hearts before. Then———

Lure. Hold, hold, sir; I cannot bear it; Sir Harry, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Affronted!

Lure. Yes, sir; it is an affront to any woman to hear another commended, and I will resent it. In short, Sir Harry, your wife was a———

Wild. Buz, madam—No detraction——I'll tell you what she was—So much an angel in her conduct, that tho' I saw another in her arms, I should have thought the devil had raised the phantom, and my more conscious reason had given my eyes the lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believed, it seems. But, d'ye hear, sir?

Wild. Nay, madam, do you hear? I tell you 'tis not in the power of malice to cast a blot upon her fame; and tho' the vanity of our sex, and the envy of yours, conspired both against her honour, I would not hear a syllable.

[*Stopping his ears.*

Lure. Why, then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it.———The picture, the picture, the picture!

[*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A pistol-bullet from ear to ear.

Lure. That picture which you had just now from the French Marquis for a thousand pounds, that very picture did your very virtuous wife send to the Marquis as a pledge of her very virtuous and dying affection. So that you are both robbed of your honour, and cheated of your money.

[*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, madam.

Lure. I tell you, sir, your wife was a jilt; I know it, I'll swear it—She virtuous! She was a devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, lal, de ral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen! He won't hear me——I

burst with malice, and now he won't mind me!—Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a crying.*] Sir, I must say you're an unworthy person, to use a woman of quality at this rate, when she has her heart full of malice; I don't know but it may make me miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have seen it with my eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heavens deliver me, I beseech thee!——How shall I 'scape?

Lure. Will you not hear me yet? Dear Sir Harry, do but hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh, I have it!——Hush, hush, hush!

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A mouse! a mouse! a mouse!

Lure. Where, where, where?

Wild. Your petticoats, your petticoats, madam.

[Lure. *shrieks and runs.*

Oh, my head!—I was never worsted by a woman before ——But I have heard so much as to know the Marquis to be a villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay, then, I must run for't.—[*Runs out, and returns.*] The entry is stopped by a chair coming in; and something there is in that chair that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide myself. [*Goes to the closet door.*] Fast!—I have keys about me for most locks about St. James's—Let me see—[*Tries one key.*] No, no; this opens my Lady Planthorn's back-door—[*Tries another.*] Nor this; this is the key to my Lady Stakeall's garden.—[*Tries a third.*] Ay, ay, this does it, faith.

[*Goes into the closet, and peeps out.*

SHARK, PARLY, *and another enter, with* CLINCHER *in a chair.*

Par. Hold, hold, friend; who gave you orders to lug in your dirty chair into the house?

Shark. My master, sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your master, impudence?

Shark. Every body, sauce-box———And for the present, here's my master: and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs* Clincher *out of the chair, and throws him upon the floor.*] Steer away, Tom.

Wild. What the devil, Mr. Jubilee, is it you?

Par. Bless me! the gentleman's dead———Murder! murder!

LUREWELL *enters.*

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter? Clincher!

Par. Mr. Clincher! are you dead, sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh, then it is well enough—Are you drunk, sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well, certainly I'm the most unfortunate woman living! All my affairs, all my designs, all my intrigues miscarry—Faugh! the beast!—But, sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politics.

Par. Where have you been, sir?

Clin. Shark.

Lure. What shall we do with him, Parly?——If the Colonel should come home now, we were ruined.

STANDARD *enters.*

Oh, inevitable destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the world can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! what's here? Who are you, sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, madam! behold the man that you prefer to me; and such as he are all those fop-gallants that daily haunt my house, ruin your honour, and disturb my quiet.—I urge not the sacred bond of marriage; I'll wave your earnest vows of truth to me, and only lay the case in equal balance, and see whose merit bears the greater weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argued, Colonel. [*Aside.*

Stand. Suppose yourself freely disengaged, unmarried, and to make choice of him you thought most worthy of your love; would you prefer a brute, a monkey, one destined only for the sport of man?—Yes, take him to your bed; there let the beast disgorge his fulsome load in your fair, lovely bosom, snore out his passion in your soft embrace, and with the vapours of his sick debauch perfume your sweet apartment.

Lure. Ah, nauseous, nauseous, poison!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on myself; but when compared to him, there modesty must stoop, and indignation give my words a loose, to tell you, madam, that I am a man unblemished in my honour, have nobly served my king and country; and for a lady's service I think that nature has not been defective.

Wild. 'Egad, I should think so too; the fellow's well made. [*Aside.*

Stand. I'm young as he, my person too as fair to outward view; and for my mind, I thought it could distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you. Your sex have blessed our isle with beauty, by distant nations prized; and

could they place their loves aright, their lovers might acquire the envy of mankind, as well as they the wonder of the world.

Wild. Ah! now he coaxes—He will conquer, unless I relieve her in time; she begins to melt already. [*Aside.*

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heaven; and by that Heaven I swear, the constant study of my days and nights has been to please my dearest wife. Your pleasure never met controul from me, nor your desires a frown. I never mentioned my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then, 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.—[*He steals out of the closet, and coming behind* Standard, *claps him on the shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble servant.

Stand. Sir Harry, how came you here?

Wild. Ah, poor fellow! thou hast got thy load with a witness: but the wine was humming strong; I have got a touch on't myself. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry! What wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new Burgundy, heady stuff. But the dog was soon gone, knocked under presently.

Stand. What, then Mr. Clincher was with you it seems? Eh!

Wild. Yes, faith; we have been together all this afternoon: 'tis a pleasant foolish fellow. He would needs give me a welcome to town, on pretence of hearing all the news from the Jubilee. The humour was new to me; so to't we went. But 'tis a weak-headed coxcomb; two or three bumpers did his business——Ah, madam! what do I deserve for this? [*Aside to* Lure.

Lure. Look ye there, sir; you see how Sir Harry has

cleared my innocence——I'm obliged t'ye sir; but I must leave you to make it out. [*To* Wild. *and exit.*

Stand. Yes, yes; he has cleared you wonderfully—— But, pray, sir—I suppose you can inform me how Mr. Clincher came into my house? Eh!

Wild. Ay—why, you must know that the fool got presently as drunk as a drum; so I had him tumbled into a chair, and ordered the fellows to carry him home. Now, you must know, he lodges but three doors off; but the boobies, it seems, mistook the door, and brought him in here, like a brace of loggerheads.

Stand. Oh, yes, sad loggerheads! to mistake a door in James-street for a house in Covent Garden———Here!

Servants *enter.*

Take away that brute. [*Servants carry off* Clinch.] And you say 'twas new Burgundy, Sir Harry: very strong.

Wild. 'Egad there is some trick in this matter, and I shall be discovered. [*Aside.*] Ay, Colonel—but I must be gone; I'm engaged to meet——Colonel, I'm your humble servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir Harry, where's your hat, sir?

Wild. Oh, morbleu!—These hats, gloves, canes, and swords, are the ruin of all our designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your hat, Sir Harry?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my body. How shall I come off? ——Hark ye, Colonel; in your ear; I would not have your lady hear it.—You must know, just as I came into the room here, what should I spy, but a great mouse running across that closet door: I took no notice, for fear your lady should be frighted, but with all my force, (d'ye see?) I flung my hat at it, and so threw it into the closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the mouse, you flung yot r hat into that closet.

Wild. Ay, ay, that was all; I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir Harry, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the closet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty lies in a breath.

STANDARD *re-enters, with the hat in one hand, and hauling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Stand. Sir Harry, is this the mouse that you threw your hat at?

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too!

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur Marquis, as for your part, I shall cut your throat, sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his throat first.

Mar. Vat, bote cut my troat! Begar, Messieurs, I ave but one troat.

PARLY *enters, and runs to* STANDARD.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another design. My lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any noise 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, gentlemen, I have too great a confidence in the virtue of my wife, to think it in the power of you, or you, sir, to wrong my honour. But I am bound to guard her reputation, so that no attempts be made that may provoke a scandal. Therefore, gentlemen, let me tell you it is time to desist. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay: so it is, faith. Come, monsieur, I must talk with you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Standard's *House.* STANDARD *and* FIREBALL *enter.*

Standard.

IN short, brother, a man may talk till doomsday of sin, hell and damnation; but your rhetoric will ne'er convince a lady that there's any thing of a devil in a handsome fellow with a fine coat. You must shew the cloven foot, expose the brute, as I have done; and though her virtue sleeps, her pride will surely take the alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the rogue's ears before you sent him away———

Stand. No, no, the fool has served my turn, without the scandal of a public resentment; and the effect has shewn that my design was right: I've touch'd her very heart, and she relents apace.

LUREWELL *enters, running.*

Lure. Oh, my dear, save me, I'm frighted out of my life.

Fire. Blood and fire, madam, who dare touch you?

[*Draws his sword, and stands before her.*

Lure. Oh, sir, a ghost, a ghost, I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay, then, we soldiers have nothing to do with ghosts; send for the parson. [*Sheaths his sword.*

Stand. 'Tis fancy, my dear, nothing but fancy.

Lure. Oh, dear Colonel, I'll ne'er lie alone again; I'm frighted to death; I saw it twice; twice it stalked by my chamber-door, and with a hollow voice uttered a piteous groan.

Stand. This is strange! ghosts by day-light!—Come, my dear, along with me; don't shrink; we'll see to find this ghost. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street. WILDAIR, MARQUIS, *and* DICKY *enter.*

Wild. Dicky.

Dick. Sir?

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand pounds, lent to my wife in Montpelier by a French gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monsieur Dicky, you remember de gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, sir! I think, for my part, that all the men in France are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the devil o' one of them could lend a thousand pence, much less a thousand pounds.

Mar. Morbleu, que dites vous, bougre le chien?

Wild. Hold, sir; pray answer me one question——What made you fly your country?

Mar. My religion, monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your religion out of France, and are a downright atheist in England. A very tender conscience, truly!

Mar. Begar, monsieur, my conscience be de ver' tendre; he no suffer his master to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, sir, no ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez Francois, monsieur?

Wild. No, sir; I tell you in plain English, return my money, or I'll lay you by the heels.

Mar. Oh, begar dere is de Anglis-man now! Dere is de law for me. De law! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir Arry—Voyez sa—De France Marquis scorn de law. My broder lend your vife de money, and here is my witness. [*Draws.*

Wild. Your evidence, sir, is very positive, and shall be examined: but this is no place to try the cause; we'll cross the Park into the fields; you shall throw down the money between us, and the best title, upon a fair hearing, shall take it up——Allons!

Mar. Oh, de tout mon cœur!——Allons! Fient à la tête, begar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Lurewell's *Apartment.* LUREWELL *and* PARLY *enter.*

Lure. Pshaw! I'm such a frighted fool! 'Twas nothing but fancy——Come, Parly, get me pen and ink; I'll divert it. Sir Harry shall know what a wife he had, I'm resolved. Tho' he would not hear me speak, he'll read my letter sure. [*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. [*From within.*] Hold!

Lure. Protect me!——Parly, don't leave me——But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold!

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a voice?

Par. I thought so, madam.

Lure. It called, Hold! I'll venture once more. [*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. Disturb no more the quiet of the dead.

Lure. Now it is plain. I heard the words.

Par. Deliver us, madam, and forgive us our sins!——What is it?

GHOST *enters;* LUREWELL *and* PARLY *shriek, and run to a corner of the Stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy form of wrong'd Angelica,
Forc'd from the shades below to vindicate her fame.

Forbear, malicious woman, thus to load
With scandalous reproach the grave of innocence.
Repent, vain woman!
Thy matrimonial vow is register'd above,
And all the breaches of that solemn faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd husband's bed,
Disturb no more the quiet of the dead. [*Stalks off.*

[Lurewell *swoons, and* Parly *supports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

STANDARD *and* FIREBALL *enter.*

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, sir.

Par. Oh, sir! we're frighted to death; here has been the ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What ghost?

Par. The ghost of Angelica, Sir Harry Wildair's wife.

Stand. Angelica!

Par. Yes, sir: and here it preached to us the Lord knows what, and murdered my mistress with mere morals.

Fire. A good hearing, sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, Parly. [Parly *leads out* Lurewell.] What can this mean, brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of communication between your wife and Sir Harry; so his wife is come to forbid the banns, that's all.

Stand. No, no, brother. If I may be induced to believe the walking of ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed fellow her husband has broke the poor lady's heart; which, together with the indignity of her burial, has made her uneasy in her grave.—But whatever be the cause, it is fit we immediately find out Sir Harry, and inform him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Park. Company walking; WILDAIR *and* MARQUIS *passing hastily over the stage, one calls.*

Lord. Sir Harry.

Wild. My lord?—Monsieur, I'll follow you, sir.

[*Exit* Marquis.

Lord. I must talk with you, sir.

Wild. Pray, my lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my life.

Lord. May I presume, sir, to enquire the cause that detained you so late last night at my house?

Wild. More mischief again!—Perhaps, my lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lord. Then perhaps, sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my lord, don't frown; it spoils your face. ——But if you must know, your lady owes me two hundred guineas, and that sum I will presume to extort from your lordship.

Lord. Two hundred guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my lord, I shewed quint and quatorze for it; and to a man of honour, that's as firm as a bond and judgment.

Lord. Come, sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a man of honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!—'Tis very strange that some men, though their education be ever so gallant, will ne'er learn breeding! Look ye, my lord, when you and I were under the tuition of our governors, and conversed only with old Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Plutarch, and the like; why then

such a man was a villain, and such a one was a man of honour: but now, that I have known the court, a little of what they call the *beau monde* and the *bel esprit*, I find that honour looks as ridiculous as Roman buskins upon your lordship, or my full peruke upon Scipio Africanus.

Lord. Why should you think so, sir?

Wild. Because the world's improved, my lord, and we find that this honour is a very troublesome and impertinent thing.——Can't we live together like good neighbours and Christians, as they do in France? I lend you my coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour! that's such an impertinence!——Pray, my lord, hear me. What does your honour think of murdering your friend's reputation; making a jest of his misfortunes; cheating him at cards; debauching his bed; or the like?

Lord. Why rank villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good manners; excess of good manners. Why you ha'n't been at court lately. There 'tis the only practice to shew our wit and breeding.—As for instance: your friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at piquet, to shew he has been in France; and lies with your wife, to shew he's a man of quality.

Lord. Very well, sir.

Wild. In short, my lord, you have a wrong notion of things. Should a man with a handsome wife revenge all affronts done to his honour, poor White, Chaves, Morris, Lockit, Pawlet and Pontack, were utterly ruined.

Lord. How so, sir?

Wild. Because, my lord, you must run all their customers quite through the body. Were it not for abusing your men

of honour, taverns and chocolate-houses could not subsist; and were there but a round tax laid upon scandal and false politics, we men of figure would find it much heavier than four shillings in the pound.——Come, come, my lord, no more on't, for shame; your honour is safe enough, for I have the key of its back door in my pocket. [*Runs off.*

Lord. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Fields. *The* MARQUIS *enters with a Servant carrying his fighting equipage, pumps, cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.*

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, fient à la tête. Sa, embaracade: quart sur redouble. Hey!

WILDAIR *enters.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! the devil! Must I fight with a tumbler? These French are as great fops in their quarrels, as in their amours.

Mar. Allons! allons! stripe! stripe!

Wild. No, no, sir, I never strip to engage a man; I fight as I dance.——Come, sir, down with the money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie. [*Lays down the bag between them.*] Allons!

DICKY *enters, and gives* WILDAIR *a gun.*

Morbleu! que sa?

Wild. Now, monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the head.—Dicky, take up the money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: and if my master be killed, the money's my own.

Mar. Oh, morbleu! de Anglis-man be one coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your French politique now? Come, monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any man for my own; but now we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your habiliments, I must requite your pains. So, come on, sir.

[*Lays down the gun, and uses the sword.*

Mar. Come on! For vat, ven de money is gone? De France-man fight vere dere is no profit! Pardonnez moi, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, sir; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Why den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de money be gone, me vill speak de verité.—— Pardie, Monsieur, me did make de cuckle of you, and your vife send me de picture for my pain.

Wild. Look ye, sir, if I thought you had merit enough to gain a lady's heart from me, I would shake hands immediately, and be friends: but as I believe you to be a vain scandalous liar, I'll cut your throat.

STANDARD *and* FIREBALL *enter, who part them.*

Stand. Hold, hold, gentlemen.——Brother, secure the Marquis.——Come, Sir Harry, put up; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[*As they talk,* Marquis *dresses, and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand Pshaw! Pray, Sir Harry, tell me what made you leave your wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it.——Pray, Colonel, what makes you stay with your wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you must know we were a pair of the most happy, toying, foolish people in the world, till she got, I don't know how, a crotchet of jealousy in her head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne'er an angry word: she only fell a crying over night, and I went for Italy next morning.——But pray no more on't.——Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir Harry, you'll be serious when I tell you that her ghost appears.

Wild. Her ghost! Ha, ha, ha! That's pleasant, faith.

Stand. As sure as fate, it walks in my house.

Wild. In your house! Come along, Colonel; by the lard I'll kiss it. [*Exeunt* Wildair *and* Standard.

Mar. Monsieur le Capitain, adieu.

Fire. No, sir, you shall follow Sir Harry.

Mar. For vat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm such a rogue as to part a couple of gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see them make an end on't:——I think it a less sin to part man and wife.——Come along, sir. [*Exit, pulling* Monsieur.

SCENE VI.

Standard's *House.* WILDAIR *and* STANDARD *enter.*

Wild. Well then; this, it seems, is the inchanted chamber. The ghost has pitched upon a handsome apartment, however.——Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful, there it is.

[*Ghost walks across the stage.*

Wild. The devil it is—Emh! Blood, I'll speak to't.—— Vous Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez-vous François? No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your ladyship be pleased to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the respect due to your quality. [*Ghost returns.*

Ghost. I am the spirit of thy departed wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the body of thy living husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*—Ha! 'tis substance, I'm sure.——But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, whethey you are alive or dead.

Ang. [*Throwing off her shrowd.*] Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her arms about his neck.*] and never lived so much as in this moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the ghost now, Colonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis amazement, truly.——Look ye, madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with spirits: pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir Harry, your'e more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most men are more afraid of a living wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good manners to leave you together, however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my dear, after so long and tedious an absence, to act the stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your sight.

[*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, madam. Don't be angry, my dear; you took me unprovided: had you but sent me word of your

coming, I had got three or four speeches out of Oroonoko and the Mourning Bride upon this occasion, that would have charmed your very heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the music from both houses; Pawlet and Locket shall contrive for our taste; we'll charm our ears with Abel's voice; feast our eyes with one another; and thus, with all our senses tuned to love, we'll hurl off our clothes, leap into bed, and there———Look ye, madam, if I don't welcome you home with raptures more natural and more moving than all the plays in Christendom.———I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my wonder first, and let me know the riddle of your death.

Ang. Your unkind departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I could not live with you, to die to all the world besides: I fancied, that though it exceeded the force of love, yet the power of grief perhaps might change your humour, and therefore had it given out that I died in France; my sickness at Montpelier, which indeed was next to death, and the affront offered to the body of our ambassador's chaplain at Paris, conduced to have my burial private. This deceived my retinue; and by the assistance of my woman, and your faithful servant, I got into man's clothes, came home into England, and sent him to observe your motions abroad, with orders not to undeceive you till your return.——Here I met you in the quality of Beau Banter, your busy brother, under which disguise I have disappointed your design upon my Lady Lurewell: and, in the form of a ghost, have revenged the scandal she this day threw upon me, and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are women, when they want to be humoured! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent maggot in their heads!——But by what means, my dear, could you purchase this double disguise? How came you by my letter to my brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your letters since I came home. But for my ghostly contrivance, good Mrs. Parly (moved by the justness of my cause, and a bribe) was my chief engineer.

FIREBALL *and* MARQUIS *enter.*

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your man; if not, I have discharged my trust.

Wild. Oh, monsieur! Won't you salute your mistress, sir?

Mar. Oh, morbleu! Begar me must run to some oder country now for my religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the fashion for ladies to know every body: but methinks, madam, that picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my gift, you might have kept it—But no matter; my neighbours shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my dear! Could you think I e'er would part with that? No; of all my jewels, this alone I kept, because 'twas given by you. [*Shews the picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!——And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other.——Monsieur Marquis, *ecoutez.*——You did lie wid my vife, and she did give you de picture for your pain. Eh! Come, sir, add to your France politique a little of your native impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de France-man can tell no more lie, den vill he tell trute.—I was acquaint wid de paintre dat draw your lady's picture, an I give him ten pistole for de copy.——And so me ave de picture of all de beauty in London; and by this politique, me ave de reputation to lie wid dem all.

Wild. When perhaps your pleasure never reached above a pit-masque in your life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of women, a pit-masque is as good as de best. De pleasure is nothing, de glory is all, a-la-mode de France. [*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true pattern of the vanity, impertinence, subtlety, and the ostentation of thy country!—Look ye, Captain, give me thy hand; once I was a friend to France; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my fashions, coaches, wigs, and vanity, to horses, arms, and equipage, and serve my king *in propria persona*, to promote a vigorous war, if there be occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir Harry: and if all the beaus in the side-boxes were of your mind, we would send them back their L'Abbé, and Balon, and shew them a new dance, to the tune of Harry the Fifth.

STANDARD, LUREWELL, DICKY, *and* PARLY *enter.*

Wild. Oh, Colonel! Such discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your servant; honest Dicky has told me the whole story.

Wild. Why then let Dicky run for the fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, sir! I knew what it would come to; they're here already, sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new wedding, and begin it with a dance———Strike up. [*A dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir Harry, we have retrieved our wives;

yours from death, and mine from the devil; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep them so?

Ang. By being good husbands, sir; and the great secret for keeping matters right in wedlock, is never to quarrel with your wives for trifles; for we are but babies at best, and must have our play-things, our longings, our vapours, our frights, our monkies, our china, our fashions, our washes, our patches, our waters, our tattle and impertinence: therefore, I say, 'tis better to let a woman play the fool, than provoke her to play the devil.

Lure. And another rule, gentlemen, let me advise you to observe; never to be jealous; or if you should, be sure never to let your wife think you suspect her; for we are more restrained by the scandal of the lewdness, than by the wickedness of the fact; when once a woman has borne the shame of a whore, she'll dispatch you the sin in a moment.

Wild. W'ere obliged to you, ladies, for your advice;—and in return, give me leave to give you the definition of a good wife, in the character of my own. The wit of her conversation never out-strips the conduct of her behaviour: she's affable to all men, free with no man, and only kind to me: often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleased, but when I'm angry; then sorry, not sullen. The park, play-house, and cards, she frequents in compliance with custom; but her diversions of inclination are at home: she's more cautious of a remarkable woman, than of a noted wit, well knowing that the infection of her own sex is more catching than the temptation of ours; to all this, she is beautiful to a wonder, scorns all devices that engage a gallant, and uses all arts to please her husband.

So Spite of satire 'gainst a marry'd life,
A man is truly blest with such a wife.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

VENTRE bleu! vere is dis dam poet? vere
Garçon! me vil cut off all his two ear:
Je suis enragé——now he is not here.
Hehas affront de French! Le vilaine hête!
De French! your best friend!——you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs, il serait fort ingrate!
Vat have you English dat you can call your own?
Vat have you of grand pleasure in dis town,
Vidout it come from France, dat vil go down?
Picquet, basset; your vin, your dress, your dance;
'Tis all, you see, tout à-la-mode de France.
De beau dere buy a hondre knick-knack;
He carry out wit but seldom bring it back:
But den he bring a snuff-hox hinge, so small
De joint you can no see de vark at all,
Cost him five pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tree year it sal save half an ounce of snuffe.
De coquet, she ave her ratifia dere,
Her gown, her complexion, deux yeux, her lovere.
As for de cuckold——dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach the lady wear
De short muff, wit her vite elbow bare;
*De beau de large muff, wit his sleeve down here.**
Ve teach your vifes to ope dere husband's purses,
To put de Furbelo round dere coach, and dere horses.

* Pointing to his fingers.

Garçon! we teach you every ting de varle;
For vy den your damn poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his play,
Tree tousan refugée (parbleu c'est vrai)
Shall all come here, and damn him upon his tird day.

7 Π 52

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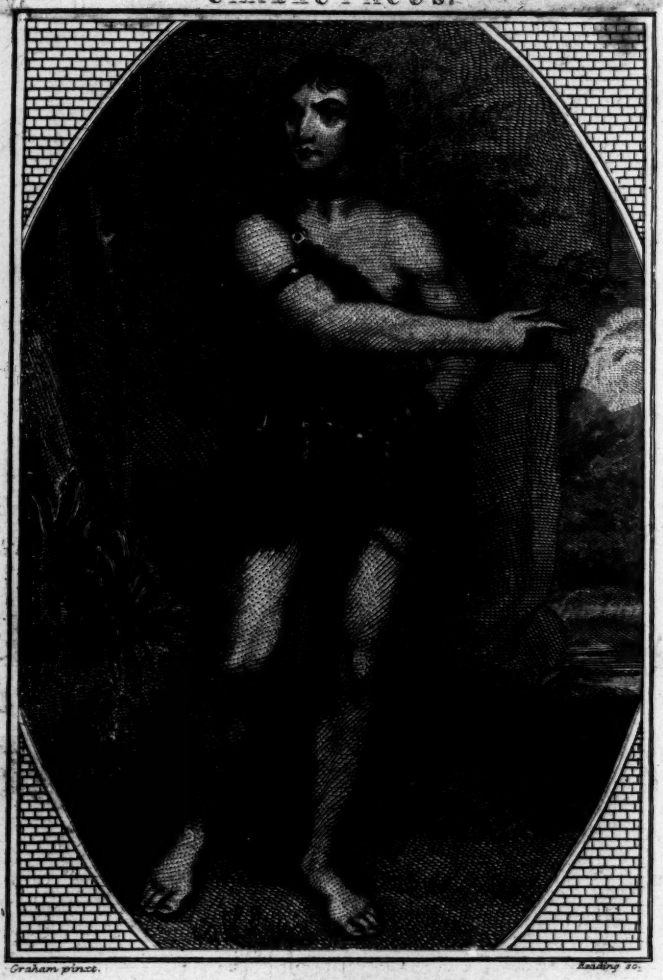
CHARACTACUS.



Graham pinxt. Harding sc.

Mr. CAULFIELD as ARVIRAGUS.

—That now at Snowden's foot
full twenty troops of hardy vetrans wait
to call my sire their leader.—

London Printed for J. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand, Oct.r 29. 1793.

London Printed for G. Cawthorn British Library Strand Oct 29 1798.

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CARACTACUS.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

By WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

AUTHOR OF ELFRIDA.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

WRITTEN ON THE MODEL OF

THE ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

The Lines distinguished by single inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XC VI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LIFE OF WILLIAM MASON.

THIS gentlemen is one of the few authors who is intitled to the applause of the world, as well for the virtues of his heart as for the excellence of his writings. He is the son of a clergyman who had the living of Hull, in Yorkshire, where our author was born about the year 1726. He was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees of B. A. and M. A. and his poetical genius in the year 1747 procured him a fellowship in Pembroke-Hall, which, however, he did not obtain possession of without some litigation. In the year 1754, he entered into holy orders, and was patronized by the late Earl of Holdernesse, who procured him a Chaplainship to his Majesty, and gave him the valuable rectory of Aston, in Yorkshire, where he now chiefly resides, and which he has made a delightful retirement. He is also precentor at York. He married a young lady of a good family and amiable character, but of a consumptive constitution, which soon deprived him of her at Bristol Wells, as appears by her elegant epitaph in that cathedral. He was the publisher of his friend Mr. Gray's works, and the author of

1. *Elfrida.* D. P. 4to. 1752.

This was altered by Mr. Colman in 1772, without the author's consent, and performed at Covent-Garden; and again in 1776, by Mr. Mason himself, and acted on the same stage.

2. *Caractacus.* D. P. 4to. 1759.

This was altered by Mr. Mason himself in 1776, and performed at Covent-Garden.

Mr. Mason is said to have written a Masque called *Cupid and Psyche*; which has been set to music by Giardini, but not yet acted.

The commendations bestowed on Elfrida and Caractacus in their original form, have been seconded by an equal degree of applause since they were adapted to the stage. The first is perhaps the most finished, the second the most striking performance. The truth of history, in regard to the contested fair-one, has been violated. In respect to the hardy veteran it has been preserved. In the former the story is domestic, and we are interested only for the distress of Athelwold and his wife. In the latter, the events involve the fate of our own country, while wonder and pity are alternately engaged by the different situations of Caractacus, Elidurus, Arviragus, and Evelina. The conduct of Elfrid and her husband, being not untinctured with childishness and deceit, comparatively speaking, can operate but weakly on our compassion. The British heroes and heroine, being uniformly great and irreproachable, always command the attention they deserve. In the person of Athelwold, the betrayer of his prince's confidence is justly punished; but that event is communicated to us only through the cold medium of relation. By the future self-denials of his widow, we are as slightly moved, for these are to be ranked with voluntary penances, and do not take place till after the curtain has dropped on our expectations. In Caractacus the final destiny of the survivors is more natural, decisive, and satisfactory. When Elfrida takes leave of us, our thoughts will spontaneously turn on the difficulties attending the observance of her vow, a comic, yet an irresistible idea. But when the aged chief and his daughter are led away in chains from the dead body of a son and brother, our tears and admiration accompany their departure, while a pleasing hope suggests itself that Evelina will find a protector in the young Brigantian prince, and that her father's captivity will tend only to exalt the former greatness of his character. —The choruses in the first of these dramas, though highly ethic and poetical, lose somewhat of their weight, being pronounced by females without specific offices or characters. These ladies indeed appear to talk and sing, only because they have no other occupation. From the venerable sons of Mona, who are material agents throughout the second piece, the like effusions of fancy and instruction proceed with singular propriety. They are bards by profession, and the delivery of religious and moral truths is their

immediate province. At the same time we should add, that the lyrick parts in *Elfrida* contain less objectionable passages than those in *Caractacus*. If they never rise to the sublimity that distinguishes the ode beginning

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?

they never descend into the almost burlesque strain of

——and sweep and swing
Above, below, around;

phrases which serve only to awaken a train of as mean and ludicrous ideas as Mr. Colman's threatened chorus of Grecian washerwomen could have excited.—The real beauties, however, of both these performances, so successfully predominate over every seeming imperfection they may betray, that on a review of what we have written, we scarcely think our remarks to the disadvantage of either deserve consideration.

In the closet, in particular, Caractacus must give ineffable delight to every mind capable of judgment, as it lays the strongest claim to immortality; and is one, among a few instances, that poetic genius is not in its decline in these realms.

TO THE

REVEREND MR. HURD.

ELEGY.

FRIEND of my youth, who, when the willing muse
Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
And fed'st them with the fost'ring dew of praise!
Whate'er the produce of th' unthrifty soil,
The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:
The labourer earns the wages of his toil;
Who form'd the Poet, well may claim the song:
Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that, taught by thee,
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;
Learnt from thy lore the Poet's dignity,
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.
Say, scenes of Science, say, thou haunted stream!
[For oft my muse-led steps didst thou behold]
How on thy banks I rifled every theme,
That fancy fabled in her age of gold.
How oft I cry'd, "O come, thou tragic Queen!
"March from thy Greece, with firm majestic tread!
"Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
"When Sophocles thy choral graces led;
"Saw thy proud pall it's purple length devolve,
"Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high,
"Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve
"Prepar'd to strike, to triumph, and to die.
"Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng,
"Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre,
"Give her historic forms the soul of song,
"And mingle Attic art with Shakspere's fire."
"Ah! what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?"
The Muse reply'd: "Mistaken suppliant, know,
"To light in Shakspere's breast the dazzling flame
"Exhausted all Parnassus could bestow.

" True; Art remains; and, if from his bright page
" Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
" Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
" Which tends at once to profit, and to please."
She spake; and Harewood's Towers spontaneous rose;
Soft virgin-warblings eccho'd through the grove;
And fair Elfrida pour'd forth all her woes,
The hapless pattern of connubial Love.
More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,
While flam'd within their consecrated shade
The genius stern of British liberty.
And see, my HURD! to thee those scenes consign'd;
O! take and stamp them with thy honour'd name.
Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd;
And if they find the road to honest fame,
Perchance the candour of some nobler age
May praise the Bard, who bade gay Folly bear
* Her cheap applauses to the busy stage,
And leave him pensive Virtue's silent tear;
Chose too to consecrate his fav'rite strain
To Him, who grac'd by ev'ry liberal art,
That best might shine amid the learned train,
Yet more excell'd in morals, and in heart:
Whose equal mind could see vain fortune shower
Her flimzy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower
She fixt him distant from Promotion's view:
Yet, shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing;
Pleas'd he could smile, and with sage Hooker's eye
† " See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
" And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

March 20, 1759.

W. MASON.

* Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) Theatris;
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.
Ovid. Trist. lib. v. El. vii. 23.

† Part of a sentence in a letter of Hooker to Archbishop Whitgift. See his life in the Biographia Britannica.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

		Men.
CARACTACUS, King of the Silures,	- -	Mr. Clarke.
AULUS DIDIUS, the Roman General.	-	Mr. Whitfield.
ARVIRAGUS, Son to Caractacus,	- -	Mr. Lewis.
VELLINUS, } Sons to Cartismandua,		Mr. Ward.
ELIDURUS, } Queen of the Brigantes,		Mr. Wroughton.
		Woman.
EVELINA, Daughter to Caractacus.		Mrs. Hartley.

Persons of the Chorus.

MODRED, the Chief Druid, - -	Mr. Aickin.
MADOR*, the Chief Bard, - - -	Mr. Hull.
SECOND BARD, - - - - -	Mr. Leoni.
THIRD BARD, - - - - -	Mrs. Kennedy.
FOURTH BARD, - - - - -	Mr. Reinhold.

Scene, *The consecrated Grove in the Island of Mona*, now *Anglesea.*

* Those parts of the Odes which are distinguished by *double* inverted commas, are meant to be performed musically; the rest to be recited by the Chief Bard. The parts omitted in the Representation are distinguished by *single* inverted commas only.

CARACTACUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AULUS DIDIUS, *with* Romans.

Aulus Didius.

THIS is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone: they awe my soul,
' As if the very genius of the place
' Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
' Stalk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
' (If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)'
Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
Controuling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.
Call forth the British princes: in this gloom
I mean to school them to our enterprize.

SCENE II.

VELINUS, AULIUS DIDIUS, *and* ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,
Approach! and to my uninstructed ear
Explain this scene of horror.

Elidurus. Daring Roman,
Thy footsteps press on consecrated ground:
These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place
Where but at times of holiest festival
The Druid leads his train.

Aul. Did. Where dwells the seer?

Vel. In yonder shaggy cave; on which the moon
Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood
Possess the neighbouring cliffs.

Aul. Did. Yet up the hill
Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
Delv'd in the ridges of the craggy steep:
And this way still another.

Eli. On the left
Reside the sages skill'd in nature's lore:
'The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
'Studious they measure, save when meditation
'Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
'Each hath his rank and function.' Yonder grots
Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,
Of earth, of water, nay, of heav'n itself,
Do listen to their lay: 'and oft, 'tis said,
'In visible shapes dance they a magic round

'To the high minstrelsy.' Now, if thine eye
Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships;
And ply thine oars; for if the Druids learn
This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard
To foil their fury.

Aul. Did. Prince, I did not moor
My light-arm'd shallops on this dangerous strand,
To sooth a fruitless curiosity:
I come in quest of proud Caractacus;
Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,
Found refuge here.

Eli. If here the monarch rests,
Presumptuous chief! thou might'st as well essay
To pluck him from yon stars: Earth's ample range
Contains no surer refuge: underneath
The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,
Scoopt thro' the living rock in winding maze,
Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:
'Mid which the hoary sages act their rites
Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
Tho' thron'd in noontide brightness. In such dens
He may for life lie hid.

Aul. Did. We know the task
Most difficult: yet has thy royal mother
Furnish'd the means.

Eli. My mother say'st thou, Roman?

Aul. Did. In proof of that firm faith she lends to Rome,
She gave ye up her honour's hostages.

Eli. She did: and we submit.

Aul. Did. To Rome we bear ye;
From your dear country bear ye; from your joys,
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls hold precious.

Eli. And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our fate?

Aul. Did. No. Youth, by heav'n, I would avert that fate.
Wish ye for liberty?

Vel. and Eli. More than for life.

Aul. Did. And would do much to gain it?

Vel. Name the task.

Aul. Did. The task is easy. Haste ye to these Druids;
Tell them ye come, commission'd by your queen,
To seek the great Caractacus; 'and call
'His valour to her aid, against the legions,
'Which, led by our Ostorius, now assail
'Her frontiers.' The late treaty she has seal'd
Is yet unknown: and this her royal signet,
'Which more to mask our purpose was obtain'd,'
Shall be your pledge of faith. The eager king
Will gladly take the charge; and, he consenting,
What else remains, but to the Menai's shore
Ye lead his credulous step? there will we seize him;
Bear him to Rome, the substitute for you,
And give you back to freedom.

Vel. If the Druids——

Aul. Did. If they or he, prevent this artifice,
Then force must take its way: then flaming brands,
'And biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,'
Must level these thick shades; and so unlodge
The lurking savage.

Eli. Gods, shall Mona perish?

Aul Did. Princes, her ev'ry trunk shall on the ground
Measure its magnitude; unless ere dawn,
Ye lure this untam'd lion to our toils.
Go then, and prosper; I shall to the ships,
And there expect his coming. Youths, remember,
He must to Rome to grace great Cæsar's triumph:
Cæsar and Fate demand him at your hands.

[*Exeunt* Aulus Didius *and* Romans.

SCENE III.

ELIDURUS *and* VELLINUS.

Eli. And will heav'n suffer it? Will the just gods,
That tread yon spangled pavement o'er our heads,
Look from their sky and yield him? Will these Druids,
Their sage vicegerents, not call down the thunder;
'And will not instant its hot bolts be darted'
In such a righteous cause? Yes, good old king.
Yes, last of Britons, thou art heav'n's own pledge;
And shalt be such 'till death.

Vel. What means my brother,
Dost thou refuse the charge?

Eli. Dost thou accept it?

Vel. It gives us liberty.

Eli. It makes us traitors.
Gods, would Vellinus do a deed of baseness?

Vel. Will Elidurus scorn the proffer'd boon
Of freedom?

Eli. Yes, when such its guilty price,
Brother, I spurn it.

Vel. Go then, foolish boy!
I'll do the deed myself.

Eli. It shall not be:
I will proclaim the fraud.

Vel. Wilt thou? 'tis well.
Hie to yon cave; call loudly on the Druid;
And bid him drag to ignominious death
The partner of thy blood. 'Yet hope not thou
'To 'scape; for thou didst join my impious steps:
'Therefore his wrath shall curse thee: thou shalt live;
'Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,
'All rights of nature cancell'd.'

Eli. O my Vellinus!
Rend not my soul: by heav'n thou know'st I love thee,
As fervently as brother e'er lov'd brother:
And, loving thee, I thought I lov'd mine honour.
Ah! do not wake, dear youth, in this true breast
So fierce a conflict.

Vel. Honour's voice commands
Thou shouldst obey thy mother, and thy queen.
Honour and sage religion both conspire
To bid thee save these consecrated groves
From Roman devastation.

Eli. Horrid thought!
Hence let us haste, ev'n to the furthest nook
Of this wide isle; nor view the sacrilege.

Vel. No, let us stay, and by our prosperous art
Prevent the sacrilege. Mark me, my brother,
More years, and more experience have matur'd
My sober thought; I will convince thy youth,
That this our deed has ev'ry honest sanction
Cool reason may demand.

Eli. To Rome with reason:
Try if 'twill bring her deluging ambition
Into the level course of right and justice;
'Try if 'twill tame these insolent invaders;
'Who thus, in savageness of conquest, claim
'Whom chance of war has spar'd. Do this, and prosper.'
But, pray thee, do not reason from my soul
Its inbred honesty: that holy flame,
Howe'er eclips'd by Rome's black influence
In vulgar minds, ought still to glow in ours.

Vel. Vain talker, leave me.

Eli. No, I will not leave thee:
I must not, dare not, in these perilous shades.
Think, if thy fraud should fail, these holy men,

How will their justice rend thy trait'rous limbs?
If thou succeed'st, the fiercer pangs of conscience,
How will they ever goad thy guilty soul?
Mercy defend us! see, the awful Druids
Are issuing from their caves: hear'st thou yon signal?
Lo, on the instant all the mountain whitens
With slow descending Bards. Retire, retire;
This is the hour of sacrifice: to stay
Is death.

Vel. I'll wait the closing of their rites
In yonder vale: do thou, as likes thee best,
Betray, or aid me.

Eli. To betray thee, youth,
That love forbids; honour, alas! to aid thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Chorus, *preceded by* MODRED, *the Chief Druid, descend to a solemn Symphony.*

MODRED.

Sleep and silence reign around;
Not a night-breeze wakes to blow;
Circle, sons, this holy ground;
Circle close, in triple row:

CHORUS.

"Druid, at thy dread command,
"When thou wav'st thy potent wand,
"See, we pace this holy ground
"With solemn footsteps soft and slow,
"While Sleep and Silence reign around,
"And not a night-breeze wakes to blow."

MODRED.

'Tis well. And now, if mask'd in vapors drear,
Any malign or earth-born Spirit dare
To hover round this consecrated space,
Haste with light spells the murkey foe to chace.

CHORUS.

" We lift our boughs of vervain blue,
" Dipt in cold September dew;
" And dash the moisture, chaste and clear,
" O'er the ground, and thro' the air."

MODRED.

Now the place is purg'd and pure. [*A short Symphony.*
Brethren! say, for this high hour,
Are the milk-white steers prepar'd?
Whose necks the rude yoke never scar'd,
To the furrow yet unbroke?
For such must bleed beneath yon oak.

CHORUS.

" Druid, these, in order meet,
" Are all prepar'd."

MODRED.

But tell me yet,
Cadwall! did thy step profound
Dive into the cavern deep,
Twice twelve fathom under ground,
Where our sage forefathers sleep?
Thence with reverence hast thou borne,
From the consecrated chest,
The golden sickle, scrip, and vest,
Whilom by old Belinus worn?

SECOND BARD.

" Druid, these, in order meet,
" Are all prepar'd."

MODRED.

But tell me yet
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells,
Brennus! has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid wand;
And the potent adder-stone,
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon?
' When in undulating twine,
' The foaming snakes prolific join;
' When they hiss, and when they bear
' Their wond'rous egg aloof in air;
' Thence, before to earth it fall,
' The Druid in his hallow'd pall,
' Receives the prize;
' And instant flies,
' Follow'd by th' envenom'd brood,
' 'Till he cross the crystal flood.'

THIRD BARD.

" Druid, these, in order meet,
" Are all prepar'd."

MODRED.

Then all's compleat. [*Symphony repeated.*
And now let nine of the selected band,
' Whose greener years befit such station best,'
With wary circuit pace around the grove;

And guard each inlet; watchful lest the eye
Of busy curiosity profane
Pry on our rites: 'which now must be as close
'As done i'th very central womb of earth.
'Occasion claims it;' for Caractacus
This night demands admission to our train.
He, once our king, while aught his power avail'd
To save his country from the rod of tyrants;
That duty past, does wisely now retire
To end his days in secrecy and peace;
Druid with Druids, in this chief of groves,
Ev'n in the heart of Mona. See, he comes!
How awful is his port! mark him, my friends!
He looks, as doth the tower, whose nodding walls,
After the conflict of heav'n's angry bolts,
Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,
Ev'n in its prime of strength. Health to the king!

SCENE V.

CARACTACUS, EVELINA, MODRED, CHORUS.

Car. This holy place, methinks, doth this night wear
More than its wonted gloom: Druid, these groves
Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
'Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,'
In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!
Hail, British born! who, last of British race,
Hold your primæval rights by nature's charter;
Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
Ye wave your bold heads 'mid the liberal air;
Nor ask, for privilege, a prætor's edict.

Ye with your tough and intertwisted roots,
Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from; and, erect
In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread
Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,
Who, Roman-like, assails you. Tell me, Druid,
Is it not better to be such as these,
Than be the thing I am?

Mod. To be the thing,
Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

Car. But I am lost to that predestin'd use
Eternal wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore
May wish a change of being. I was born
A king; and Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks
Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,
To fence their subject plain, did mean, that I
Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people
Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.
I fail'd; and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well;
So does the babbling world: and therefore, Druid,
I would be any thing save what I am.

Mod. See, to thy wish the holy rites prepar'd,
Which, if heav'n frown not, consecrate thee Druid:
'See to the altar's base the victims led,
'From whose free-gushing blood ourself shall read
'Its high behests; which if assenting found,
'These hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
'The vest of sanctity; while at the act
'Yon white-rob'd Bards sweeping their solemn harps,
'Shall lift their choral warblings to the skies,
'And call the gods to witness.' Mean-while, Prince,
Bethink thee well if aught on this vain earth
Still holds too firm an union with thy soul,
Estranging it from peace.

Car. I had a queen:
Bear with my weakness, Druid! this tough breast
Must heave a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.
And can I taste true peace, she unreveng'd?
So chaste, so lov'd a queen? ah, Evelina!
Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm
That could not save thy mother.

Eve. To hang thus
Softens the pang of grief; and the sweet thought,
That a fond father still supports his child,
Sheds, on my pensive mind, such soothing balm,
As doth the blessing of these pious seers,
When most they wish our welfare. Would to heav'n
A daughter's presence could as much avail,
To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine.

Car. Ever most gentle! come unto my bosom:
Dear pattern of the precious prize I lost,
Lost, so inglorious lost; my friends, these eyes
Did see her torn from my defenceless camp;
Whilst I, hemm'd round by squadrons, could not save her:
My boy, still nearer to the darling pledge,
Beheld her shrieking in the ruffian's arm;
Beheld, and fled.

Eve. Ah! Sir, forbear to wound
My brother's fame; he fled, but to recall
His scatter'd forces to pursue and save her.

Car. Daughter, he fled. Now by yon gracious moon,
That rising saw the deed, and instant hid
Her blushing face in twilight's dusky veil,
The flight was parricide.

Eve. Indeed, indeed,
I know him valiant; and not doubt he fell
'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the haughty foe,

Victim to filial love. Arviragus,
Thou hadst no sister near the bloody field,
Whose sorrowing search, led by yon orb of night,
Might find thy body; wash with tears thy wounds;
And wipe them with her hair.

Mod. Peace, virgin, peace:
Nor thou, sad prince, reply; whate'er he is,
Be he a captive, fugitive, or corse,
He is what heav'n ordain'd: these holy groves
Permit no exclamation 'gainst heav'n's will
To violate their echoes. Patience, here,
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,
Ev'n to the storm that wrecks her.

Eve. Holy Druid,
If aught my erring tongue has said pollutes
This sacred place, I from my soul abjure it.
And will these lips bar with eternal silence,
Rather than speak a word, or act a deed
Unmeet for thy sage daughters; blessing first
This hallow'd hour, that takes me from the world,
And joins me to their sober sisterhod.

Mod. 'Tis wisely said. See, prince, this prudent maid,
Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth
Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world
Without a sigh, whilst thou——

Car. Would save my queen
From a base ravisher; would wish to plunge
This falchion in his breast, and so avenge
Insulted royalty. O holy men!
Ye are the sons of piety and peace;
Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur
That goads the injur'd warrior; the hot tide,

'That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek
'Of him, who burns for glory;' else indeed
You much would pity me: would curse the fate
That coops me here inactive in your groves,
Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel
Must never cleave one Roman helm again,
Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

Mod. 'Tis heav'n's high will———

Car. I know it, reverend fathers!
'Tis heav'n's high will that these poor aged eyes
Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,
To whom my youth was constant; 'twas heav'n's will
To take her from me at that very hour,
When best her love might sooth me; that black hour,
(May memory ever raze it from her records)
When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
Old and defenceless: him, who nine whole years
Had stemm'd all Rome with their firm phalanx: yes,
For nine whole years, my friends, I bravely led,
The valiant veterans, oft to victory,
Never till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid,
I've done: begin the rites.

Mod. O would to heav'n
A frame of mind, more fitted to these rites,
Possest thee, Prince! that resignation meek,
That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,
Approach'd this altar with thee! Bards, bear off
The victims. No reply. A frame of mind,
More fitted to these rites, must Patience bring,
To give them holy sanction. These instead,
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguin'd Slaughter,
And mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,
Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,

Back to a vain and miserable world;
Whose misery, and vanity, tho' try'd,
Thou still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades,
Where Quiet reigns with Virtue? Try we yet
What Holiness can do; for much it can:
Much is the potency of pious pray'r:
And much the sacred influence convey'd
By sage mysterious office; when the soul,
Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell
Of fleshly thraldom, feels herself upborne
On plumes of extasy, and boldly springs,
'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,
Up to the porch of heav'n. Strike, then, ye Bards!
Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain
Which, as it echoes thro' yon vaulted cave,
May penetrate, may purge, may purify,
His yet unhallow'd bosom. To that cave,
Monarch, retire, while hither we invoke
The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
Ev'n on majestic Snowdon: they, who never
Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause
Of highest import, but, sublimely shrin'd
On its hoar top in domes of crystalline ice,
Hold converse with those spirits that possess
The sky's pure sapphire, nearest heav'n itself.

[*Exeunt* Caractacus *and* Evelina.

SCENE VI.

MADOR, CHORUS.

ODE.

MADOR.

Mona on Snowdon calls:

CHORUS.

" Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
" Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
" Hark, her loudest echo rings;
" King of mountains, bend thine ear:"

MODRED.

Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when Midnight and the Moon
Meet upon thy front of snow:
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow. [*Symphony.*
Snowdon mark! 'tis Magic's hour;
Now the mutter'd spell hath pow'r;
Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock;
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

AIR *by the* SECOND BARD.

" Snowdon, to thee no ruder spell
" Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
" In Music's secret cells, and lie
" Steep'd in the stream of Harmony."

MADOR.

Snowdon has heard the strain: [*Symphony.*
Hark, amid the wond'ring grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move, [*Symphony.*
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round, and round, and round they go,
Thro' the twilight, thro' the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted missletoe.

DUET *by the* SECOND *and* THIRD BARD.

" Welcome, welcome, gentle train,
" Mona hails you to her plain:
" Here, your genial dews dispense;
" Dews of Peace, and Innocence.
" Banish hence each demon drear,
" Fev'rish Rage, and chilling Fear,
" Vengeance with his haggard
" Envy, Hate, and Jealousy."

MADOR.

Mona! thy grove is Virtue's throne;
To Peace, to Piety alone.
Thy central Oak its shade extends;

Here, melting in Devotion's fires,
The soul, sublim'd, to heav'n aspires.
Its dross subsides, its gold ascends.
Pure, as this glitt'ring race of light
That tend thy call from Snowdon's height;
That here, arrang'd in order due,
Spread their bright robes of saffron hue;
So pure, so bright, thy sons shall shine,
When life's delusive dream is o'er;
Like them be crown'd with misletoe divine,
Like them in azure fields of æther soar.

FULL CHORUS.

" Mona! thy grove is Virtue's throne;
" To Peace, to Piety alone
" Thy central Oak its shade extends;
" Here, melting in Devotion's fires,
" The soul, sublim'd, to heav'n aspires,
" Its dross subsides, its gold ascends."

ACT II. SCENE I.

CARACTACUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Caractacus.

TRUST me, thou sire of Mona! All my soul
Is now prepar'd. I feel as should the man
Who, scorning what he was, who, what he is,
Lamenting, rests all future hopes of peace
On what thy rites shall make him. Holy Druid,
Recall thy word; give signal for those rites.

Mod. The custom'd hour is past. It may not be.

What yet remains of night we dedicate
To pious musing. Be thy station, Prince,
Behind the altar; and, if sleep should deign
There to descend upon thy closed lids,
Haply her opiate poppies may supply
More than their wonted balm, and purge thy soul
From each remaining frailty. Many there,
Resting their heads, have had experience strange
Of influential sanctity convey'd
In dream or vision, whose protracted power,
Full long beyond that dream or vision's date,
Remain'd to bless their bosoms.——Whence that noise?
Methought I heard the sound of steps profane.
Monarch, retire, the central Oak doth shake.

[*Exit* Caractacus.

A Bard *enters.*

Bard. Father, as we did watch the eastern side,
We spied, and instant seiz'd two stranger youths,
Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,
Held earnest converse. Britons do they seem,
And of Brigantian race.

Mod. Haste, drag them hither.

SCENE II.

VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Vel. O spare, ye sage and venerable Druids!
Your countrymen and sons.

Mod. And are ye Britons?
Unheard of profanation! Rome herself,

'Ev'n impious Rome, whom conquest makes more impious,'
Would not have dar'd so rashly. O! for words,
Big with the fiercest force of execration,
To blast the deed, and doers.

Eli. Spare the curse,
Oh spare our youth!

Mod. Is it not now the hour,
The holy hour, when to the cloudless height
Of yon starr'd concave climbs the full orb'd moon,
And to this nether world in solemn stillness
Gives sign, that to the list'ning ear of Heav'n
Religion's voice should plead; the very babe
Knows this, and chance awak'd, his little hands
Lifts to the Gods, and on his innocent couch
Calls down a blessing. 'Shall your manly years
'Plead ignorance, and impiously presume
'To press, with vile unconsecrated feet,
'On Mona's hallow'd plain?' Know, wretches, know,
At any hour such boldness is a crime,
At this 'tis sacrilege.

Vel. Dread Seer! Were Mona's plain
More hallow'd still, hallow'd as is Heav'n's self,
The cause might plead our pardon.

Eli. Mighty Druid!
True, we have rashly dar'd, yet, forc'd by duty,
Our sov'reign's mandate——

Vel. Elder by my birth,
Brother, I claim, in right of eldership,
To open our high embassy.

Mod. Speak then;
But see thy words answer in honest weight
To this proud prelude. Youth! they must be weighty,
T' atone for such a crime.

Vel. If then to give
New nerves to vanquish'd valour, if to 'do,
'What, with the blessing of the Gods, may' save
A bleeding country from oppression's sword,
Be weighty business, know, on our commission,
And on its hop'd success, that weight depends.
Mod. Declare it then at once, briefly and boldly,
Vel. Caractacus is here.
Mod. Say'st thou, proud boy?
'Tis boldly said, and, grant 'twere truly said,
Think'st thou he were not here from fraud or force
As safe as 'midst a camp of conquerors?
Here, youth, he would be guarded by the Gods;
Their own high hostage; and each sacred hair
Of his selected head, would in these caverns
Sleep with the unsunn'd silver of the mine,
As precious and as safe; record the time,
When Mona e'er betray'd the hapless wretch,
That made her groves his refuge.
Vel. Holy Druid!
'Think not so harshly of our enterprize,'
Can force, alas! dwell in our unarm'd hands?
Can fraud in our young bosoms? No, dread seer,
'Our business told, I trust thou'lt soon disclaim
'The vain suspicion; and thy holy ear
'(Be brave Caractacus or here or absent)
'Shall instant learn it.' From the north we come;
The sons of her, whose heav'n-intrusted sway
Blesses the bold Brigantes; men who firmly
Have three long moons withstood those Roman powers,
Which, led by fell Ostorius, still assail
Our frontiers: yet so oft have our stout swords
Repell'd their hot assault, that now, like falcons,

They hang suspended, loth to quit their prey,
Not daring yet to seize it. Such the state
Of us and Rome; 'mid which our prudent mother,
'Resolving what might to her people's weal
'Best sink the dubious scale,' gave us swift charge
To seek the great Caractacus, and call
His valour to her aid, to led her bands,
To fight the cause of Liberty and Britain,
And quell these ravagers.

[CARACTACUS *starts from behind the Altar.*

SCENE III.

CARACTACUS, MODRED, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

Car. And ye have found me;
Friends, ye have found me: lead me to your queen,
And the last purple drop in these old veins
Shall fall for her and Britain.

Mod. Rash, rash Prince!

Vel. Ye blest immortal pow'rs! is this the man,
The more than man, who for nine bloody years
Withstood all Rome? He is; that war-like front,
Seam'd o'er with honest scars, proclaims he is:
Kneel, brother, kneel, while in his royal hand
We lodge the signet: this, in pledge of faith,
Great Cartismandua sends, and with it tells thee
She has a nobler pledge than this behind;
Thy queen——

Car. Guideria!

Vel. Safely with our mother.

Car. How, when, where rescued? mighty Gods, I thank ye!
For it is true, this signet speaks it true.
O tell me briefly.
Vel. In a sally, Prince,
Which, wanting abler chiefs, my gracious mother
Committed to my charge, our troops assail'd
One outwork of the camp; the mask of night
Favour'd our arms, and there my happy hand
Was doom'd 'mid other prisoners to release
The captive matron.
Car. Let me clasp thee, youth,
And thou shalt be my son; I had one, stranger,
Just of thy years; he look'd like thee, right honest;
'Had just that free-born boldness on his brow,'
And yet he fail'd me. Were it not for him,
Who, as thou seest, ev'n at this hour of joy,
Draws tears down mine old cheek, I were as blest
As the great Gods. Oh, he has all disgrac'd
His high-born ancestry! But I'll forget him.
Haste, Evelina, barb my knotty spear,
Bind fast this trusty falchion to my thigh,
My bow, my target—
Mod. Rash Caractacus!
What hast thou done? What dost thou mean to do?
Car. To save my country.
Mod. To betray thyself.
That thou hast done; the rest thou canst not do,
If Heav'n forbids; and of its awful will
Thy fury recks not. 'Has the bleeding victim
'Pour'd a propitious stream? the milk-white steeds
'Unrein'd and neighing pranc'd with fav'ring steps?'
Say, when these youths approach'd, did not a gust

Of livid smoak involve the bickering flame?
Did not the forest tremble? Every omen
Led thee to doubt their honesty of purpose;
'And yet, before their tongues could tell that purpose,
'Ere I had tender'd, as our laws ordain,
'Their test of faith, thy rudeness rush'd before me,
'Infringing my just rights.'
Car. 'Druid, methinks,
'At such a time, in such a cause, reproof
'Might bait its sternness.' Now, by Heav'n, I feel,
Beyond all omens, that within my breast,
Which marshals me to conquest; something here
That snatches me beyond all mortal fears,
Lifts me to where upon her jasper throne
Sits flame-rob'd Victory, who calls me son,
And crowns me with a palm, whose deathless green
Shall bloom when Cæsar's fades.
Mod. Vain confidence!
Car. Yet I submit in all—
Mod. 'Tis meet thou should'st.
Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man;
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods;
Such service is above such sov'reignty,
As well thou know'st: if they should prompt these lips
To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,
What would avail thy daring?
Car. Holy man!
But thou wilt bless it; Heav'n will bid thee bless it;
Thou know'st that, when we fight to save our country,
We fight the cause of Heav'n. The man that falls,
Falls hallow'd; falls a victim for the Gods;
For them and for their altars.
Mod. Valiant Prince!

Or thee, our country's champion. Well we know
The glorious meed of those exalted souls,
Who flame like thee for freedom: mark me, Prince,
The time will come, when Destiny and Death,
Thron'd in a burning car, the thund'ring wheels
Arm'd with gigantic scythes of adamant,
Shall scour this field of life, and in their rear
The fiend Oblivion: kingdoms, empires, worlds,
Melt in the general blaze: when, lo, from high
Andraste darting, catches from the wreck
The roll of fame, claps her ascending plumes,
And stamps on orient stars each patriot name,
Round her eternal dome.

Car. Speak ever thus,
And I will hear thee, 'till attention faint
In heedless extasy.

Mod. This tho' we know,
Let man beware with headlong zeal to rush
Where slaughter calls; it is not courage, Prince,
No, nor the pride and practis'd skill in arms,
That gains this meed: the warrior is no patriot,
Save when, obsequious to the will of Heav'n,
He draws the sword of vengeance.

Car. Surely, Druid,
Such fair occasion speaks the will of Heav'n—

Mod. Monarch, perchance thou hast a fair occasion:
But, if thou hast, the Gods will soon declare it:
Their sov'reign will thou know'st not; this to learn
Demands our search. Ye mortals all retire!
Leave ye the grove to us and Inspiration;
'Nor let a step, or ev'n one glance profane,
'Steal from your caverns.'

[*Exeunt* Caractacus, Vellinus, &c.

SCENE IV.

MODRED, CHORUS.

Mod. Stay, my holy brethren :
Ye time-enobled Seers, whose rev'rend brows
Full eighty winters whiten ; you, ye Bards,
Leoline, Cadwall, Hoel, Cantaber,
Attend upon our slumbers. Wond'rous men,
Ye, whose skill'd fingers know how best to lead,
Thro' all the maze of sound the wayward step
Of Harmony, recalling oft, and oft
Permitting her unbridled course to rush
Thro' dissonance to concord, sweetest then
Ev'n when expected harshest. Mador, thou
Alone shalt lift thy voice ; no choral peal
Shall drown thy solemn warbling ; thou best know'st
That opiate charm which lulls corporeal sense :
Thou hast the key, great Bard ! that best can ope
The portal of the soul ; unlock it straight,
And lead the pensive pilgrim on her way,
Thro' the vast regions of futurity.

ODE.

AIR.

SECOND BARD.

" Hail ! thou harp of Phyrgian frame !
" In years of yore that Camber bore
" From Troy's sepulchral flame :
" With ancient Brute, to Britain's shore
" The mighty minstrel came."

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

FOURTH BARD.

" Sublime upon thy burnish'd prow,
" He bad thy manly modes to flow;

AIR.

" Britain heard the descant bold,
" She flung her white arms o'er the sea;
" Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
" The freight of harmony."

MADOR.

Mute 'till then was ev'ry plain,
Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
Tumbled his tide amain:
And Echo from th' impending wood
Resounded the hoarse strain;
While from the north the sullen gale
With hollow whistlings shook the vale;
Dismal notes, and answer'd soon
By savage howl the heaths among,
What time the wolf doth bay the trembling moon,
And thin the bleating throng.
Thou spok'st, imperial lyre,
The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high
Lapt the land in extasy:
Fancy, the fairy, with thee came;
And Inspiration, bright-ey'd dame,
Oft at thy call would leave her sapphire sky;

And, if not vain the verse presumes,
Ev'n now some chaste Divinity is near:
For lo! the sound of distant plumes
Pants thro' the pathless desart of the air.
'Tis not the flight of her;
'Tis Sleep, her dewy harbinger.

SECOND BARD.

" Change my harp, Oh change thy measures;
" Call, from thy mellifluous treasures,
" Notes that steal on even feet,
" Ever slow, yet never pausing,
" Mixt with many a warble sweet,
" In a ling'ring cadence closing."

MADOR.

Now the pleas'd pow'r sinks gently down the skies,
And seals with hand of down the Druid's slumb'ring eyes.
Thrice I pause, and thrice I sound [*Symphony.*
The central string, and now I ring
(By measur'd lore profound) [*Symphony.*
A sevenfold chime, and sweep, and swing
Above, below, around,
To mix thy music with the spheres,
That warble to immortal ears. [*Symphony.*
Inspiration hears the call;
She rises from her throne above,
And, sudden as the glancing meteors fall,
She comes, she fills the grove.
High her port; her waving hand
A pencil bears; the days, the years,
Arise at her command,
And each obedient colouring wears.

Lo, where Time's pictur'd band
In hues ethereal glide along;
Oh mark the transitory throng;
Now they dazzle, now they die,
Instant they flit from light to shade,
Mark the blue forms of faint futurity,
Oh mark them ere they fade.
Whence was that inward groan?
Why bursts thro' closed lids the tear?
Why uplifts the bristling hair
Its white and venerable shade?
Why down the consecrated head
Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear?
All is not well, the pale-ey'd moon
Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,
Save from the sultry south alone.
The swart star flings his pestilential fire;
Ev'n Sleep herself will fly,
If not recall'd by Harmony.

THIRD BARD.

"Wake, my lyre! thy softest numbers,
"Such as nurse ecstatic slumbers,
"Sweet as tranquil virtue feels
"When the toil of life is ending,
"While from the earth the spirit steals,
"And, on new-born plumes ascending,
"Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,
"'Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay."

Mod. [*waking, speaks.*] It may not be. Avaunt, terrific axe!
Why hangs thy bright edge glaring o'er the grove?

Oh for a giant's nerve to ward the stroke!
It bows, it falls.
Where am I? hush, my soul!
'Twas all a dream. Resume no more the strain:
'The hour is past: my brethren! what ye saw,
'(If what we saw, as by your looks I read,
'Bore like ill omen'd shape) hold it in silence.'
The midnight air falls chilly on my breast;
And now I shiver, now a fev'rish glow
Scorches my vitals. Hark, some step approaches.

SCENE V.

EVELINA, MODRED, CHORUS.

Eve. Thus, with my wayward fears, to burst unbidden
On your dread synod, rousing, as ye seem,
From holy trance, appears a desperate deed,
Ev'n to the wretch who dares it.
Mod. Virgin! quickly
Pronounce the cause.
Eve. Bear with a simple maid
Too prone to fear, perchance my fears are vain.
Mod. But yet declare them.
Eve. I suspect me much
The faith of these Brigantes.
Mod. Say'st thou, Virgin?
Heed what thou say'st; Suspicion is a guest
That in the breast of man, of ireful man,
Too oft' his welcome finds; yet seldom sure
In that submissive calm that smooths the mind
Of maiden innocence.
Eve. I know it well:
Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger:

For while he talks, (and much the flatterer talks)
His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
Of all his boast; 'indeed I mark'd it well;
'And, as my father with the elder held
'Bold speech and warlike, as is still his wont
'When fir'd with hope of conquest;' oft I saw
A sigh unbidden heave the younger's breast,
Half check'd as it was rais'd; sometimes, methought,
His gentle eye would cast a glance on me,
As if he pitied me; and then again
Would fasten on my father, gazing there
To veneration; then he'd sigh again,
Look on the ground, and hang his modest head
Most pensively.

Mod. This may demand, my brethren,
More serious search: Virgin! proceed.

Eve. 'Tis true,
My father, rapt in high heroic zeal,
'His ev'ry thought big with his country's freedom,'
Heeds not the different carriage of these brethren,
'The elder takes him wholly; yet, methinks,
'The younger's manners have, I know not what,
'That speaks him far more artless.' This besides,
Is it not strange, if, as the tale reports,
My mother sojourns with this distant queen,
She should not send or to my sire, or me,
Some fond remembrance of her love? ah! none.
With tears I speak it, none, not her dear blessing
Has reach'd my longing ears.

Mod. The Gods, my brethren,
Inspire these scruples; oft to female softness,
Oft to the purity of virgin souls
Doth heav'n its voluntary light dispense,

When victims bleed in vain. They must be spies.
Hie thee, good Cantaber, and to our presence
Summon the young Brigantian.

Eve. Do not that,
Or, if ye do, yet treat him nothing sternly :
The softest terms from such a tender breast
Will draw confession, and, if ye shall find
The treason ye suspect, forbear to curse him.
(Not that my weakness means to guide your wisdom)
Yet, as I think he would not wittingly
E'er do a deed of baseness, were it granted
That I might question him, my heart forebodes
It more could gain by gentleness and prayers,
Than will the fiercest threats.

Mod. Perchance it may :
And quickly shalt thou try. But see the King!
And with him both the youths.

Eve. Alas! my fears
Forewent my errand, else had I inform'd thee
That therefore did I come, and from my father
To gain admission. Mark the younger Druid,
How sad he seems; oft did he in the cave
So fold his arms——

Mod. We mark him much, and much
The elder's free and dreadless confidence.
Virgin, retire awhile in yonder vale,
Nor, 'till thy royal father quits the grove,
Resume thy station here. [*Exit* Evelina.

SCENE VI.

CARACTACUS, MODRED, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

Carac. Forgive me, Druid!
My eager soul no longer could sustain
The pangs of expectation; 'hence I sent
'The virgin innocence of Evelina,
'Safest to break upon your privacy:
'She not return'd, Oh pardon! that uncall'd
'I follow:' the great cause, I trust, absolves me:
'Tis your's, 'tis freedom's, 'tis the cause of Heav'n;
And sure Heav'n owns it such.
Mod. Caractacus,
All that by sage and sanctimonious rites
Might of the Gods be ask'd, we have essay'd,
And yet, nor to our wish, nor to their wont,
Gave they benign assent.
Car. Death to our hopes!
Mod. While yet we lay in sacred slumber tranc'd,
Sullen and sad to fancy's frighted eye
Did shapes of dun and murky hue advance,
In train tumultuous, 'all of gesture strange,
'And passing horrible;' starting we wak'd,
Yet felt no waking calm; still all was dark,
Still rang our tinkling ears with screams of woe.
Suspicious tremors still——
Vel. Of what suspicious?
Druid, our Queen——
Mod. Restrain thy way-ward tongue,
Insolent youth! in such licentious mood

To interrupt our speech ill suits thy years,
And worse our sanctity.

Car. 'Tis his distress
Makes him forget, what else his reverend zeal
Would pay ye holily. Think what he feels,
Poor youth! who fears yon moon, before she wanes,
May see his country conquer'd; see his mother
The victor's slave, her royal blood debas'd,
Dragging her chains thro' the throng'd streets of Rome,
To grace oppression's triumph. 'Horrid thought!
'Say, can it be that he, whose strenuous youth
'Adds vigour to his virtue, e'er can bear
'This patiently? He comes to ask my aid,
'And, that with-held, (as now he needs must fear)
'What means, alas! are left? Search Britain round,
'What Chief dares cope with Rome? What King but holds
'His loan of power at a Proconsul's will,
'At best a scepter'd slave?'

Vel. Yes, monarch, yes,
If Heav'n restrains thy formidable sword,
Or to its stroke denies that just success
Which Heav'n alone can give, I fear me much
Our Queen, ourselves, nay, Britain's self must perish.

Car. But is not this a fear makes virtue vain?
Tears from yon ministring regents of the sky
Their right? Plucks from firm-handed Providence
The golden reins of sublunary sway,
And gives them to blind Chance? 'If this be so,
'If Tyranny must lord it o'er the earth,
'There's anarchy in Heav'n.' Nay, frown not, Druid,
I do not think 'tis thus.

Mod. We trust thou dost not.

Car. Masters of Wisdom! No: my soul confides

In that all-healing and all-forming Power
Who, on the radiant day when Time was born,
Cast his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,
And calm'd it with a glance: then, plunging deep
His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain
This throne of Freedom, lifted it to light,
Girt it with silver cliffs, and call'd it Britain:
He did, and will preserve it.

Mod. Pious Prince,
In that all-healing and all-forming Power
Still let thy soul confide; but not in men,
No, not in these, ingenuous as they seem,
'Till they are try'd by that high test of faith
Our ancient laws ordain.

Vel. Illustrious Seer!
Methinks our Sov'reign's signet well might plead
Her envoy's faith. Thy pardon, mighty Druid,
Not for ourselves, but for our Queen we plead;
Mistrusting us, ye wound her honour.

Mod. Peace;
Our will admits no parley. Thither, youths,
Turn your astonish'd eyes; behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him, whose breast is pure; but to a traitor,
Tho' ev'n a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
It stands as fixt as Snowdon. No reply;
The Gods command that one of you must now
Approach and try it: in your snowy vests,

Ye priests, involve the lots, and to the younger,
As is our wont, tender the choice of Fate.
Eli. Heav'ns! is it fall'n on me?
Mod. Young Prince, it is;
Prepare thee for thy trial.
Eli. Gracious Gods!
Who may look up to your tremendous thrones,
And say his breast is pure? All-searching Powers,
Ye know already how and what I am;
And what ye mean to publish me in Mona,
To that I yield and tremble.
Car. Rouse thee, youth!
And, with that courage honest Truth supplies,
(For sure ye both are true) haste to the trial;
Behold I lead thee on.
Mod. Prince, we arrest,
Thy hasty step: Know, e'er he meet that trial,
He must be plung'd into the dark drear womb
Of this deep cavern, which the yawning earth,
Struck with our wand, now opens to thy view.
A thousand rugged steps of moss-grown rock
Lead to its horrible base. Low as that base,
Where never ray of chearing light yet shot,
The youth must now descend; there shall he sit,
With solitude and silence compass'd round,
Till our recalling clarion bids him climb
Again to our dread presence. Meanwhile there,
Ev'n in the centre of that perilous pit,
The solemn recollection of his deeds
Done, or design'd, shall pass in cold review
Before him; horror then shall shake his soul,
If, in the varied file, one deed be found

Alien to Truth and Virtue. [Elidurus *descends.*
To thy charge,
Caractacus, his brother we consign.
Guard him in yonder cave. The trial past,
Again will we confer, touching that part
Which Heav'n's high will ordains thee to perform.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws up, while a slow March is played. MODRED, *&c. open the Cavern in which* ELIDURUS *was confined: they lead him in Procession round the Altar, and from thence to the rocking Stone: then the following Ode is performed by* MADOR *and the Bards.*

ODE.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

SECOND BARD.

" THOU spirit pure, that spread'st unseen,
" Thy pinions o'er this pond'rous sphere,
" And, breathing thro' each rigid vein,
" Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass,
" And bid'st it bow upon its base,
" When sov'reign Truth is near:

FULL CHORUS.

" Spirit invisible! to thee
" We swell the solemn harmony.

AIR and CHORUS.

" Hear us, and aid:

" Thou that in Virtue's cause
" O'er-rulest Nature's laws,
" Oh hear, and aid with influence high
" The sons of Peace and Piety."

MADOR.

First-born of that ethereal tribe
Call'd into birth ere time or place,
Whom wave nor wind can circumscribe,
Heirs of the liquid liberty of Light,
That float on rainbow pennons bright
Thro' all the wilds of space,
Yet thou alone of all thy kind
Can'st range the regions of the mind,
Thou only know'st
That dark meandring maze,
Where wayward Falsehood strays,
And, seizing swift the lurking sprite,
Forcest her forth to shame and light.
Thou can'st enter the dark cell
Where the vulture Conscience slumbers,
And, unarm'd by charming spell,
Or magic numbers,
Can'st rouse her from her formidable sleep,
And bid her dart her raging talons deep;
Yet, ah! too seldom doth the furious fiend
Thy bidding wait; vindictive, self-prepar'd,
She knows her torturing time; too sure to tear
The trembling heart, when Virtue quits her guard
Pause then, celestial guest!
And brooding on thine adamantine sphere,
If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud declare:
To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

FOURTH BARD.

" Pause then, celestial guest!
" And, brooding on thine adamantine sphere,
" If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud declare:
" To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest."

FULL CHORUS.

" To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest."

MODRED.

Heard'st thou the awful invocation, youth,
Rapt in those holy harpings?

ELIDURUS.

Sage, I did;
And it came o'er my soul as doth the thunder,
While distant yet, it, with expected burst,
Threatens the trembling ear. Now to the trial.

MODRED.

Ere that, bethink thee well what's rig'rous doom
Attends thine act, if failing, certain death:
So certain, that in our absolving tongues
Rests not that power may save thee: Thou must die.

SCENE II.

EVELINA, ELIDURUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Eve. Die, say'st thou? Druid!

Eli. Evelina here!
Lead to the rock.

Mod. No, youth, awhile we spare thee;
And, in our stead, permit this royal maiden
To urge thee first with virgin gentleness;
Respect our clemency, and meet her questions
With answers prompt and true; so may'st thou 'scape
A sterner trial.

Eli. Rather to the rock——

Eve. Dost thou disdain me, Prince? Lost as I am,
Methinks the daughter of Caractacus
Might merit milder treatment: I was born
To royal hopes and promise, nurs'd i' th' lap
Of soft prosperity; alas the change!
I meant but to address a few brief words
To this young Prince, and he doth turn his eye,
And scorns to answer me.

Eli. Scorn thee, sweet maid?
No, 'tis the fear——

Eve. And can'st thou fear me, youth?
Ev'n while I led a life of royalty,
I bore myself to all with meek deportment,
In nothing harsh, or cruel: and, howe'er
Misfortune works upon the minds of men,
(For some they say it turns to very stone)
Mine I am sure it softens. Wert thou guilty,
Yet I should pity thee; nay, wert thou leagu'd
To load this suffering heart with more misfortunes,
Still should I pity thee; nor e'er believe
Thou would'st, on free and voluntary choice,
Betray the innocent.

Eli. Indeed I would not.

Eve. No, gracious youth, I do believe thou would'st not:
For on thy brow the liberal hand of Heav'n
Has portray'd Truth as visible and bold,

As were the pictur'd suns that deck'd the brows
Of our brave ancestors. Say then, young Prince,
(For therefore have I wish'd to question thee)
Bring ye no token of a mother's fondness
To her expecting child? 'Gentle thou seemest,
'And sure that gentleness would prompt thine heart
'To visit, and to sooth, with courteous office,
'Distress like her's.' A captive and a queen
Has more than common claim for pity, Prince,
And, ev'n the ills of venerable age
Were cause enough to move thy tender nature.
The tears o'er-charge thine eye. Alas, my fears!
Sickness or sore infirmity had seiz'd her,
Before thou left'st the palace, else her lips
Had to thy care intrusted some kind message,
And blest her hapless daughter by thy tongue.
Would she were here!

Eli. Would Heav'n she were!

Eve. Ah, why?

Eli. Because you wish it.

Eve. Thanks, ingenuous youth,
For this thy courtesy. Yet if the queen
Thy mother shines with such rare qualities,
As late thy brother boasted, she will calm
Her woes, and I shall clasp her aged knees
Again, in peace and liberty.—— Alas!
He speaks not; all my fears are just.

Eli. What fears?
The Queen Guideria is not dead.

Eve. Not dead!
But is she in that happy state of freedom,
Which we were taught to hope? Why sigh'st thou, youth?

Thy years have yet been prosp'rous. Did thy father
E'er lose a kingdom? Did captivity
E'er seize thy shrieking mother? Thou can'st go
To yonder cave, and find thy brother safe:
He is not lost as mine is. Youth, thou sigh'st
Again; thou hast not sure such cause for sorrow;
But if thou hast, give me thy griefs, I pray thee;
I have a heart can softly sympathize,
And sympathy is soothing.

Eli. O Gods! Gods!
She tears my soul. What shall I say?

Eve. Perchance,
For all in this bad world must have their woes,
Thou too hast thine; and may't, like me, be wretched.
Haply amid the ruinous waste of war,
'Mid that wild havock,' which these sons of blood
Bring on our groaning country, some chaste maid,
Whose tender soul was link'd by love to thine,
Might fall the trembling prey to Roman rage,
Ev'n at the golden hour, when holy rites
Had seal'd your virtuous vows. If it were so,
Indeed I pity her!

Eli. Not that: not that.
Never 'till now did beauty's matchless beam——
But I am dumb.

Eve. Why that dejected eye?
And why this silence? That some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.
Why then refuse it words? The heart, that bleeds
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
'Tis only, when with inbred horror smote

At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself. But thou, good youth—
Eli. Cease, royal maid! permit me to depart.—
Eve. Yet hear me, stranger! Truth and Secrecy,
Tho' friends, are seldom necessary friends—
Eli. I go to try my truth.—
Eve. O go not hence
In wrath; think not that I suspect thy virtue:
Yet ignorance may oft make virtue slide,
And if——
Eli. In pity spare me.
Eve. If thy brother——
Nay, start not, do not turn thine eye from mine.
Speak, I conjure thee, is his purpose honest?
I know the guilty price that barbarous Rome
Sets on my father's head; and gold, vile gold,
Has now a charm for Britons: 'Brib'd by this,
'Should he betray him'——Yes, I see thou shudder'st
At the dire thought; yet not, as if 'twere strange;
But as our fears were mutual. Ah, young stranger,
That open face scarce needs a tongue to utter
What works within. Come then, ingenuous Prince,
And instant make discovery to the Druid,
While yet 'tis not too late.
Eli. Ah! what discover?
Say, whom must I betray?
Eve. Thy brother.
Eli. Ha!
Eve. Who is no brother, if his guilty soul
Teems with such perfidy. O all ye stars!
Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
Who would betray an old and honour'd king,

That king his countryman, and one whose prowess
Once guarded Britain 'gainst th' assailing world?
Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
Who from a young, defenceless, innocent maid,
Would take that king, her father? Make her suffer
All that an orphan suffers? More perchance:
The ruffian foe.—O tears, ye choak my utterance!
'Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
'Who would defile his soul by such black deeds?'
It cannot be—And yet, thou still art silent.
Turn, youth, and see me weep. Ah, see me kneel:
I am of royal blood, not wont to kneel,
Yet will I kneel to thee. O save my father!
Save a distressful maiden from the force
Of barbarous men! Be thou a brother to me,
For mine, alas!—ha! [*Sees* Arviragus *entering.*

SCENE III.

ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA, ELIDURUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Arv. Evelina, rise!
Know, maid, I ne'er will tamely see thee kneel,
Ev'n at the foot of Cæsar.
Eve. 'Tis himself:
And he will prove my father's fears were false,
False, as his son is brave. Thou best of brothers,
Come to my arms. Where hast thou been, thou wanderer?
How wer't thou sav'd? Indeed, Arviragus,
I never shed such tears, since thou wer't lost,
For these are tears of rapture.
Arv. Evelina!

Fain would I greet thee as a brother ought!
But wherefore didst thou kneel?

Eve. Oh! ask not now.

Arv. By heav'n I must, and he must answer me,
Who'er he be. What art thou, sullen stranger?

Eli. A Briton.

Arv. Brief and bold.

Eve. Ah, spare the taunt:
He merits not thy wrath. Behold the Druids;
Lo, they advance: with holy reverence first
Thou must address their sanctity.

Arv. I will.
But see, proud boy, thou dost not quit the grove,
Till time allows us parley.

Eli. Prince, I mean not. [Elidurus *retires among the Chorus.*

Arv. Sages, and sons of Heav'n! Illustrious Druids!
Abruptly I approach your sacred presence:
Yet such dire tidings———

Mod. On thy peril, peace!
Thou stand'st accused, and by a father's voice,
Of crimes abhorr'd, of cowardice and flight;
And therefore may'st not in these sacred groves
Utter polluted accents. Quickly say,
Wherefore thou fled'st? For, that base fact unclear'd,
We hold no further converse.

Arv. O ye Gods!
Am I the son of your Caractacus?
And could I fly?

Mod. Waste not or time or words:
But tell us, why thou fled'st.

Arv. I fled not, Druid!
By the great Gods I fled not! save to stop
Our dastard troops, that basely turn'd their backs.

I stop, I rallied them, when lo, a shaft
Of random cast did level me with earth,
Where, pale and senseless as the slain around me,
I lay till midnight: then, as from long trance
Awoke, I crawl'd upon my feeble limbs
To a lone cottage, where a pitying hind
Lodg'd me and nourish'd me. My strength repair'd,
Need I repeat the arts I us'd to screen me?
How now a peasant, from a beggarly scrip
I sold cheap food to slaves, that nam'd the price,
Nor after gave it. Now a minstrel poor,
With ill-tun'd harp and uncouth descant shrill,
I ply'd a thriftless trade, and by such shifts
Did win obscurity to shroud my name.
At length to other conquests in the north
Ostorius led his legions. Safer now,
Yet not secure, I to some valiant chiefs,
Whom war had spar'd, discover'd what I was;
And with them plann'd how surest we might draw
Our scatter'd forces to some rocky fastness
In rough Caernarvon, there to breathe in freedom,
If not with brave incursion to oppress
The thinly-station'd foe. And soon our art
So well avail'd, that now on Snowdon's foot
Full twenty troops of hardy veterans wait
To call my sire their leader.

Mod. Valiant youth——

Eve. He is—I said he was a valiant youth,
Nor has he sham'd his race. Yes, I will fly,
And bless him with the news. [*Exit* Evelina.

SCENE IV.

MODRED, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS.

Mod. We do believe
Thy modest tale: and may the righteous Gods
Thus ever shed upon thy noble breast
Discretion's cooling dew. When nurtur'd so,
Then, only then, doth valour bloom mature.
Arv. Yet vain is valour, howso'er it bloom.
Druid, the Gods frown on us. All my hopes
Are blasted; I shall ne'er rejoin my friends;
Ne'er bless them with my father. Holy men,
I have a tale to tell, will shake your souls.—
Your Mona is invaded. Rome approaches,
Ev'n to these groves approaches.
Mod. Horror! horror!
Arv. Late, as I landed on yon highest beach,
Where nodding from the rocks the poplars fling
Their scatter'd arms, and dash them in the wave,
There were their vessels moor'd, as if they sought
Concealment in the shade, and as I past
Up yon thick-planted ridge, I 'spy'd their helms
'Mid brakes and boughs trench'd in the heath below,
Where like a nest of night-worms did they glitter,
Sprinkling the plain with brightness. On I sped
With silent step, yet oft did pass so near,
'Twas next to prodigy I 'scap'd unseen.
Mod. Their numbers, Prince?
Arv. Few, if mine hasty eye
Did find, and count them all.

Mod. O brethren, brethren!
Treason and sacrilege, worse foes than Rome,
Have led Rome hither. Instant seize that wretch
And bring him to our presence.

SCENE V.

MODRED, ELIDURUS, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS.

Mod. Say, thou false one!
What doom befits the slave who sells his country?
Eli. Death, sudden death.
Mod. No, ling'ring piece-meal death;
And to such death thy brother and thyself
We now devote. Villain, thy deeds are known!
'Tis known ye led the impious Romans hither
To slaughter us ev'n on our holy altars.
Eli. That on my soul doth lie some secret grief,
These looks perforce will tell. It is not fear,
Druids, it is not fear that shakes me thus;
The great Gods know it is not; ye can never:
For, what tho' wisdom lifts ye next those Gods,
Ye cannot, like to them, unlock mens' breasts,
And read their inmost thoughts. Ah! that ye could.
Arv. What hast thou done?
Eli. What, Prince, I will not tell.
Mod. Wretch, there are means——
Eli. I know, and terrible means;
And 'tis both fit that you should try those means,
And I endure them: yet I think my patience
Will for some space baffle your torturing fury.

Mod. Be that best known, when our inflicted goads
Harrow thy flesh!

Arv. Stranger, ere this is try'd,
Confess the whole of thy black perfidy;
So black, that when I look upon thy youth,
Read thy mild eye, and mark thy modest brow,
I think, indeed, thou durst not.

Eli. Such a crime,
Indeed, I durst not; and would rather be
The very wretch thou seest. I'll speak no more.

Mod. Brethren 'tis so. The Virgin's thoughts were just:
This youth has been deceiv'd.

Eli. Yes, one word more:
You say, the Romans have invaded Mona.
Give me a sword and twenty honest Britons,
And I will quell those Romans. Vain demand!
Alas! you cannot: ye are men of peace:
Religion's self forbids. Lead them to torture.

Arv. Now on my soul this youth doth move me much.

Mod. Think not religion and our holy office
Doth teach us tamely, like the bleating lamb,
To crouch before oppression, and with neck
Outstretch'd await the stroke. 'Mistaken boy!
'Did not strict justice claim thee for her victim,
'We might full safely send thee to these Romans,
'Inviting their hot charge.' Know, when I blow
That sacred trumpet bound with sable fillets
To yonder branching oak, the awful sound
Calls forth a thousand Britons train'd alike
In holy and in martial exercise,
Not by such mode and rule, as Romans use,
But of that fierce portentous horrible sort,
As shall appall ev'n Romans.

Eli. Gracious Gods!
Then there are hopes indeed. Oh call them instant;
This Prince will lead them on: I'll follow him,
Tho' in my chains, and some way dash them round
To harm the haughty foe.
Arv. A thousand Britons!
And arm'd! O instant blow the sacred trump,
And let me head them. Yet methinks this youth—
Mod. I know, what thou would'st say—might join thee, Prince.
True; were he free from crime, or had confest.
Eli. Confest! Ah, think not, I will e'er—
Arv. Reflect.
Either thyself or brother must have wrong'd us:
Then why conceal—
Eli. Hast thou a brother? No!
Else hads't thou spar'd the word; and yet a sister,
Lovely as thine, might more than teach thee, Prince,
What 'tis to have a brother. Hear me, Druids,
Tho' I would prize an hour of freedom now,
Before an age of any after date;
Tho' I would seize it as the gift of Heav'n,
And use it as Heav'n's gift; yet do not think
I so will purchase it. Give it me freely,
I yet will spurn the boon, and hug my chains,
Till you do swear by your own hoary heads,
My brother shall be safe.
Mod. Excellent youth!
Thy words do speak thy soul, and such a soul
As wakes our wonder. Thou art free; thy brother
Shall be thine honour's pledge: so will we use him,
As thou art false or true.
Eli. I ask no other.

Arv. Thus then, my fellow soldier, to thy clasp
I give the hand of friendship. Noble youth,
We'll speed, or die together.
Mod. Hear us, Prince!
Mona permits not that he fight her battles
Till duly purified: for tho' his soul
Took up unwittingly this deed of baseness,
Yet is lustration meet. Learn, that in vice
There is a noisome rankness, 'unperceiv'd
'By gross corporeal sense,' which so offends
Heav'n's pure divinities, as us the stench
Of vapour wafted from sulphureous pool,
Or pois'nous weed obscene. Hence doth the man,
Who ev'n converses with a villain, need
As much purgation as the pallid wretch
'Scap'd from the walls, where frowning pestilence
Spreads wide her livid banners. For this cause,
Ye priests, conduct the youth to yonder grove,
And do the needful rites. [*Exeunt Priests with* Elidurus.
For thee, brave Prince,
Some fit repose is needful. To our cave,
Behold, we lead thee; and, some moments there
To that repose allow'd, we then will bless
Thy duteous eyes with their dear father's presence.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers MODRED *and the* CHORUS *before the altar: then, on one side, enter* CARACTACUS *and* EVELINA; *on the other,* ARVIRAGUS.

CARACTACUS ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS, EVELINA.

Caractacus.

O MY Arviragus! my son! my son!
What joy, what transport, doth thine aged sire
Feel in these filial foldings! Speak not, boy,
Nor interrupt that heart-felt ecstacy
Should strike us mute. I know what thou would'st say,
Yet, pr'ythee, peace. Thy sister's voice hath clear'd thee,
And, could excuse find words at this blest moment,
Trust me, I'd give it vent. But, 'tis enough;
Thy father welcomes thee to him and honour:
Honour, that now with rapt'rous certainty
Calls thee his own true offspring. Dost thou weep?
Ah, if thy tears swell not from joy's free spring,
I beg thee, spare them. I have done thee wrong,
Can make thee no atonement: none, alas!
Thy father scarce can bless thee as he ought;
Unblest himself, beset with foes around,
Bereft of queen, of kingdom, and of soldiers,
He can but give thee portion of his dangers,
Perchance and of his chains: yet droop not, boy,
Virtue is still thy own.

Arv. It is, my father!
Pure as from thine illustrious fount it came;

And that unsullied, let the world oppress us;
Let fraud and falsehood rivet fetters on us;
Still shall our souls be free: yet hope is ours,
As well as virtue.

Car. Spoken like a Briton.
True, hope is ours, and therefore let's prepare:
The moments now are precious. Tell us, Druid,
Is it not meet we see the bands drawn out,
And mark their due array?

Mod. Monarch, ev'n now
They skirt the grove.

Car. Then let us to their front.

Mod. But is the traitor-youth in safety lodg'd?

Car. Druid, he fled———

Mod. O fatal flight to Mona!

Car. But what of that? Arviragus is here,
My son is here: let then the traitor go.
By this he has join'd the Romans: let him join them;
A single arm, and that a villain's arm,
Can lend but little aid to any powers
Oppos'd to truth and virtue. Come, my son,
Let's to the troops, and marshal them with speed.
That done, we from these venerable men
Will claim their ready blessing: then to battle;
And the swift sun, ev'n at his purple dawn,
Shall spy us crown'd with conquest, or with death.

[*Exeunt* Caractacus *and* Arviragus.

SCENE II.

MODRED, EVELINA, CHORUS.

Mod. What may his flight portend? Say, Evelina!
How came this youth to 'scape?
Eve. And that to tell
Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,
I flew with eager haste to bear my father
News of his son's return. 'Enflam'd with that,
'Think, how a sister's zealous breast must glow!
'Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed
'With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear
'To pour the precious tidings.' But my tongue
Scarce nam'd Arviragus, ere the false stranger
'(As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace,'
Fled to the cavern's mouth,
Mod. The king pursued?
Eve. Alas! he mark'd him not, for 'twas the moment,
When he had all to ask, and all to fear,
Touching my brother's valour. 'Hitherto
'His safety only, which but little mov'd him,
'Had reach'd his ears: but when my tongue unfolded
'The story of his bravery and his peril,
'O how the tears cours'd plenteous down his cheeks!
'How did he lift unto the heav'ns his hands
'In speechless transport!' Yet he soon bethought him
Of Rome's invasion, and with fiery glance
Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,
And menac'd to pursue the flying traitor:

But I with prayers (O pardon, if they err'd)
Withheld his step, for to the left the youth
Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood
Afforded sure retreat. 'Besides, if found,
'Was age a match for youth?'
Mod. Maiden, enough.
Better, perchance, for us, if he were captive:
But in the justice of their cause, and Heav'n,
Do Mona's sons confide.

SCENE III.

BARD, MODRED, ELIDURUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

Bard. Druid, the rites
Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,
And which pertains to thy blest hand alone:
For that he kneels before thee.
Mod. Take him hence,
We may not trust him forth to fight our cause.
Eli. Now by Andraste's throne——
Mod. Nay, swear not, youth;
The tie is broke, that held thy fealty;
Thy brother's fled.
El. Fled!
Mod. To the Romans fled.
Yes; thou hast cause to tremble.
El. Ah, Vellinus!
Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end?
Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me?
Yes; and how left me, cruel as thou art,
The victim of thy crimes!

Mod. True; thou must die.

Eli. I pray ye then, on your best mercy, fathers,
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,
If this be life: yet I must doubt ev'n that;
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort
Sets firm-ey'd Reason on a gaze, mistrusting
That what she sees in palpable plain form,
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these caverns,
Are all mere tricks of cozenage; nothing real;
The vision of a vision. If he's fled,
I ought to hate this brother.

Mod. Yet thou dost not.

Eli. But when astonishment will give me leave,
Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother;
And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans!
Yes, I must die before my thirsty sword
Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye robbers!
Yet will I curse you with my dying lips:
'Twas you that stole away my brother's virtue.

Mod. Now then prepare to die.

Eli. I am prepar'd.
Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)
By manly prowess guard this lovely maid,
Permit that on your holiest earth I kneel,
And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.
Allow me this; for, though you think me false,
The Gods will hear me.

Eve. I can hold no longer!
O Druid, Druid, at thy feet I fall!
Yes, I must plead (away with virgin blushes)
For such a youth must plead. I'll die to save him.
O take my life, and let him fight for Mona.

Mod. Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,

And he shall fight for thee and for his country.
Youth, thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,
And now with reverence take our high lustration:
Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew
Shook from the May-thorn blossom; twice and thrice
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand:
Now thou art fully purg'd. Now rise restor'd
To virtue and to us. Hence then, my son,
Hie thee to yonder altar, where our Bards
Shall arm thee duly both with helm and sword
For warlike enterprize. [*Exit* Elidurus.

SCENE IV.

CARACTACUS, MODRED, ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

Car. 'Tis true, my Son,
Bold are their bearings, and I fear me not
But they have hearts will not belie their looks.
I like them well. Yet would to righteous heav'n
Those valiant veterans that on Snowdon guard
Their scanty pittance of bleak liberty
Were here to join them; we would teach these wolves,
Tho' we permit their rage to prowl our coasts,
That vengeance waits them ere they rob our altars.
Hail, Druid, hail! we find thy valiant guards
Accoutred so, as well bespeaks the wisdom
That fram'd their phalanx. We but wait thy blessing
To lead them 'gainst the foe.

Mod. Caractacus!
Behold this sword: The sword of old Belinus,
Stain'd with the blood of giants, and its name
TRIFINGUS. Many an age its charmed blade

Has slept within yon consecrated trunk.
Lo, I unsheath it, King! 'I wave it o'er thee:
'Mark, what portentous streams of scarlet light
''Flow from the brandish'd falchion.' On thy knee
Receive the sacred pledge.—And mark our words:—
By the bright circle of the golden sun;
By the brief courses of the errant moon;
By the dread potency of every star
That studs the mystic zodiac's burning girth;
By each, and all of these supernal signs,
We do adjure thee with this trusty blade,
To guard yon central oak, whose holy stem
Involves the spirit of high Taranis:
This be thy charge; to which in aid we join
Ourselves, and our sage brethren. With our vassals
Thy son and the Brigantian Prince shall make
Incursion on the foe.

Car. In this, and all,
'Your holy will be done.' Yet surely, Druid,
The fresh and active vigour of these youths
Might better suit with this important charge.
Not that my heart shrinks at the glorious task,
But will with ready zeal pour forth its blood
Upon the sacred roots, my firmest courage
Might fail to save. Yet, Fathers, I am old;
And if I fell the foremost in the onset,
Should leave a son behind, might still defend you.

Mod. The sacred adjuration we have utter'd
May never be recall'd.

Car. Then be it so.
But do not think I counsel this thro' fear:
Old as I am, I trust with half our powers
I could drive back these Romans to their ships;

Dastards, that come as doth the cow'ring fowler
To tangle me with snares and take me tamely:
Slaves, they shall find, that ere they gain their prey,
They have to hunt it boldly with barb'd spears,
And meet such conflict as the chased boar
Gives to his stout assailants. O ye Gods!
That I might instant face them.

Mod. Be thy son's
The onset.

Arv. From his soul that son doth thank ye,
Blessing the wisdom that preserves his father
Thus to the last. 'Oh, if the fav'ring Gods
'Direct this arm, if their high will permit,
'I pour a prosperous vengeance on the foe;
'I ask for life no longer, than to crown
'The valiant task.' Steel then, ye powers of Heav'n,
Steel my firm soul with your own fortitude,
Free from alloy of passion. Give me courage,
That knows not rage; revenge, that knows not malice;
Let me not thirst for carnage, but for conquest:
And, conquest gain'd, sleep vengeance in my breast,
Ere in its sheath my sword.

Car. O hear his father!
If ever rashness spurr'd me on, great Gods,
To acts of danger thirsting for renown;
If e'er my eager soul pursued its course
Beyond just reason's limit, visit not
My faults on him. I am the thing you made me,
Vindictive, bold, precipitate, and fierce:
But as you gave to him a milder mind,
Oh bless him, bless him with a milder fate!

Eve. Nor yet unheard let Evelina pour
Her pray'rs and tears. Oh hear a hapless maid,

That ev'n thro' half the years her life has number'd,
Ev'n nine long years has dragg'd a trembling being,
Beset with pains and perils. Give her peace;
And, to endear it more, be that blest peace
Won by her brother's sword. Oh bless his arm,
And bless his valiant followers—One—and all.

Eli. [*entering armed.*] Hear, Heav'n! and let this pure and virgin prayer
Plead ev'n for Elidurus, whose sad soul
Cannot look up to your immortal thrones,
And urge his own request: else would he ask,
That all the dangers of the approaching fight
Might fall on him alone; that every spear
The Romans wield might at his breast be aim'd;
Each arrow darted on his rattling helm;
That so the brother of this beauteous maid,
Returning safe with victory and peace,
Might bear them to her bosom.

Mod. Now rise all,
And Heav'n, that knows, what most ye ought to ask,
Grant all ye ought to have. Behold, the stars
Are faded; universal darkness reigns.
Now is the dreadful hour, now will our torches
Glare with more livid horror, now our shrieks
And clanking arms will more appall the foe.
But heed, ye Bards, that for the sign of onset,
Ye sound the antientest of all your rhymes,
Whose birth tradition notes not, nor who fram'd
Its lofty strains: the force of that high air
Did Julius feel, when, fir'd by it, our fathers
First drove him recreant to his ships; 'and ill
'Had far'd his second landing, but that fate
'Silenc'd the master Bard, who led the song.'

Now forth, brave Pair! Go, with our blessing go;
Mute be the march, as ye ascend the hill:
Then, when ye hear the sound of our shrill trumpet,
Fall on the foe.

Car. And glory be thy guide;
Pride of my soul, go forth and conquer.

Eve. Brother,
Yet one embrace. O thou much honour'd stranger,
I charge thee fight by my dear brother's side,
And shield him from the foe; for he is brave,
And will with bold and well-directed arm
Return thy succour. [*Exeunt* Arviragus *and* Elidurus.

Mod. Now, ye Priests, with speed
Strew on the altar's height your sacred leaves,
And light the morning flame. But why is this?
Why doth our brother Mador snatch his harp
From yonder bough? Why this way bend his step?

Car. He is entranc'd. The fillet bursts that bound
His liberal locks; his snowy vestments fall
In ampler folds; and all his floating form
Doth seem to glisten with divinity!
Yet is he speechless. Say, thou Chief of Bards,
What is there in this airy vacancy,
That thou with fiery and irregular glance
Should'st scan thus wildly? Wherefore heaves thy breast?
Why starts———

ODE.

MADOR.

Hark! [*Symphony behind the scenes.*
Hark! [*Symphony louder.*
Hark! [*Full Symphony.*

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
'Twas Death.—In haste
The warrior past;
High tower'd his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I 'spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry air.
On me (he cry'd) my Britons, wait,
To lead you to the field of fate
I come: Yon car,
That cleaves the air,
Descends to throne my state:
I mount your Champion and your God.
My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong:
Hark! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud!
Hark! to my clarion shrill, that brays the woods among?

FULL CHORUS.

"He mounts our Champion and our God.
"His proud steeds neigh beneath the thong:
"Hark! to his wheels of brass, that rattle loud!
"Hark! to his clarion shrill, that brays the woods among."

[*Here one of the Druids blows the sacred trumpet.*

MADOR.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
Fear not now the death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
Bed-rid age with feeble moan:
These domestic terrors wait
Hourly at my palace gate;

And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
These on the tyrant king and coward slave,
Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their grave.

But ye, my sons, at this high hour
Shall share the fullness of my pow'r:
From all your bows,
In levell'd rows,
My own dread shafts shall shower.
Go then to conquest, gladly go,
Deal forth my dole of destiny,
With all my fury dash the trembling foe
Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale spectres lie;
Where creeps the nine-fold stream profound
Her black inexorable round,
And on the bank,
To willows dank,
The shivering ghosts are bound.
Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,
Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell:
Nor such the meed that crowns the sons of Liberty.

No, my Britons! battle-slain,
Rapture gilds your parting hour:
I, that all despotic reign,
Claim but there a moment's power.
Swiftly the soul of British flame
Animates some kindred frame,
Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
Exults again in martial ecstacies,
Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

FULL CHORUS.

" The godlike soul of British flame
" Animates some kindred frame,
" Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
" Exults again in martial ecstacies,
" Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies."

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CARACTACUS *enters hastily, but with-held by* MODRED *and the* CHORUS.

Caractacus.

DRUID, with-hold me not. The thundering voice
Still rolls around my ear. Death calls to arms—
Hark! Hark! he calls again! Champion, lead on,
I follow; give me way, my soul is British;
Does he not say unconquer'd, undismay'd,
The British soul revives? Yes, some blest shaft
Shall rid me of this clog of cumb'rous age;
And I again shall in some happier mould
Rise to redeem my country.

Mod. Stay thee, Prince,
And mark what clear and amber-skirted clouds
Rise from the altar's verge, and cleave the skies:
Oh 'tis a prosperous omen! Soon expect
To hear glad tidings.

Car. I will send them to thee.

Mod. But see, a Bard approaches, and he bears them:
Else is his eye no herald to his heart.

SCENE II.

BARD, MODRED, CARACTACUS, CHORUS.

Car. Speedily tell thy tale.
Bard. A tale like mine,
I trust, your ears will willingly pursue
Thro' each glad circumstance. First, Monarch, learn,
The Roman troop is fled.
Mod. Great Gods, we thank ye!
Car. Fought they not ere they fled? Oh tell me all.
Bard. Silent, as night, that wrapt us in her veil,
We pac'd up yonder hill, 'whose woody ridge
'O'erhung the ambush'd foe. No sound was heard,
'Step felt, or sight descry'd;' for safely hid
Beneath the purple pall of sacrifice
Did sleep our holy fire, nor saw the air,
Till to that pass we came, where whilom Brute
Planted his five hoar altars. To our rites
Then swift we hasted, and in one short moment
Each rocky pile was cloth'd with livid flame.
Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice
Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe.
Now wak'd our horrid symphony, now all
Our harps terrific rang: meanwhile the grove
Trembled, the altars shook, and thro' our ranks
Our sacred sisters rush'd in sable robes,
With hair dishevel'd and funeral brands,
Hurl'd round with menacing fury. On they rush'd
In fierce and frantic mood, as is their wont
Amid the magic rites they do to Night

In their deep dens below. Motions like these
Were never dar'd before in open air!

Mod. Did I not say we had a power within us,
That might appal ev'n Romans?

Bard. And it did.
They stood aghast, and to our vollied darts,
'That thick as hail fell on their helms and corslets,'
Scarce rais'd a warding shield. The sacred trumpet
Then rent the air, and instant at the signal
Rush'd down Arviragus with all our vassals;
A hot, but short-liv'd, conflict then ensued:
For soon they fled. I saw the Romans fly,
Before I left the field.

Car. My son pursued?

Bard. The Prince and Elidurus, like twin lions,
Did side by side engage. Death seem'd to guide
Their swords, no stroke fell fruitless, every wound
Gave him a victim.

Car. 'Thus my friend Ebrancus!
'Ill-fated Prince! didst thou and I in youth
'Unite our valours. In his prime he fell,
'On Conway's banks. I saw him fall, and slew
'His murderer.—But' how far did they pursue?

Bard. Ev'n to the ships: for I descry'd the rout,
Far as the twilight gleam would aid my sight.

Car. Now, thanks to the bright star that rul'd his birth;
Yes, he will soon return to claim my blessing,
And he shall have it pour'd in tears of joy
On his bold breast!—Methought I heard a step:
Is it not his?

Bard. 'Tis some of our own train,
And, as I think, they lead six Romans captive.

SCENE III.

MODRED, CARACTACUS, CAPTIVES, CHORUS.

Mod. My brethren, bear the prisoners to the cavern,
'Till we demand them.'

Car. 'Pause ye yet awhile.
'They seem of bold demeanor, and have helms
'That speak them leaders. Hear me, Romans, hear.
'That you are captives, is the chance of war:
'Yet captives as ye are, in Britain's eye
'You are not slaves. Barbarians tho' you call us,
'We know the native rights man claims from man,
'And therefore never shall we gall your necks
'With chains, or drag you at our scythed cars
'In arrogance of triumph. Nor, till taught
'By Rome (what Britain sure should scorn to learn)
'Her avarice, will we barter ye for gold.
'True, ye are captives, and our country's safety
'Forbids we give you back to liberty:
'We give you therefore to the immortal Gods,
'To them we lift ye in the radiant cloud
'Of sacrifice. They may in limbs of freedom
'Replace your free-born souls, and their high mercy
'Haply shall to some better world advance you;
'Or else in this restore that golden gift,
'Which lost, leaves life a burden. Does there breathe
'A wretch so pall'd with the vain fear of death,
'Can call this cruelty? 'tis love, 'tis mercy.
'And grant, ye Gods, if e'er I'm made a captive
'I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,
'Whose stronger star quells mine. Now lead them on,
'And,' while they live, treat them as men should men,

And not as Rome treats Britain. [*Exeunt* Captives.
'Druid, these,
'Ev'n should their chief escape, may blaze to-morrow
'Our gatitude—Whence was that shriek?'

SCENE IV.

EVELINA, CARACTACUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Eve. My father,
Support me, take me trembling to your arms;
All is not well. Ah me, my fears o'ercome me!
Car. What means my child?
Eve. Alas! we are betray'd.
Ev'n now, as wand'ring in yon eastern grove
I call'd the Gods to aid us, the dread sound
Of many hasty steps did meet mine ear:
This way they prest.
Car. Daughter, thy fears are vain.
Eve. Methought I saw the flame of lighted brands,
And what did glitter to my dazzled sight,
Like swords and helms.
Car. All, all the feeble coinage
Of maiden fear.
Eve. Nay, if mine ear mistook not,
I heard the traitor's voice, who that way 'scap'd,
Calling to arms.
Car. Away with idle terrors!
Know, thy brave brother's crest is crown'd with conquest,
The Romans fled, their leaders are our captives.
Smile, my lov'd child, and imitate the sun,
That rises ruddy from behind yon oaks
To hail him victor.

Mod. That the rising sun!
O horror! horror! sacrilegious fires
Devour our groves: they blaze, they blaze! O sound
The trump again; recall the Prince, or all
Is lost.

Car. Druid, where is thy fortitude?
Do not I live? Is not this holy sword
Firm in my grasp? I will preserve your groves.
Britons, I go: let those that dare die nobly,
Follow my step. [*Exit* Caractacus.

Eve. Oh whither does he go?
Return, return! Ye holy men, recall him.
What is his arm against a host of Romans?
Oh I have lost a father!

Mod. Ruthless Gods!
Ye take away our souls: a general panic
Reigns thro' the grove. Oh fly, my brethren, fly,
To aid the king, fly to preserve your altars!—
Alas! 'tis all in vain; our fate is fixt.
Look there, look there, thou miserable maid!
Behold thy bleeding brother.

SCENE V.

ARVIRAGUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA, MODRED, CHORUS.

Arv. Thanks, good youth:
Safe hast thou brought me to that holy spot
Where I did wish to die. 'Support me still,
'Oh, I am sick to death. Yet one step more:
'Now lay me gently down.' I would drag out
This life, tho' at some cost of throbs and pangs,
Just long enough to claim my father's blessing,

And sigh my last breath in my sister's arms.
—And here she kneels, poor maid! all dumb with grief.
Restrain thy sorrow, gentlest Evelina!
True, thou dost see me bleed: I bleed to death.

Eve. Say'st thou to death? O Gods! the barbed shaft
Is buried in his breast. Yes, he must die;
And I, alas! am doom'd to see him die.
Where are your healing arts, medicinal herbs,
Ye holy men, your wonder-working spells?
Pluck me but out this shaft, stanch but this blood,
And I will call down blessings on your heads
With such a fervency—And can you not!
Then let me beg you on my bended knee,
Give to my misery some opiate drug,
May shut up all my senses.—Yes, good fathers,
Mingle the potion so, that it may kill me
Just at the instant this poor languisher
Heaves his last sigh.

Arv. Talk not thus wildly, sister,
Think on our father's age.———

Eve. Alas! my brother!
We have no father now; or if we have,
He is a captive.

Arv. Captive! Oh my wound!
It stings me now.—But is it so? [*Turning to* Modred.

Mod. Alas!
We know no more, save that he sallied single
To meet the foe, whose unexpected host
Round by the east had wound their fraudful march,
And fir'd our groves.

Eli. O fatal, fatal valour!
Then is he seiz'd, or slain.

Arv. Too sure he is!

Druid, not half the Romans met our swords ;
We found the fraud too late : the rest are yonder.
Mod. How could they gain the pass ?
Arv. The wretch, that fled
That way, return'd, conducting half their powers ;
And—But thy pardon, youth, I will not wound thee,
He is thy brother.
Eli. Thus my honest sword
Shall force the blood from the detested heart
That holds alliance with him.
Arv. Elidurus,
Hold, on our friendship, hold. Thou, noble youth,
Look on this innocent maid. She must to Rome,
Captive to Rome. Thou seest warm life flow from me,
Ere long she'll have no brother. Heav'n's my witness,
I do not wish that thou should'st live the slave
Of Rome : but yet she is my sister.
Eli. Prince,
Thou urgest that, might make me drag an age
In fetters worse than Roman. I will live,
And while I live———

SCENE VI.

BARD *enters.*

Bard. Fly to your caverns, Druids,
The grove's beset around. The chief approaches.
Mod. Let him approach, we will confront his pride,
The seer that rules amid the groves of Mona
Has not to fear his fury. What tho' age
Slackens our sinews ; what tho' shield and sword

Give not their iron aid to guard our body;
Yet virtue arms our soul, and 'gainst that panoply
What 'vails the rage of robbers. Let him come.
Arv. I faint apace.—Ye venerable men,
If ye can save this body from pollution,
If ye can tomb me in this sacred place,
I trust ye will. I fought to save these groves,
And, fruitless tho' I fought, some grateful oak,
I trust, will spread its reverential gloom
O'er my pale ashes.—Ah! that pang was death!
My sister, Oh!——— [*Dies.*
Eli. She faints! Ah raise her!———
Eve. Yes,
Now he is dead. I felt his spirit go
In a cold sigh, and as it past, methought
It paus'd a while, and trembled on my lips!
Take me not from him: breathless as he is,
He is my brother still, and if the Gods
Do please to grace him with some happier being,
They ne'er can give to him a fonder sister.
Mod. Brethren, surround the corse, and, ere the foe
Approaches, chaunt with meet solemnity
That grateful dirge your dying champion claims.
[*Symphony.*
Mad. Lo, where incumbent o'er the shade
Rome's rav'ning eagle bows her beaked head!
Yet while a moment fate affords;
While yet a moment freedom stays;
That moment, which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasur'd boards,
Shall Mona's grateful Bards employ
To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

SECOND BARD.

AIR.

" Radiant Ruler of the day!
" Pause upon thy orb sublime,
" Bid this awful moment stay,
" Bind it on the brow of time;
" While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
" To strains that trill when heroes die."

FOURTH BARD.

AIR.

" Hear our harps, in accents slow,
" Breathe the dignity of woe,
" Solemn notes that pant, and pause;
" While the last majestic close,
" In diapason deep is drown'd;
" Notes that Mona's harps should sound."

THIRD BARD.

AIR.

" See our tears, in sober shower,
" O'er this shrine of glory pour;
" Holy tears, by Virtue shed,
" That embalm the valiant dead;
" In these our sacred song we steep,
" Tears that Mona's Bards should weep."

TRIO.

" Radiant Ruler! hear us call
" Blessings on the godlike youth,
" Who dar'd to fight, who dar'd to fall,
" For Britain, Freedom, and for Truth.

" His dying groan, his parting sigh,
" Was music for the Gods on high;
" Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty."

MADOR.

Ring out ye mortal strings!
Answer thou heav'nly harp instinct with spirit all,
That o'er Andrastes' throne self-warbling swings:
There, where ten thousand spheres, in measur'd chime,
Roll their majestic melodies along,
Thou guid'st the thundering song,
Pois'd on thy jasper arch sublime.
Yet shall thy heav'nly accents deign
To mingle with our mortal strain,
And Heav'n and Earth unite, in chorus high,
While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

FULL CHORUS.

" Andrastes' heav'nly harp shall deign
" To mingle with our mortal strain,
" And Heav'n and Earth unite, in chorus high,
" While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky."

SCENE VII.

AULUS DIDIUS, MODRED, EVELINA, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

Aul. Did. Ye bloody priests,
Behold we burst on your infernal rites,
And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,
Nor hope that Superstition's ruthless step
Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,
Did not our laws give licence to all faiths,

We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave
These shapeless symbols of your barbarous Gods,
And let the golden sun into your caves.

Mod. Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy?
It has: then take our curses on thy head,
Ev'n his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona
Vicegerent of those Gods thy pride insults.

Aul. Did. Bold priest, I scorn thy curses and thyself.
Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.
Take heed ye seize Caractacus alive.
Arrest yon youth; load him with heaviest irons;
He shall to Cæsar answer for his crime.

Eli. I stand prepar'd to triumph in my crime.

Aul. Did. 'Tis well, proud boy.——
Look to the beauteous maid, [*To the soldiers.*
That tranc'd in grief bends o'er yon bleeding corse,
Respect her sorrows.

Eve. Hence, ye barbarous men,
Ye shall not take him welt'ring thus in blood,
To shew at Rome what British virtue was.
Avaunt! The breathless body that ye touch
Was once Arviragus!

Aul. Did. Fear us not, Princess,
We reverence the dead.

Mod. Would too to heav'n
Ye reverenc'd the Gods but ev'n enough
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain,
What they created free.

Aul. Did. The Romans fight
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

Mod. Go to, we will not parley with thee, Roman:
Instant pronounce our doom.

Aul. Did. Hear it, and thank us:
This once our clemency shall spare your groves,
If at our call ye yield the British king:
Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Cæsar,
That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,
Shall bow beneath our axes.

Mod. Be they blasted
Whene'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue.

SCENE VIII.

BARD *enters.*

Bard. Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive!
And dost thou smile, false Roman? Do not think
He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,
Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting thro' armed ranks, that hemm'd
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus
Seiz'd his false throat; and as he gave him death
Indignant thunder'd, *Thus is my last stroke,*
The stroke of justice. Numbers then opprest him:
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind
Pinion'd his arms; I saw the sacred sword
Writh'd from his grasp; I saw, what now ye see,
Inglorious sight! those barbarous bonds upon him.

SCENE IX.

CARACTACUS, AULUS DIDIUS, MODRED, CHORUS, &c.

Car. Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,

'And wither'd as ye see these war-worn limbs,'
Trust me, they shall support the weightiest load
Injustice dares impose——
Proud-crested soldier! [*To* Didius.
'Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,'
Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war,
Heading my nations? No; my free-born soul
Has scorn still left to sparkle thro' these eyes,
And frown defiance on thee.—Is it thus!
[*Seeing his son's body.*
Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty Gods!
My soul, my soul submits: patient it bears
The pond'rous load of grief ye heap upon it.
Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,
And be the sad tame thing it ought to be,
Coopt in a servile body.

Aul. Did. Droop not, King.
When Claudius, the great master of the world,
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,
His pity——

Car. Can a Roman pity, soldier?
And if he can, Gods! must a Briton bear it?
Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,
Thou hast escap'd such pity: thou art free.
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs
Rest in a noble grave; posterity
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds:
Whilst mine———

Aul. Did. The morn doth hasten our departure.
Prepare thee, King, to go: a fav'ring gale
Now swells our sails.

Car. Inhuman that thou art!
Dost thou deny a moment for a father
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son?
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life
To do it duly; 'even a longer life,
'Than sorrow ever suffer'd.' Cruel man!
And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.
I know you Romans weep not for your children;
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valour:
I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-lov'd boy,
Yes, I can weep, 'can fall upon thy corse,
'And I can tear my hairs, these few grey hairs,
The only honours war and age have left me.
Ah! son, thou might'st have rul'd o'er many nations,
As did thy royal ancestry: but I,
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb,
Discretion hangs on brav'ry: else perchance
These men, that fasten fetters on thy father,
Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friendship.

Aul. Did. But thou wast still implacable to Rome,
And scorn'd her friendship.

Car. [*Starting up from the body.*] Soldier, I had arms,
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?

Aul. Did. Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner
Thy pride had yielded.———

Car. Thank thy Gods, I did not.
Had it been so, the glory of thy master,
Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,
Oblivion's ready prey: now, after struggling

Nine years, and that right bravely, 'gainst a tyrant,
I am his slave to treat as seems him good:
If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task
To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!
Down to the dust: if well, his clemency,
'When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,'
May shine in honour's annals, and adorn
Himself; it boots not me. Look there! look there!
The slave that shot that dart, kill'd ev'ry hope
Of lost Caractacus! Arise, my daughter.
Alas! poor Prince! art thou too in vile fetters?

[*To* Elidurus.

Come hither, youth: be thou to me a son,
To her a brother. Thus with trembling arms
I lead you forth: Children, we go to Rome.
Weep'st thou, my girl? I pr'ythee, hoard thy tears
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:
For we have much to tell her, much to say
'Of these good men, who nurtur'd us in Mona;
'Much of the fraud and malice that pursued us;
'Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood
'To save his sire and sister.' Think'st thou, maid,
Her gentleness can hear that tale, and live?

[*Pointing to his dead son.*

And yet she must. Oh Gods, I grow a talker!
Grief and old age are ever full of words:
But I'll be mute. Adieu! ye holy men;
Yet one look more.—Now lead us hence for ever.

A Dead March.

During which CARACTACUS, EVELINA, *and* ELIDURUS *are led off by* ROMANS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE few following quotations, from ancient authors, are here thrown together, in order to support and explain some passages in the Drama, that respect the manners of the Druids; and which the general account of their customs, to be found in our histories of Britain, does not include.

Page 10.

" On the left
" Reside the * sages skill'd in nature's lore:"

* *i. e.* The Euvates; one of the three classes of the Druids, according to Am. Marcellinus. 'Studia liberalium doctrinarum inchoata per Bardos, Euvates, & Druidas.' This class, Strabo tells us, had the care of the sacrifices, and studied natural philosophy; which here, by *the changeful universe*, is shewn to be on Pythagorean principles. Whenever the *Priests* are mentioned in the subsequent parts of the Drama, this order of men is intended to be meant, as distinguished from the Druids and Bards.

Page 3.

" Thou shalt live;
" Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,
" All rights of nature cancell'd."

Alluding to the Druidical power of excommunication mentioned by Cæsar. 'Si quis aut privatus, aut publicus, eorum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicunt. Hæc pœna apud eos est gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum, ii numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur——neque iis pe-

tentibus jus redditur, neque honos ullus communicatur.' Cæs. Comment. lib. vi.

Page 16.

" Are the milk-white steers prepar'd?"

In the minute description which Pliny gives us of the ceremony of gathering the misletoe, he tells us, they sacrificed two white bulls. See Pliny's Natural History, l. xvi. c. 44, which Drayton, in his Polyolbion, thus versifies:

'Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an axe of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree,
The misletoe, cut down; then, with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires;
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
Up to th' eternal heav'n their bloodied hands did rear:
And whilst the murm'ring woods ev'n shudder'd as with fear,
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly did excite.'

Ninth Song.'

Page 17.

" Where our matron sister dwells."

The existence of female Druids seems ascertained by Tacitus, in his description of the final destruction of Mona by Paulinus Suetonius. 'Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque *intercursantibus fœminis*.' &c. Also by the known story of Dioclesian, on which Fletcher formed a play, called the Prophetess.

Page 17.

" And the potent adder-stone."

The ovum anguinum, or serpent's egg ; a famous Druidical amulet, thus circumstantiallydescribed by Pliny.—' Præterea est ovorum genus in magna Galliarum fama, omissum Græcis. Angues innumeri æstate convoluti, salivis faucium corporumque spumis artifici complexu glomerantur; anguinum appellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublime jactari, sagoque oportere intercipi, ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo, serpentes enim insequi, donec arceantur amnis alicujus interventu,' &c. Nat. Hist. lib. xxix. cap. 3.

There are remains of this superstition still, both in the northern and western parts of our island. For Lhwyd, the author of the Archeologia, writes thus to Rowland; (see Mona Antiqua, p. 338:) ' The Druid doctrine about the *Glain Neidr* obtains very much through all Scotland, as well Lowlands as Highlands; but there is not a word of it in this kingdom (Ireland); where, as there are no snakes, they could not propagate it. Besides snake-stones, the Highlanders have their snail-stones, paddock-stones, &c. to all which they attribute their several virtues, and wear them as amulets." And in another letter he writes, ' The Cornish retain variety of charms, and have still, towards the Land's-end, the amulet of Maen Magal and Glain Neidr, which latter they call a Milpreu, or Melpreu, and have a charm for the snake to make it, when they have found one asleep, and struck a hazel wand in the centre of her spires.'

Page 31.

" Have the milk white steeds
" Unrein'd, and, neighing, pranc'd with fav'ring steps."

The few and imperfect accounts antiquity gives us of ce-

remonies, &c. which are unquestionably Druidical, makes it necessary in this, and in other places of the Drama, to have recourse to Tacitus's account of the Germans, amongst whom, if there were really no established Druids, there was certainly a great correspondency, in religious opinions, with the Gauls and Britons. The passage here alluded to is taken from his 10th chapter. 'Proprium gentis, equorumque quoque præsagia ac monitus experiri. Publice aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac lucis, candidi & nullo mortali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru, sacerdos ac rex, vel princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitus & fremitus observans, nec ulli auspicio major fides non solum apud plebem, sed apud proceres, apud sacerdotes.'

Page 32.

"Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man:
"I am a Druid, servant of the Gods.
"Such service is above such sovereignty."

The supreme authority of the Druids over their king is ascertained by Dion. Chrysostom. Helmodus, also, de Slavis, l. ii. c. 12. asserts, 'Rex apud eos modicæ est æstimationis in comparatione flaminis.'

Page 33.

"The time shall come, when destiny and death.
"Thron'd in a burning car."

Strabo, and other writers, tell us, the Druids taught, that the world was finally to be destroyed by fire; upon which this allegory is founded.

Page 39.

"The gods, my brethren,
"Inspire these scruples; oft to female softness,
"Oft to the purity of virgin souls,
"Doth Heav'n its voluntary light dispense."

'Inesse enim sanctum quid & providum fœminis putant. Nec aut consilia ipsorum aspernantur, aut responsa negant.' Tac. de Morib. Germ. and Strabo to the like purpose, l. vii.

Page 43.

"Behold yon huge
"And unhewn sphere of living adamant."

This is intended to describe the rocking stone, of which there are several still to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Derbyshire. They are universally thought, by antiquarians, to be Druidical monuments; and Mr. Toland thinks, 'that the Druids made the people believe, that they only could move them, and that by a miracle, by which they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought criminals to confess what could in no other way be extorted from them.' It was this conjecture which gave the hint for this piece of machinery. The reader may find a description of one of these rocking stones in Camden's Britannia, in his account of Pembrokeshire; and also several in Borlase's History of Cornwall.

Page 65.

——————"And its name
"TRIFINGUS."

The name of the inchanted sword in the Hervarer Saga.

Page 66.

"By the bright circle of the golden sun."

This adjuration is taken from the literal form of the old Druidical oath, which they administered to their disciples; and which the learned Selden, in Prolog. de Diis Syr. gives us from Vettius Valens Antiochenus, l. vii.

Page 73.

" Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice
" Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe."

This account is taken from what history tells us did really happen some years after, when the groves of Mona were destroyed by Suetonius Paulinus. 'Igitur Monam insulam incolis validam, & receptaculum perfugarum aggredi parat, navesque fabricatur plano alveo, adversus breve litus & incertum. Sic Pedes; equites vado secuti, aut altiores inter undas, adnantes equis transmisere. Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque, intercursantibus fœminis: in modam Furiarum, veste ferali crinibus dejectis *faces* præferebant. Druidæ circum, preces diras sublatis ad cœlum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites ut quasi hærentibus membris, immobile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, & se ipsi stimulantes ne muliebre & fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios & igni suo involvunt.' Tac. Ann. l. xiv. c. 29.

Page 83.

" These shapeless symbols of your barbarous Gods."

The Druids did not really worship the Divinity under any symbol. But this is put intentionally into the mouth of the Roman, as mistaking the rude stones placed round the groves for idols. Thus Lucan, in his beautiful description of a Druid grove,

——————'simulacraque mœsta Deorum
Arte carent cæsisque extant informia truncis.'

Phar. lib. iii.

Some imagery from the same description is also borrowed in the opening of the Drama.

Page 86.

———"Soldier, I had arms."

This passage, and some others in this scene, are taken from Caractacus's famous speech in Tacitus, before the throne of Claudius: but here adapted to his dramatic character.

7 JU 52

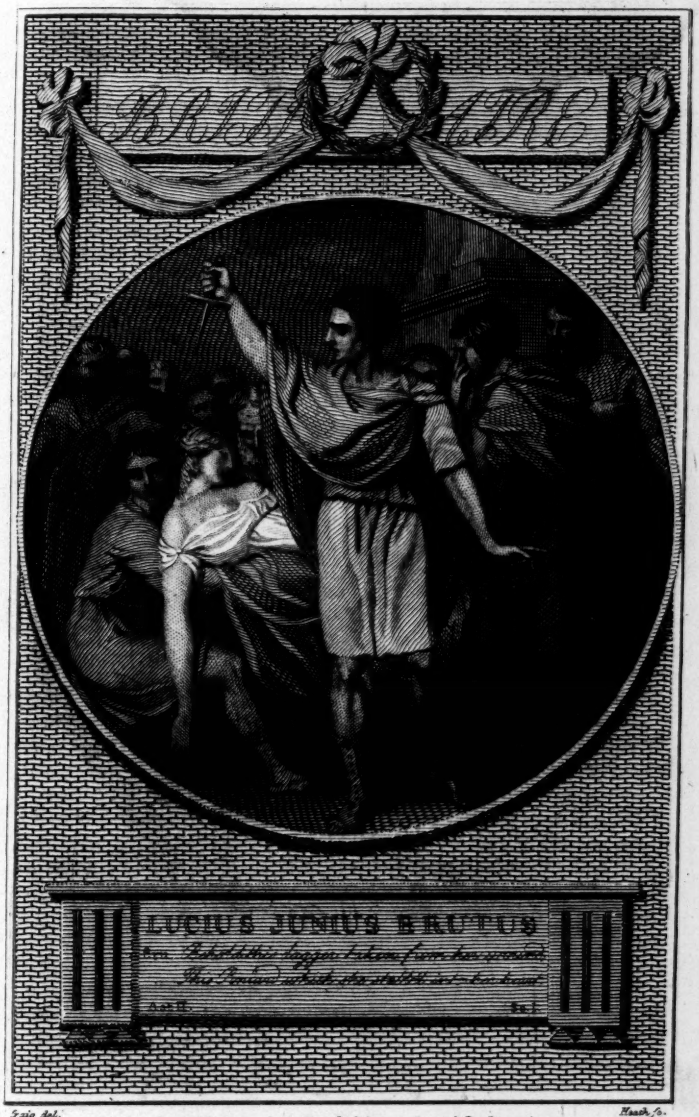
7 JU 52

Graham del. Wilson sculp.

Mr. TOMS as TITUS.

Tit: *Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects*
due to a Father's name, not to Tyrannus!

London, Printed for G Cawthorn British Library Strand Dec.r 1798



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7 JU 52

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS,

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

By NATHANIEL LEE.

AS PERFORMED FIRST IN 1681.

The Lines distinguished by double inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER, &c.

MY LORD,

WITH an assurance, I hope, becoming the justice of my cause, I lay this tragedy at your lordship's feet, not as a common persecution, but as an offering suitable to your virtue, and worthy of the greatness of your name. There are some subjects that require but half the strength of a great Poet; but when Greece *or Old* Rome *come in play, the nature, wit, and vigour of foremost* Shakspere, *the judgment and force of* Jonson, *with all his borrowed mastery from the ancients, will scarce suffice for so terrible a grapple. The poet must elevate his fancy with the mightiest imagination, he must run back so many hundred years, take a just prospect of the spirit of those times without the least thought of ours; for if his eye should swerve so low, his muse will grow giddy with the vastness of the distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the majesty of the first design. He that will pretend to be a critic of such a work must not have a grain of* Cecilius, *he must be* Longinus *throughout, or nothing, where even the nicest, best remarks must pass but for allay to the imperial fury of this Old Roman gold. There must be no dross through the whole mass, the furnace must be justly heated, and the bullion stamped with an unerring hand. In such a writing there must be greatness of thought without bombast, remoteness without monstrousness; virtue armed wtih severity, not in iron bodies; solid wit without modern affectation; smoothness without gloss; speaking out without cracking the voice, or straining the lungs. In short, my lord, he that will write as he ought on so noble an occasion, must write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after so great an original as your lordship, because there is scarce one genius extant of your own size that can follow you* passibus æquis; *that has*

the felicity and mastery of the old poets, or can half match the thoughtfulness of your soul. How far short I am cast of such inimitable excellence, I must with shame, my lord, confess I am too sensible. Nature, 'tis believed (if I am not flattered, and do not flatter myself) has not been niggardly to me in the portion of a genius, though I have been so far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have lost of the principle. It behoves me then for the future to look about me, to see whether I am a lag in the race, to look up to your lordship, and strain upon the track of so fair a glory. I must acknowledge, however I have behaved myself in drawing, nothing ever presented itself to my fancy with that solid pleasure as Brutus *did in sacrificing his sons. Before I read* Machiavel's *notes upon the place, I concluded it the greatest action that was ever seen throughout all ages on the greatest occasion. For my own endeavour, I thought I never painted any man so to the life before.*

Vis & Tarquinios reges animamque superbam
Ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos?
Infelix utcunque ferent ea facta minores?

No doubt that divine poet imagined it might be too great for any people but his own, perhaps I have found it so; but Jonson's Catiline *met no better fate, as his motto from* Horace *tells us:*

——————His non plebecula gaudet, &c.

Nay, Shakspere's Brutus *with much ado beat himself into the heads of a blockish age, so knotty were the oaks he had to deal with. For my own opinion, in spite of all the obstacles my modesty could raise, I could not help inserting a vaunt in the title page,* Cœloque, &c.

And having gain'd the list that he design'd,
Bold as the billows driving with the wind,
He loos'd the muse that wing'd his free-born mind.

On this I armed, and resolved not to be stirred with the little exceptions of a sparkish generation, that have an antipathy to thought: but, alas, how frail are our best resolves in our own concerns! I showed no passion outward; but whether through an over-conceit of the work, or because, perhaps, there was, indeed, some merit, the fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb play, like a father for his dead child. It is enough that I have eas'd my heart by this dedication to your Lordship. I comfort myself too, whatever our partial youth allege, your Lordship will find something in it worth your observation; which, with my future diligence, resolution to study, devotion to virtue, and your Lordship's service, may render me not altogether unworthy the protection of your Lordhip.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And devoted servant,

NATHANIEL LEE.

LIFE OF NATHANIEL LEE.

NATHANIEL LEE, a very eminent dramatic poet of the last century, was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield, who gave him a liberal education. He received his first rudiments of learning at Westminster-school, from whence he went to Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a scholar on the foundation in 1668. He commenced B. A. the same year, but, not succeeding to a fellowship, he tried to push his fortune at court. He was not long, however, in this pursuit; for, meeting with no substantial favours, he determined to try his talents on the stage; and accordingly, in the year 1672, made his appearance at the Duke's Theatre in the character of *Duncan* in *Macbeth*. Cibber says, that our author was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, "Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it!" And yet, (continues the laureat) this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there. In 1675 his first play appeared; and he wrote nine plays, besides two in which he joined with Dryden, between that period and the year 1684, on the 11th of November, on which he was taken into Bedlam, where he continued four years. All his tragedies contain a very great portion of true poetic enthusiasm. None ever felt the passion of love more truly; nor could any one describe it with more tenderness. Addison commends his genius highly; observing that none of our English poets had a happier turn for tragedy, although his natural fire and unbridled impetuosity hurried him beyond all bounds of proba-

bility, and sometimes were quite out of nature. The truth is, the poet's imagination ran away with his reason. While in Bedlam, he made that famous witty reply to a coxcomb scribbler, who had the cruelty to jeer him with his misfortune, by observing that it was an easy thing to write like a madman: *No*, said Lee, *it is* not *an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool!*

Lee had the good fortune to recover the use of his reason, so far as to be discharged from his melancholy confinement; but he did not long survive his enlargement, dying in the year 1691, or 1692. Oldys, in his MS. notes, says that our author, returning one night from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare-market, to his lodging, in Duke-street, overladen with wine, fell down on the ground as some say, according to others on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

His dramatic pieces are:

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* T. 4to. 1675.
2. *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow.* T. 4to. 1676.
3. *Gloriana*; or, *The Court of Augustus.* T. 4to. 1676.
4. *The Rival Queens*; or, *Alexander the Great.* T. 4to. 1677.
5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* T. 4to. 1678.
6. *Theodosius*; or, *The Force of Love.* T. 4to. 1680.
7. *Cæsar Borgia.* T. 4to. 1680.
8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* T. 4to. 1681. This is a very fine play, being full of great manly spirit, force, and vigour, with less of the bombast than frequently runs through this author's works. The plot of it is partly from the real Histories of *Florus*, *Livy*, *Dionys. Halic.* &c. and partly from the fictions in the Romance of *Clelia*. The scene between *Vindicius* and the elder *Brutus* seems to bear a great resemblance to that between *Hamlet* and *Polonius*. The scene lies in Rome.
9. *Constantine the Great.* T. 4to. 1684.
10. *The Princess of Cleve.* T. 4to. 1689.
11. *The Massacre of Paris.* T. 4to. 1690.

Besides the above tragedies, Lee was concerned with Dryden

in writing the *Duke of Guise*, 1683, and that other excellent tragedy, entitled *Oedipus*, 1679. His *Theodosius* and *Alexander the Great* are stock-plays, and to this day are often acted with great applause. Mr. Barry was particularly fortunate in the character of the Macedonian Hero.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. DUKE.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics rage;
But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees, united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buz is greater than it was before.
But Oh! ye leading voters of the pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house,
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,
And more indulgent to a trembling muse;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women shall rule the boxes and the pit,
Give laws to love, and influence to wit.
Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
Even business, that intolerable load,
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage, wou'd they please;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs:
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;

But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found;
And 'tis but just they shou'd our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching, trade.
As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith, let them make an antisalic law,
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Lucius Junius Brutus,	Mr. Betterton.
Titus,	Mr. Smith.
Tiberius,	Mr. Williams.
Collatinus,	Mr. Wiltshire.
Valerius,	Mr. Gillow.
Horatius,	Mr. Norris.
Aquilius,	
Vitellius,	
Junius,	
Fecilian Priests,	Mr. Percival, Mr. Freeman.
Vindicius,	Mr. Nokes.
Fabricius,	Mr. Jeron.
Citizens, &c.	

Women.

Sempronia,	Lady Slingsby.
Lucretia,	Mrs. Betterton.
Teraminta,	Mrs. Barrey.

Scene, *Rome.*

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter TITUS *and* TERAMINTA.

Titus.

O TERAMINTA, why this face of tears?
Since first I saw thee, till this happy day,
Thus hast thou pass'd thy melancholy hours,
Ev'n in the court retir'd; stretch'd on a bed,
In some dark room, with all the curtains drawn;
Or in some garden, o'er a flow'ry bank,
Melting thy sorrows in the murmuring stream;
Or in some pathless wilderness a musing,
Plucking the mossy bark of some old tree,
Or poring, like a Sybil, on the leaves.
What, now the priest should join us! Oh, ye Gods!
What can you proffer me in vast exchange
For this ensuing night? Not all the days
Of crowning Kings, of conquering Generals,
Not all the expectation of hereafter,
With what bright fame can give in t'other world,
Should purchase thee this night one minute from me.

Ter. Oh, Titus! if since first I saw the light,
Since I began to think on my misfortunes,
And take a prospect of my certain woes,

If my sad soul has entertained a hope
Of pleasure here, or harbour'd any joy
But what the presence of my Titus gave me;
Add, add, ye cruel Gods, to what I bear,
And break my heart before him.

Tit. Break first th' eternal chain: for when thou'rt gone
The world to me is chaos. Yes, Teraminta,
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
Whene'er we part, the strings of both must crack:
Once more I do intreat thee give the grave
Thy sadness; let me press thee in my arms,
My fairest bride, my only lightness here,
Tune of my heart, and charmer of my eyes!
" Nay, thou shalt learn the ecstacy from me,
" I'll make thee smile with extravagant passion,
" Drive thy pale fears away, and ere the morn,
" I swear, O Teraminta! O my love!
" Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into blushes."

Ter. O, Titus! may I, ought I to believe you?
Remember, Sir, I am the blood of Tarquin;
The basest too.

Titus. Thou art the blood of Heav'n,
The kindest influence of the teeming stars;
No seed of Tarquin; no, 'tis forg'd t'abuse thee:
A God thy father was, a Goddess was his wife;
The wood-nymphs found thee on a bed of roses,
Lapt in the sweets and beauties of the Spring;
Diana foster'd thee with nectar dews;
Thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave thee me
To build a temple sacred to her name;
Which I will do, and wed thee there again.

Ter. Swear then, my Titus, swear you'll ne'er upbraid me,
Swear that your love shall last like mine for ever;

No turn of state or empire, no misfortune,
Shall e'er estrange you from me: Swear, I say;
That, if you should prove false, I may at least
Have something still to answer to my fate:
Swear, swear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
But to your death still cherish in your bosom
The poor, the fond, the wretched Teraminta.

Titus. Till death! nay, after death, if possible.
Dissolve me still with questions of this nature,
While I return my answer all in oaths:
More than thou can'st demand I swear to do.
" This night, this night shall tell thee how I love thee:
" When words are at a loss, and the mute soul
" Pours out herself in sighs and gasping joys,
" Life-grasps, the pangs of bliss, and murmuring pleasures:
" Thou shalt confess all language then is vile,
" And yet believe me most without my vowing."

Enter BRUTUS, *with a* Flamen.

But see, my father with a Flamen here!
The Court comes on; let's slip the busy crowd,
And steal into the eternal knot of love. [*Exeunt.*

Brutus. Did Sextus, say'st thou, lie at Collatia,
At Collatin's house, last night?

Fla. My Lord, he did:
Where he, with Collatine, and many others,
Had been some nights before.

Brutus. Ha! if before,
Why did he come again?

Fla. Because, as rumour spreads,
He fell most passionately in love with her.

Brutus. What then?

Fla. Why, is't not strange?

Brutus. Is she not handsome?

Fla. O very handsome.

Brutus. Then 'tis not strange at all.
What, for a King's son to love another man's wife!
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the same.
Faith, I myself, who am not us'd to caper,
Have sometimes had th' unlawful itch upon me:
Nay, pr'ythee, Priest, come thou and help the number.
Ha! my old boy; the company is not scandalous;
Let's go to hell together; confess the truth,
Did'st thou ne'er steal from the Gods an hour, or so,
To mumble a new prayer———
"With a young fleshy whore in a bawdy corner? ha!"

Fla. My Lord, your servant. Is this the fool? The madman?
Let him be what he will, he spoke the truth:
If other fools be thus, they're dangerous fellows. [*Exit.*

Brutus. [*Solus.*] Occasion seems in view; something there is
In Tarquin's last abode at Collatine's:
Late entertain'd, and early gone this morning!
The matron ruffled, wet, and dropping tears,
As if she had lost her wealth in some black storm!
As in the body, on some great surprize,
The heart still calls from the discolour'd face,
From every part, the life and spirits down:
So Lucrece comes to Rome, and summons all her blood.
Lucrece is fair; but chaste, as the fann'd snow
Twice bolted o'er by the black northern blasts:
So lies this starry cold and frozen beauty,
Still watch'd and guarded by her waking virtue,
A pattern, though, I fear, inimitable,
For all succeeding wives. O Brutus! Brutus!

When will the tedious Gods permit my soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizor of thy madness from thee?
Oh, what but infinite spirit, propt by Fate,
For empire's weight to turn on, could endure,
As thou hast done, the labours of an age,
All follies, scoffs, reproaches, pities, scorns,
Indignities almost to blows sustain'd,
For twenty pressing years, and by a Roman?
To act deformity in thousand shapes,
To please the greater monster of the two,
That cries, "Bring forth the beast, and let him tumble;"
With all variety of aping madness,
To bray, and bear more than the ass's burden;
Sometimes to whoot and scream, like midnight owls,
Then screw my limbs like a distorted satyr,
The world's grimace, th'eternal laughing-stock
Of town and court, the block, the jest of Rome;
Yet all the while not to my dearest friend,
To my own children, nor my bosom wife,
Disclose the weighty secret of my soul.
O Rome, O mother, be thou th' impartial judge
If this be virtue, which yet wants a name,
Which never any age could parallel,
And worthy of the foremost of thy sons!

Enter HORATIUS *and* MUTIUS.

Mut. Horatius, heard'st thou where Sextus was last night?
Hor. Yes, at Collatia; 'tis the buz of Rome;
'Tis more than guess'd that there has been foul play:
Else, why should Lucrece come in this sad manner
To old Lucretius' house, and summon thither
Her father, husband, each distinct relation?

Enter FABRICIUS, *with* Courtiers.

Mut. Scatter it through the city, raise the people,
And find Valerius out: 'Way, Horatius! [*Exeunt severally.*

Fab. Pr'ythee, let's talk no more on't. Look, here's Lord Brutus: Come, come, we'll divert ourselves; for 'tis but just, that we who sit at the helm should now and then unruffle our state affairs with the impertinence of a fool. Pr'ythee, Brutus, what's o'clock?

Brut. Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; the Fates are three: let them but strike, and I'll lead you a dance, my masters.

Fab. But hark you, Brutus, dost thou hear the news of Lucrece?

Brut. Yes, yes; and I heard of the wager that was laid among you, among you whoring Lords at the siege of Ardea; ha, boys! about your handsome wives.

Fab. Well; and how, and how?

Brut. How you bounc'd from the board, took horse, and rode like madmen, to find the gentle Lucrece at Collatia: But how found her? Why, working with her maids at midnight. Was not this monstrous, and quite out of the fashion? Fine stuff, indeed, to sit weaving, and pinking, and pricking of arras? "Now, by this light, my Lord, your "wife made better use of her pincushion.

"*Fab.* My wife, my Lord? By Mars, my wife!

Brut. "Why should she not, when all the royal nurses do "the same?" What? What, my Lord, did you not find 'em at it, when you came from Collatia to Rome? Lartius, your wife; and your's, Flaminius; with Tullia's boys, turning the crystals up, dashing the windows, and the fates defying? Now, by the Gods, I think 'twas civil in you, discreetly done, Sirs, not to interrupt 'em. But for your wife, Fabricius, I'll be sworn for her, she would not keep 'em company.

Fab. No marry, would she not; she hates debauchees. How have I heard her rail at Terentia, and tell her next her heart upon the qualms, that drinking wine so late, and tippling spirits, would be the death of her!

Brut. Hark you, gentlemen, if you would but be secret now, I could unfold such a business; my life on't, a very plot upon the court.

Fab. Out with it; we swear secrecy.

Brut. Why thus, then. To-morrow Tullia goes to the camp; and I, being master of the household, have command to sweep the court of all its furniture, and send it packing to the wars: pandars, sycophants, upstart rogues, fine knaves, and surly rascals; flatterers, easy, supple, cringing passing, smiling villains; all, all to the wars.

Fab. By Mars, I do not like this plot.

Brut. Why, is it not a plot? A plot upon yourselves, your persons, families, and your relations; even to your wives, mothers, sisters, all your kindred: for whores, too, are included, setters too, and whore-procurers; bag and baggage; all, all to the wars. All hence, all rubbish, lumber, out; and not a bawd be left behind, to put you in hopes of hatching whores hereafter.

Fab. Hark, Lartius, he'll run from fooling to direct madness, and beat our brains out. The devil take the hindmost. Your servant, sweet Brutus, noble, honourable Brutus. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TITUS.

Titus. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auspicious Heav'n has join'd us,
And I this night shall hold her in my arms.
Oh, Sir!

Brut. Oh, Sir! that exclamation was too high:

Such raptures ill become the troubled times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my Titus,
Renounce your Teraminta.

Titus. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my boy?

Titus. Your counsel comes too late, Sir

Brut. Your reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and saucy, Sir.

Titus. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my knowledge?

Titus. My Lord, I ask your pardon; but that Hymen——

Brut. Thou ly'st; that honourable God would scorn it.
Some bawdy Flamen shuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you, while the Bacchanals
Sung your detested Epithalamium.
Which of thy blood were the curs'd witnesses?
Who would be there at such polluted rites
But goats, baboons, some chatt'ring old Silenus,
Or Satyrs, "grinning at your slimy joys?"

Titus. Oh, all the Gods! my Lord, your son is marry'd
To Tarquin's————

Brut. Bastard.

Titus. No, his daughter.

Brut. No matter:
To any of his blood: if it be his,
There is such natural contagion in it,
Such a congenial devil in his spirit,
Name, lineage, stock, that but to own a part
Of his relation, is to profess thyself
Sworn slave of hell, and bondman to the furies!
Thou art not marry'd.

Titus. O, is this possible?
This change that I behold? No part of him

The same; nor eyes, nor mien, nor voice, nor gesture!

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my arm the vigour
To shake this soft, effeminate, lazy soul
Forth from thy bosom. No, degenerate boy!
Brutus is not the same; the Gods have wak'd him
From dead stupidity, to be a scourge,
A living torment to thy disobedience.
Look on my face, view my eyes flame, and tell me
If ought thou seest but glory and revenge,
A blood-shot anger, and a burst of fury,
When I but think of Tarquin. Damn the monster!
Fetch him, you judges of th' eternal deep,
Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double fires!
If after this thou seest a tenderness,
A woman's tear come o'er my resolution,
Think, Titus, think, my son, 'tis Nature's fault,
Not Roman Brutus, but a father now.

Titus. Oh, let me fall low as the earth permits me,
And thank the Gods for this most happy change,
That you are now, although to my confusion,
That awful, godlike, and commanding Brutus,
Which I so oft have wish'd you, which sometimes
I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,
When I have taken unawares your soul
At a broad glance, and forc'd her to retire!
Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new threats,
New marks of anger to compleat my ruin,
Your Titus has enough to break his heart,
When he remembers that you durst not trust him:
Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thousand frailties;
The mould you cast me in, the breath, the blood,
And spirit which you gave me, are unlike
The godlike author; yet you gave 'em, Sir;

And sure, if you had pleas'd to honourme,
T' immortalize my name to after ages,
By imparting your high cares, I should have found
At least so much hereditary virtue
As not to have divulg'd them.

Brut. Rise, my son;
Be satisfy'd thou art the first that know'st me:
A thousand accidents and fated causes,
Rush against every bulwark I can raise,
And halfunhinge my soul. For now's the time,
To shake the building of the tyrant down.
As from Night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars:
So from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter.
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lanthorn
That lights my genius down to the foundation:
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must, ere night, purge all the Roman air;
And then the thunder of his ruin follows.
No more; but haste thee to Lucretius:
I hear the multitude, and must among them.
Away, my son.

Tit. Bound, and obedient ever. [*Exit.*

Enter VINDICIUS, *with* Plebeians.

1. *Cit.* Jupiter defend us! I think the firmament is all on a light fire. Now, neighbour, as you were saying, as to the cause of lightning and thunder, and for the nature of prodigies.

Vin. What! a taylor, and talk of lightning and thunder? Why, thou walking shred, thou moving bottom, thou upright needle, thou shaving edging skirt, thou flip-flap of a man, thou vaulting flea, thou nit, thou nothing, dost thou talk of prodigies when I am by? *O tempora! O mores!* But, neighbours, as I was saying, what think you of Valerius?

All. Valerius, Valerius!

Vin. I know you are piping hot for sedition; you all gape for rebellion: But what's the near? For look you, Sirs, we the people in the body politic are but the guts of government; therefore we may rumble and grumble, and croak our hearts out, if we have never a head: why, how shall we be nourish'd? Therefore I say, let us get us a head, a head my masters.

Brut. Protect me, Jove, and guard me from the phantom!
Can this so horrid apparition be?
Or is it but the making of my fancy?

Vin. Ha, Brutus! What, where is this apparition?

1. *Cit.* This is the Tribune of the Celeres;
A notable head-piece, and the King's jester.

Brut. By Jove, a prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry:
I know they are, they told me so themselves;
For look you, neighbours, I for my own part
Have seen to-day fourscore and nineteen prodigies and a half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. O most horrible!
Look, Vindicius, yonder, o'er that part
O' th' Capitol; just, just there, man, yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord?

Brut. I always took thee for a quick-sighted fellow:
What, art thou blind? Why, yonder, all o' fire;
It vomits lightning; 'tis a monstrous dragon.

Vin. O, see it: O Jupiter and Juno! By the Gods I see it.
O neighbours, look, look, look, on his filthy nostrils!
'T has eyes like flaming saucers; and a belly
Like a burning caldron, with such a swinging tail;
"And O, a thing, a thing that's all o'fire!"

Brut. Ha! now it fronts us with a head that's mark'd
With Tarquin's name: and see, 'tis thunder-struck!
Look yonder, now it whizzes through the air!
The Gods have struck it down; 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd.
O! neighbours, what, what should this portent mean?

Vin. Mean! why, 'tis plain; did we not see the mark
Upon the beast? Tarquin's the dragon, neighbours,
Tarquin's the dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A dragon, a Tarquin.

1. *Cit.* Mercy: for my part I saw nothing.

Vin. How, rogue? Why, this is prodigy on prodigy!
Down with him, knock him down; what, not see the dragon?

1. *Cit.* Mercy; I did, I did; a huge monstrous dragon.

Brut. So; not a word of this, my masters, not for your lives:
Meet me anon at the forum; but not a word.
Vindicius, tell 'em the Tribune of the Celeres
Intends this night to give them an oration.

[*Exit* Vindicius *and Rabble.*

Enter LUCRECE, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, MUTIUS, HERMINIUS, HORATIUS, TITUS, TIBERIUS, *and* COLLATINUS.

Brut. Ha! in the open air? So near, you Gods?
So ripe your judgments? Nay, then let 'em break,
And burst the hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucrece. O Collatine! Art thou come?
Alas, my husband! O my love! my Lord!

Coll. O Lucrece! See, I have obey'd thy summons:
I have thee in my arms; but speak, my fair—
Say, is all well?

Lucrece. Away, and do not touch me!
Stand near, but touch me not. My father too!
Lucretius, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.
Haste, and relate thy lamentable story.

Lucrece. If there be Gods, O, will they not revenge me!
Draw near, my Lord; for sure you have a share
In these strange woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
Why did you bring that monster of mankind,
The other night, to curse Collatia's walls?
Why did you blast me with that horrid visage,
And blot my honour with the blood of Tarquin?

Coll. O all the Gods!

Lucrece. Alas, they are far off;
Or sure they would have help'd the wretched Lucrece!
Hear then, and tell it to the wond'ring world.
Last night the lustful, bloody Sextus came
Late, and benighted, to Collatia,
Intending, as he said, for Rome next morning;
But in the dead of night, just when soft sleep
Had seal'd my eyes, and quite becalm'd my soul,
Methought a horrid voice thus thunder'd in my ear:
'Lucrece, thou'rt mine, arise, and meet my arms:'
When straight I wak'd, and found young Tarquin by me,
"His robe unbutton'd," red and sparkling eyes,
The flushing blood that mounted in his face,
The trembling eagerness that quite devour'd him,
With only one grim slave that held a taper,
At that dread stillness of the murd'ring night,
Sufficiently declar'd his horrid purpose.

Coll. O, Lucrece, O!

Lucrece. How is it possible to speak the passion,
The fright, the throes, and labour of my soul?
Ah, Collatine! half dead I turn'd away
To hide my shame, my anger, and my blushes,
While he at first with a dissembled mildness
Attempted on my honour;——
But hastily repuls'd, and with disdain,
He drew his sword, and locking his left hand
Fast in my hair, he held it to my breast,
Protesting by the Gods, the Fiends and Furies,
If I refus'd him he would give me death,
And swear he found me with that swarthy slave,
Whom he would leave there murder'd by my side.

Brut. Villain! damn'd villain!

Lucrece. Ah Collatine! Oh father! Junius Brutus!
All that are kin to this dishonour'd blood,
How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive me?
Yet think not, Collatine, with my last tears,
With these last sighs, these dying groans, I beg you,
I do conjure my love, my lord, my husband!
Oh think me not consenting once in thought,
Tho' he in act possess'd his furious pleasure:
For, oh the name! the name of an adultress!
But here I faint! Oh help me:
Imagine me, my lord, but what I was,
And what I shortly shall be—cold and dead.

Coll. Oh ye avenging Gods! Lucrece! my love!
I swear I do not think thy soul consenting;
And therefore I forgive thee.

Lucrece. Ah, my lord!
Were I to live, how should I answer this?
All that I ask you now is to revenge me;

Revenge me, father, husband! oh revenge me!
Revenge me, Brutus! you his sons revenge me!
Herminius, Mutius, thou Horatius too;
And thou Valerius; all, revenge me all!
Revenge the honour of the ravish'd Lucrece!

All. We will revenge thee.

Lucrece. I thank you all; I thank you, noble Romans:
And that my life, tho' well I know you wish it,
May not hereafter ever give example
To any that, like me, shall be dishonour'd,
To live beneath so loath'd an infamy,
Thus I for ever lose it, thus set free
My soul, my life and honour altogether:
Revenge me; oh revenge, revenge, revenge! [*Dies.*

Luc. Struck to the heart—already motionless!

Coll. O give me way, to embalm her with my tears;
For who has that propriety of sorrow?
Who dares to claim an equal share with me?

Brut. That, Sir, dare I, and every Roman here.
What now? At your laments? Your puling sighs?
And woman's drops? Shall these quit scores for blood?
For chastity, for Rome, and violated honour?
Now, by the Gods, my soul disdains your tears:
There's not a common harlot in the shambles
But for a drachm should outweep you all.
Advance the body nearer: see, my lords,
Behold, you dazled Romans, from the wound
Of this dead beauty, thus I draw the dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood:
Thus to my lips I put the hallow'd blade;
To your's, Lucretius; Collatinus, your's;
To your's, Herminius, Mutius, and Horatius;
And your's, Valerius: kiss the poniard round:

Now join your hands with mine, and swear, swear all,
By this chaste blood, chaste ere the royal villain
Mixt his foul spirits with the spotless mass:
Swear, and let the Gods be witnesses,
That you with me will drive proud Tarquin out,
His wife, th' imperial fury, and her sons,
With all the race; drive 'em with sword and fire
To the world's limits, profligate accurst:
Swear from this time never to suffer them,
Nor any other King, to reign in Rome.

All. We swear.

Brut. Well have you sworn; and oh, methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the ravish'd matron
Look down! she bows her airy head to bless you,
And crown the auspicious sacrament with smiles.
Thus, with her body high expos'd to view,
March to the Forum with this pomp of death.
Oh Lucrece! oh!
When to the clouds thy pile of fame is rais'd,
While Rome is free thy memory shall be prais'd:
Senate and people, wives and virgins all,
Shall once a year before thy statue fall;
Cursing the Tarquins, they thy fate shall mourn:
But, when the thoughts of liberty return,
Shall bless the happy hour when thou wert born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forum. Enter TIBERIUS, FABRICIUS, LARTIUS, *and* FLAMINIUS.

Tiberius.

FABRICIUS, Lartius, and Flaminius,
As you are Romans, and oblig'd by Tarquin,
I dare confide in you; I say again,
Though I could not refuse the oath he gave us,
I disapprove my father's undertaking:
I'm loyal to the last, and so will stand.
I am in haste, and must to Tullia.

Fab. Leave me, my lord, to deal with the multitude.

Tib. Remember this in shotr: A King is one
To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd;
The throne lies open in your way for justice:
You may be angry, and may be forgiven.
There's room for favour, and for benefit,
Where friends and enemies may come together,
Have present hearing, present composition,
Without recourse to the litigious laws;
Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
That cast the vile and noble altogether;
Where, if you should exceed the bounds of order,
There is no pardon! O! 'tis dangerous,
To have all actions judg'd by rigorous law.
What, to depend on innocence alone,
Among so many accidents and errors
That wait on human life? Consider it;
Stand fast, be loyal, I must to the Queen. [*Exit.*

Fab. A pretty speech, by Mercury! Look you, Lartius, when the words lie like a low wrestler, round, close and short, squat, pat and pithy.

Lar. But what should we do here, Fabricius? The multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, Lartius, the multitude is a mad thing—a strange blunder-headed monster, and very unruly; but eloquence is such a thing, a fine, moving, florid, pathetical speech! But see, the Hydra comes: let me alone; fear not, I say, fear not.

Enter VINDICIUS, *with* Plebeians.

Vind. Come, neighbours, rank yourselves, plant yourselves, set yourselves in order, the Gods are very angry, I'll say that for 'em: pough, pough, I begin to sweat already; and they'll find us work enough to day, I'll tell you that. And to say the truth, I never lik'd Tarquin, before I saw the mark in his forehead: for look you, Sirs, I am a true Commonwealthsman, and do not naturally love Kings, tho' they be good; for why should any one man have more power than the people? Is he bigger, or wiser than the people? Has he more guts or more brains than the people? What can he do for the people, that the people can't do for themselves? Can he make corn grow in a famine? Can he give us rain in drought? Or make our pots boil, tho' the devil piss in the fire?

1. *Cit.* For my part, I hate all courtiers; and I think I have reason for't.

Vin. Thou reason! Well, taylor, and what's thy reason?

1. *Cit.* Why, Sir, there was a crew of 'em t'other night got drunk, broke my windows, and handled my wife.

Vin. How, neighbours? Nay, now the fellow has reason, look you. His wife handled! Why, this is a matter of moment.

2. *Cit.* Nay, I know there were some of the princes, for I heard Sextus's name.

Vin. Ay, ay, the King's sons, my life for't; some of the King's sons. Well, these roaring lords never do any good among us citizens: they are ever breaking the peace, running in our debts, and swinging our wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed monster,
You bulls and bears, you roaring beasts and bandogs,
Porters and coblers, tinkers, taylors, "all
"You rascally sons uf whores in a civil government,"
How long, I say, dare you abuse our patience?
Does not the thought of rods and axes fright you?
Does not our presence, ha, these eyes, these faces
Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? A very spit-fire; "the crack-fart of the court." Hold, let me see him nearer: yes, neighbours, this is one of 'em, one of your roaring 'squires, that poke us in the night, beat the watch, and deflower our wives. I know him, neighbours, for all his bouncing and his swearing; this is a court-pimp, a bawd, one of Tarquin's bawds.

Fab. Peace, thou obstreperous rascal; I am a man of honour, one of the Equestrian order, my name Fabricius.

Vin. Fabricius! Your servant Fabricius. Down with him, neighbours; an upstart rogue; this is he that was the Queen's coachman, and drove the chariot over her father's body. Down with him, down with 'em all, bawds, pimps, panders.

Fab. O mercy, mercy, mercy!

Vin. Hold, neighbours, hold; as we are great, let us be just. You, sirrah; you of the Equestrian order, knight?—Now, by Jove, he has the look of a pimp; I find we can't save him. Rise, Sir Knight, and tell me before the Majesty

of the People, what have you to say, that you should not have your neck broke down the Tarpeian rock, your body burnt, and your ashes thrown in the Tiber?

Fab. Oh! oh! oh!

Vin. A courtier! a sheep-biter! Leave off your blubbering, and confess.

Fab. Oh! I will confess, I will confess.

Vin. Answer me then. Was not you once the Queen's coachman?

Fab. I was, I was.

Vin. Did you not drive her chariot over the body of her father, the dead King Tullus?

Fab. I did, I did; though it went against my conscience.

Vin. So much the worse. Have you not since abused the good people, by seducing the citizens wives to court for the King's sons? Have you not, by your bawd's tricks been the occasion of their making assault on the bodies of many a virtuous disposed gentlewoman?

Fab. I have, I have.

"*Vin,* Have you not wickedly held the door, while the "daughters of the wise citizens have had their vessels broken "up?

"*Fab.* Oh, I confess many a time and often."

Vin. For all which services to your princes, and so highly deserving of the Commonwealth, you have received the honour of knighthood?

Fab. Mercy, mercy, I confess it all.

Vin. Hitherto I have help'd you to spell, now pray put together for yourself, and confess the whole matter in three words.

Fab. I was at first the son of a carman, came to the honour of being Tullia's coachman, have been a pimp, and remain a knight at the mercy o' the people.

Vin. Well, I am mov'd, my bowels are stirr'd; take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd: away with 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh mercy! help, help!

Vin. Hang 'em, rogues, pimps, hang 'em, I say. Why, look you, neighbours, this is law, right, and justice: this is the People's law, and I think that's better than the arbitrary power of Kings. Why, here was a trial, condemnation, and execution, without more ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look, look, the Tribune of the Celeres! Bring forth the pulpit, the pulpit.

[*Trumpets sound a Dead March.*

Enter BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HERMINIUS, MUTIUS, HORATIUS, LUCRETIUS, COLLATINUS, TIBERIUS, *and* TITUS, *with the body of* LUCRECE.

Val. I charge you fathers, nobles, Romans, friends,
Magistrates, all you people, hear Valerius.
This day, O Romans, is a day of wonders,
The villainies of Tarquin are compleat:
To lay whose vices open to your view,
To give you reasons for his banishment,
With the expulsion of his wicked race,
The Gods have chosen Lucius Junius Brutus,
The stupid, senseless, and illiterate Brutus,
Their orator in this prodigious cause:
Let him ascend, and silence be proclaim'd.

Vin. A Brutus, a Brutus, a Brutus! Silence there; Silence, I say; silence on pain of death.

Brut. Patricians, people, friends, and Romans all,
Had not th' inspiring Gods by wonder brought me
From clouded sense to this full day of reason,
Whence, with a prophet's prospect, I behold

The state of Rome, and danger of the world;
Yet, in a cause like this, methinks the weak,
Enervate, stupid Brutus might suffice.
O the eternal Gods Bring but the statues
Of Romulus and Numa, plant 'em here
On either hand of this cold Roman wife,
Only to stand and point that public wound;
O Romans, oh, what use would be of tongues?
What orator need speak while they were by?
Would not the majesty of those dumb forms
Inspire your souls, and arm you for the cause?
Would you not curse the author of the murder,
And drive him from the earth with sword and fire?
But where, methinks I hear the people shout,
I hear the cry of Rome, where is the monster?
Bring Tarquin forth, bring the destroyer out,
By whose curst offspring, lustful bloody Sextus,
This perfect mould of Roman chastity,
This star of spotless and immortal fame,
This pattern for all wives, the Roman Lucrece,
Was foully brought to a disastrous end.

Vin. O, neighbours, oh! I bury'd seven wives without crying,
Nay, I never wept before in all my life.

Brut. O the immortal Gods, and thou great stayer
Of falling Rome, if to his own relations,
(For Collatinus is a Tarquin too,)
If wrongs so great to them, to his own blood,
What then to us, the Nobles and the Commons?
Not to remember you of his past crimes,
The black ambition of his furious Queen,
Who drove her chariot through the Cyprian street,
On such a damn'd design, as might have turn'd

The steeds of day, and shock'd the starting Gods,
Blest as they are, with an uneasy moment.
Add yet to this, oh! add the horrid slaughter
Of all the Princes of the Roman Senate,
Invading fundamental right and justice,
Breaking the antient customs, statutes, laws,
With positive pow'r, and arbitrary lust:
And those affairs which were before dispatch'd
In public by the Fathers, now are forc'd
To his own palace, there to be determin'd
As he and his portentous council please.
But then for you.

Vin. Ay, for the people, come,
And then, my mirmydons, to pot with him.

Brut. I say, if thus the nobles have been wrong'd,
What tongue can speak the grievance of the people?

Vin. Alas, poor people!

Brut. You that were once a free-born people, fam'd
In his forefather's days for wars abroad,
The conquerors of the world; oh Rome! oh Glory!
What are you now? What has the tyrant made you?
The slaves, the beasts, the asses of the earth,
The soldiers of the Gods mechanic labourers,
Drawers of water, taskers, timber-fellers,
Yok'd you like bulls, his very jades for luggage,
Drove you with scourges down to dig in quarries,
To cleanse his sinks, the scavengers o' th' court,
While his lewd sons, tho' not on work so hard,
Employ'd your daughters and your wives at home.

Vin. Yes, marry did they.

Brut. O all the Gods! What, are you Romans? Ha!
If this be true, why have you been so backward?
Oh sluggish souls! Oh fall of former glory!

That would not rouse unless a woman wak'd you!
Behold she comes, and calls you to revenge her;
Her spirit hovers in the air, and cries,
'To arms, to arms; drive, drive the Tarquins out!'
Behold this dagger, taken from her wound,
She bids you fix this trophy on your standard,
This poniard which she stabb'd into her heart,
And bear her body in your battle's front:
Or will you stay till Tarquin does return,
To see your wives and children dragg'd about,
Your houses burnt, the temples all profan'd,
The city fill'd with rapes, adulteries,
The Tiber choak'd with bodies, all the shores
And neighb'ring rocks besmear'd with Roman blood?

Vin. Away, away, let's burn his palace first.

Brut. Hold, hold, my friends: as I have been th' inspirer
Of this most just revenge, so I intreat you,
Oh worthy Romans, take me with you still:
Drive Tullia out, and all of Tarquin's race;
Expel 'em without damage to their persons,
Though not without reproach. Vindicius, you
I trust in this. So prosper us the Gods,
Prosper our cause, prosper the Commonwealth,
Guard and defend the liberty of Rome.

Vin. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

All. Liberty, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Val. O Brutus, as a God we all survey thee!
Let then the gratitude we should express
Be lost in admiration. Well we know,
Virtue like thine, so fierce, so like the Gods,
That more than thou presents we could not bear,
Looks with disdain on ceremonious honours;

Thereforce accept in short the thanks of Rome:
First with our bodies thus we worship thee,
Thou guardian genius of the Commonwealth,
Thou father and redeemer of thy country;
Next we, as friends, with equal arms embrace thee,
That Brutus may remember, tho' his virtue
Soar to the Gods, he is a Roman still.

Brut. And when I am not so, or once in thought
Conspire the bondage of my countrymen,
Strike me, you Gods; tear me, O Romans, piece-meal,
And let your Brutus be more loath'd than Tarquin!
But now to those affairs that want a view.
Imagine then the fame of what is done
Has reach'd to Ardea, whence the trembling King,
By guilt and nature quick and apprehensive,
With a bent brow comes post for his revenge,
To make examples of the mutineers:
Let him come on. Lucretius, to your care
The charge and custody of Rome is given;
While we, with all the force that can be rais'd,
Waving the Tarquins on the common road,
Resolve to join the army at the camp.
What thinks Valerius of the consequence?

Val. As of a lucky hit. There is a number
Of malecontents that wish for such a time:
I think that only speed is necessary
To crown the whole event.

Brut. Go then yourself,
With these assistants, and make instant head
Well as you can, numbers will not be wanting,
To Mars's field. I have but some few orders
To leave with Titus, that must be dispers'd,
And Brutus shall attend you.

Val. The Gods direct you.

[*Exeunt with the body of* Lucrece.

Manent BRUTUS *and* TITUS.

Brut. Titus, my son!

Titus. My ever honour'd lord.

Brut. I think, my Titus,
Nay by the Gods, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my children.

Titus. How, Sir, oh how, my lord, have I deserv'd it?

Brut. Therefore I love thee more, because, my son,
Thou hast deserv'd it; for to speak sincerely,
There's such a sweetness still in all thy manners,
An air so open, and a brow so clear,
A temper so remov'd from villainy,
With such a manly plainness in thy dealing,
That not to love thee, O my son, my Titus,
Were to be envious of so great a virtue.

Titus. O all the Gods, where will this kindness end?
Why do you thus, O my too gracious lord,
Dissolve at once the being that you gave me,
Unless you mean to screw me to performance
Beyond the reach of man?
Ah why, my lord, do you oblige me more
Than my humanity can e'er return?

Brut. Yes, Titus, thou conceiv'st thy father right,
I find our Genii know each other well;
And minds, my son, of our uncommon make,
When once the mark's in view never shoot wide,
But in a line come level to the white,
And hit the very heart of our design:
Then to the shocking purpose. Once again
I say, I swear I love thee, O my son;

I like thy frame; the fingers of the Gods,
I see, have left their mastery upon thee;
They have been tapering up thy Roman form,
And the majestic prints at large appear:
Yet something they have left for me to finish,
Which thus I press thee to, thus in my arms
I fashion thee, I mould thee to my heart.
What! Dost thou kneel? Nay, stand up now a Roman,
Shake from thy lids that dew that hangs upon 'em,
And answer to the austerity of my virtue.

Titus. If I must die, you Gods, I am prepar'd:
Let then my fate suffice; but do not rack me
With something more.

Brut. Titus, as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.

Titus. My lord, I did.

Brut. To Teraminta, Tarquin's natural daughter.

Titus. Most true, my lord, to that poor virtuous maid,
Your Titus, Sir, your most unhappy son,
Is join'd for ever.

Brut. No, Titus—not for ever.
Not but I know the virgin beautiful;
For I did oft converse her when I seem'd
Not to converse at all. Yet more, my son,
I think her chastely good, most sweetly fram'd,
Without the smallest tincture of her father;
Yet, Titus——Ha! what, man? what, all in tears?
Art thou so soft, that only saying yet
Has dash'd thee thus? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the bottom of this foolish stream,
Whose brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my son,
If thou art mine, thou art not Teraminta's;
Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be,
Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Titus. O the Gods!
Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
Due to a father's name, not Teraminta's!
Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not Teraminta's.
No, Titus, by th' eternal Fates, that hang,
I hope, auspicious o'er the head of Rome,
I'll grapple with thee on this spot of earth
About this theme, till one of us fall dead:
I'll struggle with thee for this point of honour,
And tug with Tereminta for thy heart,
As I have done for Rome. Yes, ere we part,
Fix'd as you are by wedlock, join'd and fast,
I'll set you far asunder: nay, on this,
This spotted blade, bath'd in the blood of Lucrece,
I'll make thee swear, on this thy wedding night,
Thou wilt not touch thy wife.
Titus. Conscience, heart, and bowels,
Am I a man? Have I my flesh about me?
Brut. I know thou hast too much of flesh about thee;
'Tis that, my son, that and thy blood I fear
More than thy spirit, which is truly Roman:
But let the heated channels of thy veins
Boil o'er, I still am obstinate in this:
Thou shalt renounce thy father or thy love.
Either resolve to part with Teraminta,
To send her forth, with Tullia, to her father,
Or shake hands with me, part, and be accurs'd;
Make me believe thy mother play'd me false,
And, in my absence, stamp'd thee with a Tarquin.
Titus. Hold, Sir, I do conjure you by the Gods
Wrong not my mother, though you doom me dead;
Curse me not till you hear what I resolve;
Give me a little time to rouse my spirits,

To muster all the tyrant-man about me,
All that is fierce, austere, and greatly cruel,
To Titus and his Teraminta's ruin.

Brut. Remember me; look on thy father's suff'rings;
What he has borne for twenty rolling years.
If thou hast nature, worth, or honour in thee,
The contemplation of my cruel labours
Will stir thee up to this new act of glory:
Thou want'st the image of thy father's wrongs;
O take it then, reflected with the warmth
Of all the tenderness that I can give thee.
Perhaps it stood in a wrong light before,
I'll try all ways to place it to advantage.
Learn by my rigorous Roman resolution
To stiffen thy unharrass'd infant virtue:
I do allow thee fond, young, soft, and gentle,
Train'd by the charms of one that is most lovely;
Yet, Titus, this must all be lost, when honour,
When Rome, the world, and the Gods come to claim us:
Think then thou heard'st 'em cry, 'Obey thy father;
If thou art false, or perjur'd, there he stands
Accountable to us; but swear t' obey;
Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
Be sworn amiss, thou may'st have nought to answer.'

Titus. What is it, Sir, that you would have me swear?
That I may 'scape your curse, and gain your blessing?

Brut. That thou this night will part with Teraminta.
For once again I swear, if here she stays,
What for the hatred of the multitude,
And my resolves to drive out Tarquin's race,
Her person is not safe.

Titus. Here, take me, Sir;

Take me before I cool: I swear, this night
That I will part with (Oh!) my Teraminta.

Brut. Swear too, and by the soul of ravish'd Lucrece,
Though on thy bridal night, thou wilt not touch her.

Titus. I swear, e'en by the soul of her you nam'd,
The ravish'd Lucrece, oh the immortal Gods!
I will not touch her.

Brut. So; I trust thy virtue:
And, by the Gods, I thank thee for the conquest.
Once more, with all the blessings I can give thee,
I take thee to my arms; thus on my breast,
The hard and rugged pillow of thy honour,
I wean thee from thy love. Farewel! be fast
To what thou'st sworn, and I am thine for ever. [*Exit.*

Titus. [*Solus.*] To what thou'st sworn! Oh Heaven and Earth, what's that?
What have I sworn? To part with Teraminta?
To part with something dearer to my heart
Than my life's drops? What! not this night enjoy her?
Renounce my vows, the rights, the dues of marriage,
Which now I gave her, and the priest was witness,
Bless'd with a flood that stream'd from both our eyes,
And seal'd with sighs, and smiles, and deathless kisses;
Yet after this to swear thou wilt not touch her!
Oh, all the Gods, I did forswear myself
In swearing that, and will forswear again:
Not touch her! O thou perjur'd braggard, where,
Where are thy vaunts, thy protestations now?

Enter TERAMINTA.

She comes to strike thy staggering duty down:
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh Teraminta, come,
Come to my arms, thou only joy of Titus,

Hush to my cares, thou mass of hoarded sweets,
Selected hour of all life's happy moments;
What shall I say to thee?

Ter. Say any thing;
For while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted faculty,
And puts my soul in tune. O Titus, oh!
Methinks my spirit shivers in her house,
Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest;
With this foresight, to die thus in your arms
Were to prevent a world of following ills.

Ter. What ills, my love? What power has fortune now
But we can brave?

Titus. 'Tis true, my Teraminta,
The body of the world is out of frame,
The vast distorted limbs are on the rack,
And all the cable sinews stretch'd to bursting,
The blood ferments, and the majestic spirit,
Like Hercules in the envenom'd shirt,
Lies in a fever on the horrid pile.
My father, like an Esculapius
Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the cure;
But how, my love? By violent remedies,
And says that Rome, ere yet she can be well,
Must purge and cast, purge all th' infected humours
Through the whole mass, and vastly, vastly bleed.

Ter. Ah Titus! I myself but now beheld
Th' expulsion of the Queen, driv'n from her palace
By the enrag'd and madding multitude,
And hardly 'scap'd myself to find you here.

Titus. Why yet, my Teraminta, we may smile.
Come then to bed, ere yet the night descends
With her black wings to brood o'er all the world.

Why, what care we? Let us enjoy those pleasures
The Gods have giv'n; lock'd in each other's arms,
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at fate.

Ter. No, no, my lord, there's more than you have nam'd,
There's something at your heart that I must find;
I claim it with the privilege of a wife.
Keep close your joys, but for your griefs, my Titus,
I must not, will not lose my share in them.
Ah, the good Gods, what is it stirs you thus?
Speak, speak, my lord, or Teraminta dies.
Oh Heav'ns, he weeps! Nay, then upon my knees
I thus conjure you, speak, or give me death.

Titus. Rise, Teraminta. Oh, if I should speak
What I have rashly sworn against my love,
I fear that I should give thee death indeed.

Ter. Against your love! No, that's impossible;
I know your god-like truth: nay, should you swear,
Swear to me now that you forswore your love,
I would not credit it. No, no, my lord,
I see, I know, I read it in your eyes,
You love the wretched Teraminta still.
The very manner of your hiding it,
The tears you shed, your backwardness to speak
What you affirm you swore against your love,
Tell me, my lord, you love me more than ever.

Titus. By all the Gods I do. Oh Teraminta,
My heart's discerner, whether wilt thou drive me?
I'll tell thee then. My father wrought me up
I know not how, to swear I know not what,
That I would send thee hence with Tullia,
Swear not to touch thee, though my wife; yet, oh,
Had'st thou been by thyself, and but beheld him,

Thou would'st have thought such was his majesty,
That the Gods lighten'd from his awful eyes,
And thunder'd from his tongue.

Ter. No more, my lord:
I do conjure you by all those Powers
Which we invok'd together at the altar,
And beg you by the love I know you bear me,
To let his passion trouble you no farther;
No, my dear lord, my honour'd god-like husband,
I am your wife, and one that seeks your honour:
By Heaven I would have sworn you thus myself.
What, on the shock of empire, on the turn
Of state, and universal change of things,
To lie at home and languish for a woman!
No, Titus, he that makes himself thus vile,
Let him not dare pretend to ought that's princely?
But be, as all the warlike world shall judge him,
The droll of th' people, and the scorn of kings.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. My lord, your father gives you thus in charge,
Remember what you swore. The guard is ready,
And I am order'd to conduct your bride,
While you attend your father.

Titus. Oh Teraminta!
Then we must part.

Ter. We must, we must, my lord,
Therefore be swift, and snatch yourself away,
Or I shall die with ling'ring.

Titus, Oh, a kiss,
Balmy as cordials that recover souls,
Chaste as maid's sighs, and keen as longing mothers!
Preserve thyself; look well to that, my love;

Think on our covenant: when either dies
The other is no more.

Ter. I do remember,
But have no language left.

Titus. Yet we shall meet,
In spite of sighs we shall, at least in heaven.
Oh Teraminta, once more to my heart,
Once to my lips, and ever to my soul!
Thus the soft mother, though her babe is dead,
Will have the darling on her bosom laid,
Will talk, and rave, and with the nurses strive,
And fond it still, as if it were alive;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the croud,
And shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the shroud.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter COLLATINUS, TIBERIUS, VITELLIUS, *and* AQUILIUS.

Collatinus.

TH' expulsion of the Tarquins now must stand;
Their camp to be surpriz'd, while Tarquin here
Was scolded from our walls! I blush to think
That such a master in the art of war
Should so forget himself.

Vit. Triumphant Brutus,
Like Jove when follow'd by a train of Gods,
To mingle with the Fates, and doom the world,
Ascends the brazen steps o'th' capitol,
With all the humming senate at his heels,

Ev'n in that capitol which the King built
With the expence of all the royal treasure,
Ingrateful Brutus there in pomp appears,
And sits the purple judge of Tarquin's downfal.
Aquil. But why, my lord, why are not you there too?
Were you not chosen consul by whole Rome?
Why are you not saluted too like him?
Where are your lictors? Where your rods and axes?
Or are you but the ape, the mimic God
Of this new thunderer, who appropriates
Those bolts of power which ought to be divided?
Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upstart pride,
His rebel thoughts of the imperial race,
His abject soul that stoops to court the vulgar,
His scorn of princes, and his lust to th' people:
Oh Collatine! have you not eyes to find him?
Why are you rais'd, but to set off his honours?
A taper by the sun, whose sickly beams
Are swallow'd in the blaze of his full glory:
He, like a meteor, wades th' abyss of light,
While your faint lustre adds but to the beard
That awes the world. When late through Rome he pass'd,
Fixt on his courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
On this, on that side, to the gazing heads
That pav'd the streets, and all imboss'd the windows,
That gap'd with eagerness to speak, but could not;
So fast their spirits flow'd to admiration,
And that to joy, which thus at last broke forth:
'Brutus, God Brutus, father of thy country!
Hail, Genius! hail, deliverer of lost Rome!
Shield of the Commonwealth, and sword of justice
Hail, scourge of tyrants, lash for lawless Kings!
All hail!' they cried, while the long peal of praises,

Tormented with a thousand echoing cries,
Ran like the volley of the Gods along.

Coll. No more on't; I grow sick with the remembrance.

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their bellying bodies,
That ventur'd from the casements more than half
To look at Brutus, nay, that stuck like snails
Upon the walls, and from the houses tops
Hung down like clust'ring bees upon each other,
How did they all draw back at sight of you,
To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from rapture!
Are you a man? Have you the blood of Kings
And suffer this?

Coll. Ha!—Is he not his father?

Tib. I grant he is.
Consider this, and rouse yourself at home:
Commend my fire, and rail at your own slackness.
Yet more, remember but your last disgrace,
When you propos'd, with rev'rence to the Gods,
A king of sacrifices should be chosen,
And from the consuls, did he not oppose you?
Fearing, as well he might, your sure election;
Saying, it smelt too much of royalty;
And that it might rub up the memory
Of those that lov'd the tyrant? Nay, yet more,
That if the people chose you for the place,
The name of King would light upon a Tarquin:
Of one that's doubly royal, being descended
From two great Princes that were Kings of Rome?

Coll. But after all this, whether would'st thou drive?

Tib. I would to justice. for the restoration
Of our most lawful Prince: yes, Collatine,
I look upon my father as a traitor;
I find that neither you, nor brave Aquilius,

Nor young Vitellius, dare confide in me;
But that you may, and firmly, to the hazard
Of all the world holds precious, once again
I say, I look on Brutus as a traitor,
No more my father, by th' immortal Gods:
And to redeem the time, to fix the King
On his imperial throne, some means propos'd
That savour of a govern'd policy,
Where there is strength and life to hope a fortune,
Not to throw all upon one desperate chance;
I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.

Coll. Come to my arms: O thou so truly brave,
Thou may'st redeem the errors of thy race!
Aquilius, and Vitellius, O embrace him,
And ask his pardon, that so long we fear'd
To trust so rich a virtue. But behold,

Enter BRUTUS *and* VALERIUS.

Brutus appears: young man, be satisfy'd,
I sound thy politic father to the bottom,
Plotting the assumption of Valerius;
He means to cast me from the consulship,
But now I heard how he cajol'd the people
With his known industry, and my remissness,
That still in all our votes, proscriptions, edicts,
Against the King, he found I acted faintly,
Still closing every sentence, 'he's a Tarquin!'

Brut. No, my Valerius, till thou art my mate,
Joint master in this great authority;
However calm the face of things appear,
Rome is not safe: by the majestic Gods
I swear, while Collatine sits at the helm
A universal wreck is to be fear'd:

I have intelligence of his transactions,
He mingles with the young hot blood of Rome,
Gnaws himself inward, grudges my applause,
Promotes cabals with highest quality,
Such headlong youth as spurning laws and manners,
Shar'd in the late debaucheries of Sextus,
And therefore wish the tyrant here again:
As the inverted seasons shock'd wise men,
And the most fix'd philosophy must start
At sultry winters, and at frosty summers;
So at this most unnatural stillness here,
This more than midnight silence through all Rome,
This deadness of discourse, and dreadful calm
Upon so great a change, I more admire
Than if a hundred politic heads were met,
And nodded mutiny to one another;
More fear than if a thousand lying libels
Were spread abroad, nay, dropt among the senate.

Val. I have myself employ'd a busy slave,
His name Vinditius, given him wealth and freedom,
To watch the motions of Vitellius,
And those of the Aquilian family:
Vitellius has already entertain'd him;
And something thence important may be gather'd;
For these, of all the youth of quality,
Are most inclin'd to Tarquin and his race
By blood and humour.

Brut. Oh, Valerius!
That boy, observ'st thou? Oh, I fear, my friend,
He is a weed, but rooted in my heart,
And grafted to my stock; if he prove rank,
By Mars no more but thus, away with him:
I'll tear him from me though the blood should follow.
Tiberius!

Tib. My lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that Vitellius;
I warn'd you too of young Aquilius:
Are my words wind that thus you let 'em pass?
Hast thou forgot thy father?

Tib. No, my lord.

Brut. Thou ly'st; but though thou 'scape a father's rod,
The consul's axe may reach thee: think on that,
I know thy vanity and blind ambition;
Thou dost associate with my enemies;
When I refus'd the consul Collatine
To be the king of sacrifices, straight,
As if thou had'st been sworn his bosom fool,
He nam'd thee for the office: and since that,
Since I refus'd thy madness that preferment,
Because I would have none of Brutus' blood
Pretend to be a King, thou hang'st thy head,
Contriv'st to give thy father new displeasure,
As if imperial toil were not enough
To break my heart without thy disobedience.
But by the majesty of Rome I swear,
If after double warning thou despise me,
By all the Gods, I'll cast thee from my blood,
Doom thee to forks and whips as a barbarian,
And leave thee to the lashes of the lictor.
Tarquinius Collatinus, you are summon'd
To meet the senate on the instant time.

Coll. Lead on: my duty is to follow Brutus.

[*Exit* Brut. Val.

Tib. Now, by those Gods with which he menac'd me,
I here put off all nature; since he turns me
Thus desperate to the world, I do renounce him:
And when we meet again he is my foe.

All blood, all reverence, fondness be forgot;
Like a grown savage on the common wild,
That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
I'll meet my lion sire, and roar defiance,
As if he ne'er had nurs'd me in his den.

Enter VINDICIUS, *with the People, and two Fecilian* Priests, *crowned with laurel: two spears in their hands; one bloody and half burnt.*

Vin. Make way there, hey—news from the tyrant—here come envoys, heralds, ambassadors; whether in the gods name or in the devils I know not; but here they come, your Fecilian priests: well, good people, I like not these priests; why, what the devil have they to do with state affairs? What side soever they are for, they'll have Heaven for their part, I'll warrant you: they'll lug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1. *Pri.* Hear, Jupiter! and thou, O Juno, hear!
Hear, O Quirinus! hear us, all you Gods,
Celestial, terrestrial, and infernal!

2. *Pri.* But thou, Oh Rome, our judge! hear, all you people!

Vin. Fine canting rogues! I told you how they'd be hooking the Gods in at first dash; why, the Gods are their tools and tackle; they work with heaven and hell; and let me tell you, as things go, your priests have a hopeful trade on't.

1. *Pri.* I come ambassador to thee, O Rome,
Sacred and just, the legate of the King.

2. *Pri.* If we demand, or purpose to require,
A stone from Rome that's contrary to justice,
May we be ever banish'd from our country,
And never hope to taste this vital air.

Tib. Vindicius, lead the multitude away:
Aquilius, with Vitellius and myself,
Will straight conduct 'em to the capitol.

Vin. I go, my lord; but have a care of 'em—sly rogues, I warrant 'em. Mark that first priest; do you see how he leers? a lying elder; the true cast of a holy juggler. Come, my masters, I would think well of a priest but that he has a commission to dissemble: a patent hypocrite, that takes pay to forge lies by law, and lives by the sins of the people. [*Exeunt with people.*

Aquil. My life upon't, you may speak out, and freely: Tiberius is the heart of our design.

1. *Pri.* The Gods be prais'd! Thus then; the King commends
Your generous resolves, longs to be with you,
And those you have engag'd, divides his heart
Amongst you; which more clearly must be seen
When you have read these packets: as we go
I'll spread the bosom of the King before you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate.

Brut. Patricians, that long stood, and 'scap'd the tyrant,
The venerable moulds of your forefathers,
That represent the wisdom of the dead;
And you, the conscript chosen for the people,
Engines of power, severest counsellors,
Courts that examine treasons to the head,
All hail! The consul begs the auspicious Gods,
And binds Quirinus by his tutelar vow,
That plenty, peace, and lasting liberty
May be your portion, and the lot of Rome:
Laws, rules, and bounds, prescrib'd for raging Kings,

Like banks and bulwarks for the mother seas,
Though 'tis impossible they should prevent
A thousand daily wrecks and nightly ruins,
Yet help to break those rolling inundations,
Which else would overflow and drown the world.
Tarquin, to feed whose fathomless ambition
And ocean luxury the noblest veins
Of all true Romans were like rivers empty'd,
Is cut from Rome, and now he flows full on;
Yet, fathers, ought we much to fear his ebb,
And strictly watch the dams that we have rais'd.
Why should I go about? The Roman people
All, with one voice, accuse my fellow consul.

Coll. The people may; I hope the nobles will not.
The people! Brutus does indulge the people.

Brut. Consul, in what is right I will indulge 'em;
And much, I think, 'tis better so to do,
Than see 'em run in tumults through the streets,
Forming cabals, plotting against the senate,
Shutting their shops, and flying from the town,
As if the Gods had sent the plague among 'em.
I know too well, you and your royal tribe
Scorn the good people, scorn the late election,
Because we chose these fathers for the people
To fill the place of those whom Tarquin murder'd:
And, though you laugh at this, you and your train,
The irreligious hare-brain'd youth of Rome,
The ignorant, the slothful, and the base;
Yet wise men know, 'tis very rarely seen,
That a free people should desire the hurt
Of common liberty. No, Collatine,
For those desires arise from their oppression,
Or from suspicion they are falling to it;

But put the case, that those their fears were false,
Ways may be found to rectify their errors;
For grant the people ignorant of themselves,
Yet they are capable of being told,
And will conceive a truth from worthy men:
From you they will not, nor from your adherents:
Rome's infamous and execrable youth,
Foes to religion and the commonwealth,
To virtue, learning, and all sober arts,
That bring renown and profit to mankind;
Such as had rather bleed beneath a tyrant,
To become dreadful to the populace,
To spread their lusts and dissoluteness round,
Though at the daily hazard of their lives,
Than live at peace in a free government,
Where every man is master of his own,
Sole lord at home, and monarch of his house;
Where rancour and ambition are extinguish'd;
Where universal peace extends her wings,
As if the golden age return'd; where all
The people do agree, and live secure;
The nobles and the princes lov'd and reverenc'd;
The world in triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

Coll. The consul, conscript fathers, says the people,
For divers reasons, grudge the dignity
Which I possess'd by general approbation,
I hear their murmurs, and would know of Brutus
What they would have me do, what's their desire.

Brut. Take hence the royal name, resign thy office,
Go as a friend, and of thy own accord,
Lest thou be forc'd to what may seem thy will:
The city renders thee what is thy own
With vast increase, so thou resolve to go;

For till the name, the race, and family
Of Tarquin be remov'd, Rome is not free.

Coll. Brutus, I yield my office to Valerius,
Hoping, when Rome has try'd my faith by exile,
She will recall me: so the Gods preserve you. [*Exit.*

Brut. Welcome, Publicola, true son of Rome;
On such a pilot in the roughest storm
She may securely sleep, and rest her cares.

Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, *and the* Priests.

1. *Pri.* Hear, Jupiter, Quirinus, all you Gods,
Thou father, judge, commission'd for the message,
Pater Patratus for the embassy,
And sacred oaths which I must swear for truth,
Dost thou commission me to seal the peace,
If peace they chuse, or hurl this bloody spear,
Half burnt in fire, if they enforce a war?

2. *Pri.* Speak to the senate and the Alban people,
The words of Tarquin: this is your commission.

1. *Pri.* The King, to show he has more moderation
Than those who drove him from his lawful empire,
Demands but restitution of his own,
His royal household-stuff, imperial treasure,
His gold, his jewels, and his proper state,
To be transported where he now resides:
I swear that this is all the King requires;
Behold his signet set upon the wax.
'Tis seal'd and written in these sacred tables.
To this I swear; and as my oath is just,
Sincere and punctual, without all deceit,
May Jupiter and all the Gods reward me:
But if I act, or otherwise imagine,

Think, or design, than what I here have sworn,
All you the Alban people being safe,
Safe in your country, temples, sepulchres,
Safe in your laws, and proper household goods,
Let me alone be struck, fall, perish, die,
As now this stone falls from my hand to earth.

Brut. The things you ask being very controversial,
Require some time. Should we deny the tyrant
What was his own, 'twould seem a strange injustice,
Tho' he had never reign'd in Rome; yet, fathers,
If we consent to yield to his demand,
We give him then full power to make a war.
'Tis known to you, the Fecilian Priests,
No act of senate after sun-set stands;
Therefore your offers being of great moment,
We shall defer your bus'ness till the morn;
With whose first dawn we summon all the fathers
To give th' affair dispatch: so Jove protect,
Guard, and defend the Commonwealth of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, *and* Priests.

Tib. Now to the garden, where I'll bring my brother:
Fear not, my lord; we have the means to work him;
It cannot fail.

1. *Pri.* And you, Vitellius, haste
With good Aquilius, spread the news through Rome,
To all of royal spirit; most to those
Young noblemen that us'd to range with Sextus:
Persuade a restitution of the King,
Give 'em the hint to let him in by night,
And join their forces with th' Imperial troops,
For 'tis a shove, a push of fate, must bear it:

For you, the hearts and souls of enterprize,
I need not urge a reason after this:
What good can come of such a government,
Where, tho' two consuls, wise and able persons
As are throughout the world, sit at the helm,
A very trifle cannot be resolv'd;
A trick, a start, a shadow of a business,
That would receive dispatch in half a minute,
Were the authority but rightly plac'd
In Rome's most lawful King? But now no more;
The Fecilian garden is the place,
Where more of our sworn function will be ready
To help the royal plot. Disperse, and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Fecilian Garden. TITUS *solus.*

Titus. She's gone, and I shall never see her more?
Gone to the camp, to the harsh trade of war,
Driven from thy bed, just warm within thy breast,
Torn from her harbour by thy father's hand,
Perhaps to starve upon the barren plain!
Thy virgin wife, the very blush of maids,
The softest bosom, sweet, and not enjoy'd:
O the immortal Gods! and as she went,
Howe'er she seem'd to bear our parting well,
Methought she mixt her melting with disdain,
A cast of anger through her shining tears:
So to abuse her hopes, and blast her wishes,
By making her my bride, but not a woman!

Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, *and* Priests, *with* TERAMINTA.

Tib. See where he stands, drown'd in his melancholy.

1. *Pri.* Madam, you know the pleasure of the Queen:
And what the royal Tullia did command
I've sworn to execute.

Ter. I am instructed.
Since then my life's at stake you need not doubt
But I will act with all the force I can:
Let me intreat you leave me here alone,
Some minutes, and I'll call you to the conquest.

[*Exeunt* Tib. Aq. Vitel. *and Priests.*

Titus. Chuse then the gloomy'st place through all the grove,
Throw thy abandon'd body on the ground,
With thy bare breast lie wedded to the dew;
Then, as thou drink'st the tears that trickle from thee:
So stretch'd resolve to lie till death shall seize thee:
Thy sorrowful head hung o'er some tumbling stream,
To rock thy griefs with melancholy sounds;
With broken murmurs, and redoubled groans,
To help the gurgling of the water's fall.

Ter. Oh, Titus, oh, what scene of death is this! [*Aside.*

Titus. Or if thy passion will not be kept in,
As in that glass of nature thou shalt view
Thy swoln drown'd eyes with the inverted banks,
The tops of willows, and their blossoms turn'd,
With all the under sky ten fathom down,
Wish that the shadow of the swimming globe
Were so indeed that thou might'st leap at fate,
And hurl thy fortune headlong at the stars:
Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry face

To yon misguided orb, and ask the Gods
For what bold sin they doom the wretched Titus
To such a loss as that of Teraminta?
O Teraminta! I will groan thy name
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition,
Till all the breathless grove and quiet myrtles
Shake with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em.
Nothing but Teraminta! O Teraminta!

Ter. Nothing but Titus! Titus and Teraminta!
Thus let me rob the fountains and the groves,
Thus gird me to thee with the fastest knot
Of arms and spirits that would clasp thee through;
Cold as thou art, and wet with night's fall'n dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with kingdoms.
Oh, Titus! Oh!

Titus. I find thee, Teraminta,
Wak'd from a fearful dream, and hold thee fast:
'Tis real, and I give thee back thy joys,
Thy boundless love, with pleasures running o'er;
Nay, as thou art, thus with thy trappings, come,
Leap to my heart, and ride upon the pants,
Triumphing thus, and now defy our stars.
But oh, why do we lose this precious moment!
The bliss may yet be barr'd, if we delay,
As 'twas before. Come to thy husband's bed;
I will not think this true till there I hold thee,
Lock'd in my arms. Leave this contagious air;
There will be time for talk how thou cam'st hither,
When we have been beforehand with the Gods:
Till then———

Ter. Oh, Titus, you must hear me first!
I bring a message from the furious Queen;

I promis'd, nay, she swore me not to touch you,
Till I had charm'd you to the part of Tarquin.
Titus. Ha, Teraminta! Not to touch thy husband
Unless he prove a villain?
Ter. Titus, no;
I'm sworn to tell you that you are a traitor
If you refuse to fight the royal cause.
Titus. Hold, Teraminta!
Ter. No, my lord; 'tis plain,
And am I sworn to lay my reasons home.
Rouse then, awake, recall your sleeping virtue,
Side with the King, and arm against your father;
Take part with those that loyalty have sworn
To let him in by night: Vitellius,
Aquilius, and your brother, wait without;
Therefore, I charge you, haste, subscribe your name,
And send your vow'd obedience to the King:
'Tis Teraminta that intreats you thus,
Charms, and conjures you; tell the royal heralds
You'll head their enterprize; and then, my lord,
My love, my noble husband, I'll obey you,
And follow to your bed.
Titus. Never, I swear.
Oh, Teraminta, thou hast broke my heart:
By all the Gods, from thee this was too much!
Farewel, and take this with thee: For thy sake
I will not fight against the King, nor for him.
I'll fly my father, brother, friends for ever;
Forsake the haunts of men; converse no more
With ought that's human; dwell with endless darkness:
For since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
What has the world besides that I can bear?

Ter. Come back, my lord. By those immortal Pow'rs
You now invok'd, I'll fix you in this virtue.
Your Teraminta did but try how strong
Your honour stood; and now she finds it lasting,
Will die to root you in this solid glory.
Yes, Titus, though the Queen has sworn to end me,
Though both the Fecilians have commission
To stab me in your presence, if not wrought
To serve the King; yet by the Gods I charge you
Keep to the point your constancy has gain'd.
Tarquin, although my father, is a tyrant,
A gloomy, black usurper; so I beg you
E'en in my death to view him.

Titus. Oh you Gods!

Ter. Yet, guilty as he is, if you behold him
Hereafter with his wounds upon the earth,
Titus, for my sake, for poor Teraminta,
Wh'ou'd rather die than you should lose your honour,
Do not you strike him, do not dip your sword
In Tarquin's blood, because he was my father.

Titus. No, Teraminta, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en against my father.
See, see, my love, behold the flight I take:
What all the charms of thy expected bed
Could not once move my soul to think of acting,
Thy tears and menac'd death, by which thou striv'st
To fix me to the principles of glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal bolts that bind this frame
Start from their order: since you push me thus,
E'en to the margin of this wide despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this dishonour,
Where there is neither shore nor hope of haven,

No floating mark through all the dismal vast;
'Tis rockless too; no cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pause upon the ruin.
Ter. Is then your purpos'd honour come to this?
What now, my lord?
Titus. Thy death, thy death, my love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the Gods.
Glory, blood, nature, ties of reverence,
The dues of birth, respect of parents, all,
All are as this, the air I drive before me.
What ho! Vitellius, and Aquilius, come,
And you the Fecilian heralds, haste,
I'm ready for the leap, I'll take it with you,
Though deep as to the fiends.
Ter. Thus hear me, Titus.
Titus. Off from my knees—away—
What, on this theme, thy death? nay, stabb'd before me!

Enter Priests, *with* TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS.

Speak not; I will not know thee on this subject,
But push thee from my heart, with all persuasions
That now are lost upon me. O Tiberius,
Aquilius, and Vitellius, welcome, welcome!
I'll join you in the conjuration, come;
I am as free as he that dares be foremost.
Ter. My lord, my husband!
Titus. Take this woman from me.
Nay, look you, sirs, I am not yet so gone,
So headlong neither in this damn'd design,
To quench this horrid thirst with Brutus' blood:
No, by th' eternal Gods I bar you that:
My father shall not bleed.
Tib. You could not think

Your brother sure so monstrous in his kind,
As not to make our father's life his care.

Titus. Thus then, my lords, I list myself among you,
And with my stile, in short, subscribe myself
The servant to the King; my words are these:
'Titus to the King.'
Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

1. *Pri.* 'Tis full enough.

Titus. Then leave me to the hire

[*Exit* Tib. Aquil. Vit. *and Priests.*

Of this hard labour, to the dear-bought prize,
Whose life I purchas'd with my loss of honour:
Come to my breast, thou tempest-beaten flower,
Brim full of rain, and stick upon my heart!
Oh short-liv'd rose! yet I some hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods I'll smell thee till I languish,
Rifle thy sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding beauties,
And clasp thee dead; "then like the morning sun,
"With a new heat kiss thee to life again,
"And make the pleasure equal to the pain."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TIBERIUS *and* VITELLIUS.

Tiberius.

HARK! are we not pursu'd?

Vit. No; 'tis the tread
Of our own friends that follow in the dark.

Tib. What's now the time?

Vit. Just dead of night:
And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a murder.

Tib. It likes me better; for I love the scowl;
The grimmest low'r of fate on such a deed;
I would have all the charnel-houses yawn,
The dusty urns, and monumental bones,
Remov'd, to make our massacre a tomb.
Hark! Who was that that halloo'd fire?

Vit. A slave,
That snores i' th' hall; he bellows in his sleep,
And cries, 'the capitol's o' fire.'

Tib. I would it were,
And Tarquin at the gates: 'twould be a blaze,
A beacon fit to light a King of blood,
That vows at once the slaughter of the world:
Down with their temples, set 'em on a flame;
What should they do with houses for the Gods,
Fat fools, the lazy magistrates of Rome,
Wise citizens, the politic heads o' th' people,
That preach rebellion to the multitude?
Why, let 'em off, and roll into their graves:
I long to be at work. See, good Aquilius,

Trebonius too, Servilius, and Minutius,
Pomponious, hail!

Enter AQUILIUS, TREBONIUS, SERVILIUS, MINUTIUS, *and* POMPONIUS.

Nay, now you may unmask,
Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your slaves.

Aquil. What are those bodies for?

Tib. A sacrifice.
These were two very busy commonwealths-men,
That, ere the King was banish'd by the senate,
First set the plot on foot in public meetings;
That would be holding forth:—'Twas possible
That Kings themselves might err, and were but men;
The people were not beasts for sacrifice;
Then jogg'd his brother, this cramm'd statesman here,
The bolder rogue, whom ev'n with open mouth
I heard once belch sedition from a stall—
Go, bear him to the priests; he is a victim
That comes as wish'd for them, the cooks of Heav'n,
And they will carve this brawn of fat rebellion,
As if he were a dish the Gods might feed on.

Vin. [*From a window.*] Oh the Gods! Oh the Gods!—What will they do with him? Oh these priests, rogues, cut-throats! A dish for the Gods, but the devil's cooks to dress him!

Tib. Thus then: the Fecilians have set down
A platform, copy'd from the King's design:
The Pandane, or the Romulide, the Roman,
Carmental and Janiculan ports of Rome,
The Circ, the Capitol, and Sublician bridge,
Must all be seiz'd by us that are within;
'Twill not be hard, in the surprize of night,

By us, the consul's children and their nephews,
To kill the drowsy guards, and keep the holds,
At least so long till Tarquin force his entrance,
With all the royalists that come to join us:
Therefore, to make his broader squadrons way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the entry
Of his most pompous and resolv'd revenge.

Aquil. The first decreed, in this great execution,
Is here set down—your father and Valerius.

Tib. That's as the King shall please; but for Valerius,
I'll take myself the honour of his head,
And wear it on my spear. The senate all,
Without exception, shall be sacrific'd:
And those that are the mutinous heads o' th' people,
Whom I have mark'd to be the soldiers spoil,
For plunder must be given; and who so fit
As those notorious limbs, your commonwealths-men?
Their daughters to be ravish'd, and their sons
Quarter'd like brutes upon the common shambles.

Vit. Now for the letters, which the Fecilians
Require us all to sign, and send to Tarquin,
Who will not else be apt to trust his heralds
Without credentials under every hand;
The bus'ness being indeed of vast import,
On which the hazard of his life and empire,
As well as all our fortunes, do depend.

Tib. It were a break to the whole enterprize
To make a scruple in our great affair;
I will sign first; and for my brother Titus,
Whom his new wife detains, I have his hand
And seal to show, as fast and firm as any.

Vin. O villainy! villainy! What would they do with me if they should catch me peeping? Knock out my brains at

least; another dish for the priests, who would make fine sauce of 'em for the haunch of a fat citizen!

Tib. All hands have here subscrib'd; and that your hearts
Prove resolute to what your hands have giv'n,
Behold the messengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of religion, sacred conjurations,
With sounds of execration, words of horror,
Not to disclose or make least signs or show
Of what you have both heard, and seen, and sworn,
But hear yourselves as if it ne'er had been:
Swear by the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By Pluto, Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
Not to reveal, though racks were set before you,
A syllable of what is past and done.
Hark how the offer'd brutes begin to roar!
Oh that the hearts of all the traitor senate,
And heads of all that foul hydra multitude,
Were frying with their fat upon this pile,
That we might make an off'ring worth an empire,
And sacrifice rebellion to the King.

[*Scene draws, shewing the sacrifice; one burning, and another crucified; the* Priests *coming forward with goblets in their hands, fill'd with human blood.*]

1. *Pri.* Kneel, all you heroes of this black design,
Each take his goblet fill'd with blood and wine;
Swear by the Thunderer, swear by Jove;
Swear by the hundred Gods above;
Swear by Dis, by Proserpine,
Swear by the Berecynthian Queen,

2. *Pri.* To keep it close till Tarquin comes,

With trumpet's sound and beat of drums;
But then to thunder forth the deed,
That Rome may blush, and traitors bleed,
Swear all.

All. We swear.

1. *Pri.* Now drink the blood,
To make the conjuration good.

Tib. Methinks I feel the slaves exalted blood
Warm at my heart: Oh that it were the spirits
Of Rome's best life, drawn from her grizzled fathers!
That were a draught indeed to quench ambition,
And give new fierceness to the King's revenge!

Vin. Oh, the Gods! What, burn a man alive! Oh, cannibals, hell-hounds!—Eat one man, and drink another!—Well, I'll to Valerius; Brutus will not believe me, because his sons and nephews are in the business. What, drink a man's blood! Roast him and eat him alive! A whole man roasted! Would not an ox serve the turn? Priests to do this! Oh you immortal Gods! For my part, if this be your worship, I renounce you. No; if a man can't go to Heaven unless you priests eat him, and drink him, and roast him alive, I'll be for the broad way, and the devil shall have me at a venture. [*Exit.*

Enter TITUS.

Titus. What ho, Tiberius! Give me back my hand?
What have you done? Horrors and midnight murders!
The Gods, the Gods awake you to repentance,
As they have me. Would'st thou believe me, brother,
Since I deliver'd thee that fatal scroll,
That writing to the King, my heart rebell'd

Against itself; my thoughts were up in arms,
All in a roar, like seamen in a storm,
My reason and my faculties were wreck'd,
The mast, the rudder, and the tackling gone;
My body like the hull of some lost vessel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling fears?
Therefore, I charge thee, give me back my writing?

Tib. What means my brother?

Titus. Oh, Tiberius, Oh!
Dark as it seems, I tell thee that the Gods
Look through a day of lightning on our city;
The heav'n's on fire; and from the flaming vault
Portentous blood pours like a torrent down.
There are a hundred Gods in Rome to-night,
And every larger spirit is abroad,
Monuments empty'd, every urn is shaken,
To fright the state, and put the world in arms:
Just now I saw three Romans stand amaz'd
Before a flaming sword, then dropt down dead,
Myself untouch'd; while through the blazing air
A fleeting head, like a full-rising moon,
Glanc'd by, and cry'd, 'Titus, I am Egeria;
Repent, repent, or certain death attends thee;
Treason and tyranny shall not prevail:
Kingdom shall be no more! Egeria says it:
And that vast turn imperial Fate design'd
I saw, O Titus, on th' eternal loom;
'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and is doom'd to stand.'

1. *Pri.* Fumes, fumes; the phantoms of an ill digestion!
The Gods are as good quiet Gods as may be,
They're fast asleep, and mean not to disturb us,
Unless your frenzy wake 'em.

Titus. Peace, fury, peace!
May the Gods doom me to the pains of hell
If I enjoy'd the beauties that I sav'd:
The horror of my treason shock'd my joys,
Enervated my purpose, while I lay
Colder than marble by her virgin side;
As if I had drunk the blood of elephants,
Drowsy mandragora, or the juice of hemlock.

1. *Pri.* I like him not; I think we had best dispatch him.

Titus. Nothing but images of horror round me;
Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,
The sacred fire put out: robb'd mothers shrieks,
Deaf'ning the Gods with clamours for their babes
That sprawl'd aloft upon the soldiers spears;
The beard of age pluck'd off by barbarous hands,
While from his piteous wounds and horrid gashes
The labouring life flow'd faster than the blood.

Enter VALERIUS, VINDICIUS, *with* Guards, *who seize all but the* Priests, *who slip away:* VINDICIUS *follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me! What will this night bring forth?
Yes, you immortal Gods, strike, strike the consul!
Since these are here, the crime will look less horrid
In me than in his sons. Titus, Tiberius!
Oh from this time let me be blind and dumb!
But haste there! Mutius, fly! call hither Brutus,
Bid him for ever leave the down of rest,
And sleep no more: if Rome were all on fire,
And Tarquin in the streets bestriding slaughter,
He would less wonder than at Titus here.

Titus. Stop there, Oh stop that Messenger of Fate!
Here, bind Valerius, bind this villain's hands,
Tear off my robes, put me on the forks,

And lash me like a slave, till I shall howl
My soul away; or hang me on a cross,
Rack me a year within some horrid dungeon;
So deep, so near the hells that I must suffer,
That I may groan my torments to the damn'd:
I do submit, this traitor, this curs'd villain,
To all the stings of most ingenious horror,
So thou dispatch me ere my father comes.
But hark, I hear the tread of fatal Brutus;
By all the Gods, and by the lowest furies,
I cannot bear his face: away with me;
Or like a whirlwind I will tear my way
I care not whither. [*Exit with* Tiberius.

Val. Take 'em hence together.

Enter VINDICIUS, *with the* Priests.

Vin. Here, here, my lord, I have unkennell'd two:
Those there are rascals made of flesh and blood,
Those are but men, but these are the Gods' rogues.

Val. Go, good Vindicius, haste, and stop the people,
Get 'em together to the capitol;
Where all the senate, with the consuls, early,
Will see strict justice done upon the traitors.
For thee the senate shall decree rewards
Great as thy service.

Vin. I humbly thank your lordship.
Why, what, they'll make me a senator at least,
And then a consul, Oh the immortal Gods!
My lord, I go—To have the rods and axes carry'd before me, and a long purple gown trailing behind my honourable heels! well, I am made for ever!

[*Exit.*

Enter BRUTUS, *attended.*

Brut. Oh, my Valerius, are these horrors true?
Hast thou, Oh Gods, this night embowell'd me?
Ransack'd thy Brutus' veins, thy fellow consul,
And found two villains lurking in my blood?

Val. The blackest treason that e'er darkness brooded,
And who, to hatch these horrors for the world,
Who to seduce the noble youth of Rome,
To draw 'em to so damn'd a conjuration,
To bind 'em too by new invented oaths,
Religious forms, and devilish sacrifices,
A sacrament of blood, for which Rome suffer'd
In two the worthiest of her martyr'd sons;
Who to do this, but messengers from Heav'n!
These holy men that swore so solemnly
Before the senate, call'd the Gods to curse 'em,
If they intended aught against the state,
Or harbour'd treason more than what they utter'd!

Brut. Now all the fiends and furies thank 'em for it.
You sons of murder, that get drunk with blood,
Then stab at princes, poison commonwealths,
Destroy whole hecatombs of innocent souls,
Pile 'em like bulls and sheep upon your altars,
As you would smoke the Gods from out their dwelling;
You shame of earth, and scandal of the heav'ns;
You deeper fiends than any of the furies,
That scorn to whisper envy, hate, sedition;
But with a blast of privilege proclaim it;
Priests that are instruments design'd to damn us,
Fit speaking trumpets for the mouth of hell;
Hence with 'em, guards; secure 'em in the prison

Of Ancus Martius. Read the packets o'er,
I'll bear it as I'm able—read 'em out.

Val. 'The sum of the conspiracy to the King.
It shall begin with both the consuls deaths;
And then the senate; every man must bleed,
But those that have engag'd to serve the King.
Be ready, therefore, Sir, to send your troops
By twelve to-morrow night, and come yourself
In person, if you'll re-ascend the throne:
All that have sworn to serve your Majesty
Subscribe themselves by name your faithful subjects;
Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius,
Trebonius, Servilius, Minutius,
Pomponius, and your Fecilian Priests.'

Brut. Ha! my Valerius, is not Titus there?

Val. He's here, my lord; a paper by itself:
'Titus to the King.
Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
To judge of me, who am resolved to serve you.'
What do you think, my lord?

Brut. Think, my Valerius!
By my heart, I know not:
I'm at a loss of thought: and must acknowlege
The counsels of the Gods are fathomless;
Nay, 'tis the hardest task, perhaps, of life
To be assur'd of what is vice or virtue:
Whether, when we raise up temples to the Gods
We do not then blaspheme 'em: Oh, behold me,
Behold the game that laughing fortune plays;
Fate, or the will of Heaven, call't what you please,
That mars the best designs that prudence lays,
That brings events about, perhaps to mock
At human reach, and sport with expectation!

Consider this, and wonder not at Brutus,
If his philosophy seems at a stand;
If thou behold'st him shed unmanly tears,
To see his blood, his children, his own bowels
Conspire the death of him that gave 'em being.

Val. What heart but your's could bear it without breaking?

Brut. No, my Valerius, I were a beast indeed
Not to be mov'd with such prodigious suffering;
Yet after all I justify the Gods,
And will conclude there's reason supernatural
That guides us through the world with vast discretion,
Although we have not souls to comprehend it;
Which makes by wond'rous methods the same causes
Produce effects, though of a different nature;
Since then, for man's instruction, and the glory
Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed
There must be patterns drawn of fiercest virtue,
Brutus submits to the eternal doom.

Val. May I believe there can be such perfection,
Such a resolve in man?

Brut. First, as I'm their father,
I pardon both of them this black design;
But, as I am Rome's consul, I abhor 'em,
And cast 'em from my soul with detestation:
The nearer to my blood, the deeper grain'd
The colour of their fault, and they shall bleed:
Yes, my Valerius, both my sons shall die.

Enter TERAMINTA.

Nay, I will stand unbowell'd by the altar,
See something dearer to me than my entrails
Display'd before the Gods and Roman people—
The sacrifice of Justice and Revenge.

Ter. What sacrifice, what victims, Sir, are these
Which you intend? O you eternal Powers,
How shall I vent my sorrows! Oh, my lord,
Yet ere you seal the death you have design'd,
The death of all that's lovely in the world,
Hear what the witness of his soul can say,
The only evidence that can, or dare
Appear for your unhappy guiltless son;
The Gods command you—Virtue, Truth, and Justice,
Which you with so much rigour have ador'd,
Beg you would hear the wretched Teraminta.

Brut. Cease thy laments! though of the blood of Tarquin,
Yet more, the wife of my forgotten son,
Thou shalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
Have you forgot yourself? the image of you,
The very picture of your excellence,
The portraiture of all your manly virtues,
Your visage stamp'd upon him; just those eyes,
The moving greatness of 'em, all the mercy,
The shedding goodness, not quite so severe,
Yet still most like: and can you then forget him?

Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My lord, I will. Know then,
After your son—your son that loves you more
Than I love him—after our common Titus,
The wealth o'th' world, unless you rob 'em of it,
Had long endur'd th' assaults of the rebellious,
And still kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him;
I, as Fate order'd it, was sent from Tullia,
With my death menac'd, ev'n before his eyes,
Doom'd to be stabb'd before him by the priests,
Unless he yielded not t'oppose the King;

Consider, Sir; Oh make it your own case!
Just wedded, just on the expected joys,
Warm for my bed, and rushing to my arms,
So loving too, alas, as we did love:
Granted in haste, in heat, in flame of passion,
He knew not what himself, and so subscrib'd.
But now, Sir, now, my lord, behold a wonder,
Behold a miracle to move your soul!
Though in my arms, "just in the grasps of pleasure,"
His noble heart, struck with the thoughts of Brutus,
Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
Leapt in his breast, and dash'd him from enjoyment;
He shriek'd, 'Ye immortal Gods, what have I done!
No, Teraminta, let us rather perish,
Divide for ever with whole seas betwixt us,
Rather than sin against so good a father.'
Though he before had barr'd your life and fortune,
Yet would not trust the traitors with the safety
Of him he call'd the image of the Gods.

Val. Oh saint-like virtue of a Roman wife!
Oh eloquence divine! now all the arts
Of women's tongues, the rhetoric of the Gods,
Inspire thy soft and tender soul to move him!

Ter. On this he rous'd: swore by the Powers divine
He would fetch back the paper that he gave,
Or leave his life amongst 'em: kept his word,
And came to challenge it, but oh! too late;
For, in the midst of all his piety,
His strong persuasions to a swift repentance,
His vows to lay their horrid treasons open,
His execration of the barbarous priests,
How he abhorr'd that bloody sacrament
As much as you, and curs'd the conjuration;

Vindicius came, that had before alarm'd
The wise Valerius, who with all the guards
Found Titus here, believ'd him like the rest,
And seiz'd him too, as guilty of the treason.

Val. But, by the Gods, my soul does now acquit him.
Blest be thy tongue, blest the auspicious Gods
That sent thee, Oh true pattern of perfection,
To plead his bleeding cause! There needs no more,
I see his father's mov'd: behold a joy,
A wat'ry comfort rising in his eyes,
That says, ' 'tis more than half a heav'n to hear thee.'

Brut. Haste, Oh Valerius, haste, and send for Titus!

Ter. For Titus! Oh, that is a word too distant;
Say, for your son, for your beloved son,
The darling of the world, the joy of Heav'n,
The hope of earth, your eyes not dearer to you,
Your soul's best wish, and comfort of your age.

Enter TITUS, *with* VALERIUS.

Titus. Ah, Sir! Oh whither shall I run to hide me?
Where shall I lower fall? How shall I lie
More grovelling in your view, and howl for mercy?
Yet 'tis some comfort to my wild despair,
Some joy in death that I may kiss your feet,
And swear upon 'em by these streaming tears,
Black as I am with all my guilt upon me,
I never harbour'd ought against your person:
Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught distraction,
Your life, my lord, was sacred; ever dear,
And ever precious to unhappy Titus.

Brut. Rise, Titus: rise, my son.

Brut. Alas, I dare not;
I have not strength to see the majesty

Which I have brav'd: if thus far I aspire,
If on your knees I hang and vent my groans,
It is too much, too much for thousand lives.

Brut. I pity thee, my son, and I forgive thee:
And, that thou may'st believe my mercy true,
I take thee in my arms.

Titus. Oh all the Gods!

Brut. Now rise; I charge thee, on my blessing, rise.

Ter. Ah! see, Sir, see, against his will, behold
He does obey, though he would chuse to kneel
An age before you! see how he stands and trembles!
Now, by my hopes of mercy he's so lost,
His heart's so full, brimful of tenderness,
The sense of what you've done has struck him speechless;
Nor can he thank you now but with his tears.

Brut. My dear Valerius, let me now intreat thee
Withdraw awhile with gentle Teraminta,
And leave us to ourselves.

Ter. Ah, Sir, I fear you now;
Nor can I leave you with the humble Titus,
Unless you promise me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to anger: do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his soft and melting temper
With what is past! Behold he sighs again!
Now by the Gods that hitherto have blest us,
My heart forebodes a storm, I know not why:
But say, my lord; give me your god-like word
You'll not be cruel, and I'll not trust my heart,
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new horror.

Brut. I promise thee.

Ter. Why, then I thank you, Sir;
Ev'n from my soul I thank you for this goodness:
The great, good, gracious Gods reward and bless you!

Ah Titus, ah, my soul's eternal treasure,
I fear I leave thee with a hard usurer;
But I perforce must trust thee. Oh farewel!

[*Exit with* Val.

Brut. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite o'erblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, Oh my best belov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?

Titus. So well, that saying *how* must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with pow'rful throbs persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die,
And that for Titus, too, would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for thee be happy?

Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Titus. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me

It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir, I call the Powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too:
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal Gods.

Brut. Oh Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewel to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child,
For thou must die, my Titus—die, my son;
I swear the Gods have doom'd thee to the grave,
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Titus. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your sorrow?
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom me?

Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The Gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark—the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate:
It seems as if the Gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd—Oh, therefore, let not fancy fond thee—
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of Gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Titus. The axe! Oh Heaven! Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangmen?

Brut. If thou deny me this thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the Gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons, on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the Gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourg'd like a bondman! Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail:

The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that?
Can you resolve, Oh all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: Oh, do not call it shameful
That thus shall fix the glory of the world!
I own thy suff'rings ought t'unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel Fates
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Titus. Oh rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those Fates
Which you would curse to bolt me to the centre!
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;

And when you have scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
By all the Gods I greedily resign it.

Brut. No more, farewel, eternally farewel!
If there be Gods they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One last embrace—
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Titus. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
See her thou must not, for thou can'st not bear it.
Oh for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings!
Farewel for ever!

Titus. Oh Brutus! Oh my father!

Brut. Can'st thou not say farewel?

Titus. Farewel for ever!

Brut. For ever then! but Oh my tears run o'er!
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VALERIUS, HORATIUS, HERMINIUS, MUTIUS.

Horatius.

His sons condemn'd?

Val. Doom'd to the rods and axes.

Hor. What, both of 'em?

Val. Both, Sir, both, both his sons.

Hor. What, Titus too?

Val. Yes, Sir, his darling Titus.

Nay, though he knows him innocent as I am,
'Tis all one, Sir, his sentence stands like fate.

Hor. Yet I'll intreat him.

Mut. So will I.

Hor. And I.

Val. Intreat him! yes, you may, my lords, and move him,
As I have done: why, he's no more a man;
He is not cast in the same common mould,
His spirit moves not with our springs and wards;
He looks and talks as if that Jove had sent him
To be the judge of all the under world;
Tells me, this palace of the universe,
With that vast moat, the ocean, running round us,
Th' eternal stars so fiercely rolling o'er us,
With all that circulation of heav'n's orb,
Were so establish'd, from before all ages,
To be the dowry of majestic Rome:
Then looks as if he had a patent for it,
To take account of all this great expanse,
And see the layings out of the round world.

Hor. What shall be done then? For it grieves my soul
To think of Titus' loss.

Val. There is no help;
But thus to shake your head, and cross your arms,
And wonder what the Gods and he intend!

Her. There's scarce one man of this conspiracy
But is some way related, if not nearly,
To Junius Brutus: some of the Aquilians
Are nephews to him; and Vitellius' sister,
The grave Sempronia, is the consul's wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning matron
To plead the cause of her unhappy sons.

Enter TITUS, *with* Lictors.

But see, Oh Gods, behold the gallant Titus,
The mirror of all sons, the white of virtue,
Fill'd up with blots, and writ all o'er with blood,
Bowing with shame his body to the ground,
Whipt out of breath by these inhuman slaves!
Oh Titus! Is this possible? This shame?

Titus. O my Valerius, call it not my shame!
By all the Gods it is to Titus' honour,
My constant suff'rings are my only glory:
What have I left besides? But ask, Valerius,
Ask these good men that have perform'd their duty,
If all the while they whipt me like a slave,
If when the blood from every part ran down,
I gave one groan, and shed a woman's tear:
I think, I swear I think, Oh my Valerius,
That I have borne it well, and like a Roman.
But Oh, far better shall I bear my death,
Which, as it brings less pain, has less dishonour.

Enter TERAMINTA, *wounded.*

Ter. Where is he? Where, where is this god-like son
Of an inhuman, barbarous, bloody father?
Oh bear me to him!

Titus. Ha! my Teraminta!
Is't possible? The very top of beauty,
This perfect face drawn by the Gods at council,
Which they were long a making, as they had reason,
For they shall never hit the like again,
Defil'd and mangled thus! What barbarous wretch
Has thus blasphem'd this bright original?

Ter. For me it matters not, nor my abuses;

But, oh, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
Whipt, Titus, whipt! And could the Gods look on?
The glory of the world thus basely us'd?
Lash'd, whipt, and beaten by these upright dogs?
Whose souls, with all the virtue of the senate,
Will be but foils to any fault of thine,
Who hast a beauty e'en in thy offending.
And did thy father doom thee thus? Oh Titus,
Forgive thy dying part, if she believes
A wretch so barbarous ever could produce thee:
Some God, some God, my Titus, watch'd his absence,
Slipt to thy mother's bed, and gave thee to the world.

Titus. Oh, this last wound, this stab to all my courage!
Had'st thou been well I could have borne more lashes:
And is it thus my father does protect thee?

Ter. Ah Titus! What, thy murd'rer my protector!
No, let me fall again among the people,
Let me be whooted like a common strumpet,
Toss'd as I was, and dragg'd about the streets,
The bastard of a Tarquin, foil'd in dirt,
The cry of all those bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the goal of death, this happy end
Of all my miseries, here to pant my last,
To wash thy gashes with my farewel tears,
To murmur, sob, and lean my aching head
Upon thy breast—thus, like a cradle babe,
To suck thy wounds, and bubble out my soul.

Enter SEMPRONIA, AQUILIA, VITELLIA, *Mourners, &c.*

Semp. Come, ladies, haste, and let us to the senate:
If the Gods give us leave, we'll be to-day
Part of the council. Oh, my son, my Titus!
See here the bloody justice of a father!

See how the vengeance rains from his own bowels!
Is he not mad? If he refuse to hear us,
We'll bind his hands as one bereft of reason.
Haste then: Oh Titus, I would stay to moan thee,
But that I fear his orders are gone out
For something worse, for death, to take the heads
Of all the kindred of these wretched women!

Ter. Come then, I think I have some spirits left
To join thee, oh most pious, best of mothers,
To melt this rocky heart! give me your hand;
Thus let us march before this wretched host,
And offer to that God of blood our vows:
If there be ought that's human left about him,
Perhaps my wounds and horrible abuses,
Help'd with the tears and groans of this sad troop,
May batter down the best of his resolves.

Titus. Hark, Teraminta!

Ter. No, my lord, away. [*Exeunt.*

Titus. Oh, my Valerius! Was there ever day
Through all the legends of recorded time
So sad as this? But see, my father comes!

Enter BRUTUS *and* TIBERIUS, *with* Lictors.

Tiberius too has undergone the lash.
Give him the patience, Gods, of martyr'd Titus,
And he will bless those hands that have chastis'd him.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody conquest of thy pride,
Thou more tyrannical than any Tarquin,
Thou fiercer sire of these unhappy sons,
Than impious Saturn, or the gorg'd Thiestes:
This cormorant sees, and owns us for his children,
Yet preys upon his entrails, tears his bowels,
With thirst of blood and hunger fetch'd from hell,

Which famish'd Tantalus would start to think on!
But end, Barbarian, end the horrid vengeance
Which thou so impiously hast begun;
Perfect thy justice, as thou, tyrant, call'st it;
Sit like a fury on thy black tribunal,
Grasp with thy monstrous hands these gory heads,
And let thy flatt'ring orators adore thee
For triumphs which shall make thee smile at horror!

Brut. Lead to the senate.

Tib. Go then to the senate,
There make thy boast how thou hast doom'd thy children
To forks and whips, for which the Gods reward thee:
Away! my spirit scorns more conference with thee.
The axe will be as laughter; but the whips
That drew these stains, for this I beg the Gods
With my last breath, for every drop that falls
From these vile wounds, to thunder curses on thee. [*Exit.*

Brut. Valerius, haste; the senate does attend us. [*Exit.*

Titus. Valerius, ere you go, let me conjure thee
By all the earth holds great or honourable,
As thou art truly Roman, stampt a man,
Grant to thy dying Titus one request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
Of dying yet; for much I dare confide
In that sad company that's gone before:
I know they'll move him to preserve his Titus;
For, though you mark'd him not, as hence he parted,
I could perceive with joy a silent shower
Run down his silver beard, therefore have hope.

Titus. Hope, say'st thou! Oh the Gods! What, hope of life?
To live, to live—and after this dishonour!
No, my Valerius, do not make me rave;

But if thou hast a soul that's sensible,
Let me conjure thee, when we reach the senate,
To thrust me through the heart.

Val. Not for the world.

Titus. Do't, or I swear thou hast no friendship for me.
First, thou wilt save me from the hated axe,
The hangman's hand; for by the Gods I tell thee,
Thou may'st as well stop the eternal sun,
And drive him back, as turn my father's purpose:
Next, and what most my soul intreats thee for,
I shall perhaps in death procure his pity;
For to die thus, beneath his killing frown,
Is damning me before my execution.

Val. 'Tis granted; by the Gods I swear to end thee;
For when I weigh with my more serious thought
Thy father's conduct in this dreadful justice,
I find it is impossible to save thee.
Come then, I'll lead thee, oh thou glorious victim,
Thus to the altar of untimely death,
Thus in thy trim, with all thy bloom of youth,
These virtues on thee, whose eternal spring
Shall blossom on thy monumental marble
With never-fading glory!

Titus. Let me clasp thee,
Boil out my thanks thus with my farewel spirits:
And now away; the taper's almost out,
Never, Valerius to be kindled more:
Or if it be, my friend, it shall continue,
Burn through all winds against the puff of fortune.
To dazzle still, and shine, like the fix'd stars,
With beams of glory that shall last for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate.

Brut. Health to the senate! To the fathers hail!
Jupiter, Horscius, and Diespiter,
Hospital and Feretrian, Jove the stayer,
With all the hundred Gods and Goddesses,
Guard and defend the liberty of Rome!
It has been found a famous truth in story,
Left by the ancient sages to their sons,
That on the change of empires, or of kingdoms,
Some sudden execution, fierce and great,
Such as may draw the world to admiration,
Is necessary to be put in act
Against the enemies of the present state.
Had Hector, when the Greeks and Trojans met
Upon the truce, and mingled with each other,
Brought to the banquet of those Demi-gods
The fatal head of that illustrious whore,
Troy might have stood till now; but that was wanting:
Jove having from eternity set down
Rome to be head of all the under-world,
Rais'd with this thought, and big with prophecy
Of what vast good may grow by such examples,
Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful justice:
I come, O conscript fathers, to a deed
Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,
Such as, perhaps, has never yet been found
In all memorials of former ages,
Nor ever will again. My sons are traitors,
Their tongues and hands are witnesses confest;

Therefore I have already pass'd their sentence,
And wait with you to see their execution.

Hor. Consul, the senate does not ask their deaths;
They are content with what's already done,
And all intreat you to remit the axe.

Brut. I thank you, fathers, but refuse the offer.
By the assaulted majesty of Rome,
I swear there is no way to quit the grace,
To right the Commonwealth, and thank the Gods,
But by the sacrificing of my bowels:
Take then, you sad revengers of the public,
These traitors hence; strike off their heads, and then
My sons. No more: their doom is past. Away.
Thus shall we stop the mouth of loud sedition;
Thus show the difference betwixt the sway
Of partial tyrants, and of a free-born people,
Where no man shall offend because he's great,
Where none need doubt his wife's or daughter's honour,
Where all enjoy their own without suspicion,
Where there's no innovation of religion,
No change of laws, nor breach of privilege,
No desperate factions gaping for rebellion,
No hopes of pardon for assassinates,
No rash advancements of the base or stranger,
For luxury, for wit, or glorious vice;
But, on the contrary, a balanc'd trade,
Patriots encourag'd, manufactures cherish'd;
Vagabonds, walkers, drones, and swarming braves,
The froth of states, scumm'd from the Commonwealth;
Idleness banish'd, all excess repress'd,
And riots check'd by sumptuary laws.
Oh conscript fathers! 'tis on these foundations
That Rome shall build her empire to the stars,

Send her commanders with her armies forth,
To tame the world, and give the nations law;
Consuls, proconsuls, who to the capitol
Shall ride upon the necks of conquer'd kings,
And when they die, mount from the gorgeous pile
In flames of spice, and mingle with the Gods.

Hor. Excellent Brutus! All the senate thank thee,
And say, that thou thyself art half a God.

Enter SEMPRONIA, TERAMINTA, *with the rest of the* Mourners; TITUS, VALERIUS, *and* JUNIUS.

Semp. Gone, gone, to death! Already sentenc'd! doom'd
To lose the light of this dear world for ever!
What, my Tiberius too! Ah, barbarous Brutus!
Send, haste, revoke the order of their fate.
By all the pledges of our marriage bed,
If thou, inhuman judge, has left me one
To put thee yet in mind thou art a father—
Speak to him! O ye mothers of sad Rome,
Sisters and daughters, ere the execution
Of all your blood, haste, haste, and run about him,
Groan, sob, howl out the terrors of your souls!
Nay, fly upon him like robb'd savages,
And tear him for your young.

Brut. Away, and leave me.

Semp. Or if you think it better for your purpose,
Because he has the power of life and death,
Intreat him thus: Throw all your heartless breasts
Low at his feet, and like a God adore him:
Nay, make a rampire round him with your bodies,
And block him up: I see he would be going;
Yet that's a sign that our complaints have mov'd him:
Continu'd falls of ever-streaming tears,

Such, and so many, and the chastest too
Of all the pious matrons throughout Rome,
Perhaps may melt this adamantine temper.
Not yet! Nay, hang your bodies then upon him,
Some on his arms and some upon his knees,
And lay this innocent about his neck,
This little smiling image of his father:
See how he bends, and stretches to his bosom!
Oh all you pitying Pow'rs—the darling weeps!
His pretty eyes, ruddy and wet with tears,
Like two burst cherries rolling in a storm,
Plead for our griefs more than a thousand tongues.

Jun. Yes, yes, my father will be good to us,
And spare my brothers; oh, I know he will:
Why, do you think he ever was in earnest?
What, to cut off their heads? I warrant you
He will not; no, he only meant to fright 'em,
As he will me, when I have done a fault:
Why, mother, he has whipt 'em for't already.
And do you think he has the heart to kill 'em?
No, no, he would not cut their little fingers
For all the world; or if he should I'm sure
The Gods would pay him for't.

Brut. What ho! Without there?
Slaves, villains, ha!—Are not my orders heard?

Hor. Oh Brutus, see they are too well perform'd!
See here the bodies of the Roman youth
All headless by your doom, and there Tiberius.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid slaughter,
This cutting off one limb from your own body,
Is't not enough? Oh will it not suffice
To stop the mouth of the most bloody law?
Oh, it were highest sin to make a doubt,

To ask you now to save the innocent Titus,
The common wish and general petition
Of all the Roman senate, matrons, wives,
Widows, and babes; nay, e'en the madding people
Cry out at last that treason is reveng'd,
And ask no more: oh, therefore spare him, Sir!

Brut. I must not hear you: hark, Valerius!

Ter. By all these wounds upon my virgin breast,
Which I have suffer'd by your cruelty,
Altho' you promis'd Titus to defend me—

Semp. Yet hold thy bloody hand, tyrannic Brutus,
And I'll forgive thee for that headless horror:
Grant me my Titus, O in death I ask thee!
Thou hast already broke Sempronia's heart,
Yet I will pardon that, so Titus live.
Ah, cruel judge! thou pitiless avenger!
What, art thou whisp'ring? Speak the horror out,
For in thy glaring eyes I read a murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy oath, Valerius,
As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
And not a subject for a woman's folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the axe.

Val. It shall be thus then, not the hangman's hand.

[*Runs him through; the women shriek.*

Titus. Oh bravely struck! thou hast hit me to the earth
So nobly, that I shall rebound to heaven,
Where I will thank thee for this gallant wound.

[Sempronia *swoons.*

Brut. Take hence this woman; haste, and bear her home.
Why, my Valerius, did'st thou rob my justice?

Titus. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in death
I might have leave to pay my last obedience,
And beg your blessing for the other world.

Ter. Oh do not take it, Titus! whate'er comes
From such a monstrous nature must be blasting.
Ah, thou inhuman tyrant! but alas,
I loiter here, when Titus stays for me:
Look here, my love, thou shalt not be before me.
[*Stabs herself.*
Thus, to thy arms then: oh, make haste, my Titus,
I'm got already in the grove of death;
The heav'n is all benighted, not one star
To light us through the dark and pathless maze:
I have lost thy spirit; oh, I grope about
But cannot find thee: now I sink in shadows. [*Dies.*

Titus. I come, thou matchless virtue. Oh my heart!
Farewel, my love, we'll meet in heav'n again!
My lord, I hope your justice is aton'd;
I hope the glorious liberty of Rome,
Thus water'd by the blood of both your sons,
Will get imperial growth, and flourish long.

Brut. Thou hast so nobly borne thyself in dying,
That not to bless thee were to curse myself;
Therefore I give thee thus my last embrace,
Print this last kiss upon thy trembling lips:
And ere thou goest, I beg thee to report me
To the great shades of Romulus and Numa,
Just with that majesty and rugged virtue
Which they inspir'd, and which the world has seen.
So, for I see thou'rt gone, farewel for ever!
Eternal Jove, the King of Gods and men,
Reward and crown thee in the other world!

Titus. What happiness has life to equal this?
By all the Gods I would not live again;
For what can Jove, or all the Gods, give more,
To fall thus crown'd with virtue's fullest charms,
And die thus blest in such a father's arms? [*Dies.*

Val. He's gone; the gallant spirit's fled for ever!
How fares this noble vessel, that is robb'd
Of all its wealth, spoil'd of its topmost glory,
And now lies floating in this world of ruin?

Brut. Peace, consul, peace! let us not soil the pomp
Of this majestic fate with woman's brawls.
Kneel, fathers, friends—kneel, all you Roman people,
Hush'd as dead calms, while I conceive a pray'r
That shall be worthy Rome, and worthy Jove.

Val. Inspire him, Gods, and thou, oh Rome, attend!

Brut. Let heav'n and earth for ever keep their bound,
The stars unshaken go their constant round;
In harmless labour be our steel employ'd,
And endless peace through all the world enjoy'd;
Let every bark the waves in safety plough,
No angry tempest curl the ocean's brow,
No darted flames from Heav'n make mortals fear,
Nor thunder fright the weeping passenger;
Let not poor swains for storms at harvest mourn,
But smile to see their hoards of bladed corn:
No dreadful comets threaten from the skies,
No venom fall, nor pois'nous vapours rise.
Thou Jove, who dost the fates of empires doom,
Guard and defend the Liberty of Rome.

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARREY.

NO cringing Sir, the Poet's champion I
Have sworn to stand, and ev'ry judge defy;
But why each bullying critic shou'd I name
A judge, whose only business is to damn;
While you your arbitrary fist advance
At wit, and dust it like a boor of France;
Who without shew of reason or pretence
Condemn a man to die for speaking sense;
Howe'er we term'd you once the wise, the strong,
Know, we have borne your impotence too long;
You that above your sires presume to soar,
And are but copies daub'd in miniature;
You that have nothing right in heart nor tongue,
But only to be resolute in wrong;
Who sense affect with such an aukward air,
As if a Frenchman *should become severe;*
Or an Italian *make his wife a jest,*
Like Spaniards *pleasant, or like* Dutchmen *drest;*
That rank the noblest Poets with the vile,
And look yourselves in a Plebeian *style;*
But with an oath———
False as your wit and judgment now I swear,
By the known maidenheads of each theatre;
Nay, by my own, the Poet's shall not stand,
Like Shrovetide *cocks, the palt of every hand.*

Let not the purblind critic's sentence pass,
That shoots the Poet through an optic glass;
No peals of ill plac'd praise from galleries come,
Nor punk below to clap or hiss presume;
Let her not cackle at the fops that flout her,
Nor cluck the 'squires that use to pip about her;
No full-blown blockhead, bloated, like an ox,
Travers'd the Pit with "Damme, what a pox!"
Know then, for ev'ry misdemeanour here
I'll be more stabbing, sharp, and more severe,
Than the fell-she that on her keeper comes,
Who in his drink last night laid waste her rooms,
Thunder'd her china, damn'd her quality,
Her glasses broke, and tore her point venie;
That dragg'd her by the hair, and broke her head,
A chamber lion, but a lamb in bed;
Like her I'll teaze you for your midnight storming,
For all your talking, and your not performing.
You that with monstrous judgment force the stage,
You fribbling, fumbling keepers of the age.

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